

Dream Team Kinktober 2020

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Dream Team Kinktober 2020

by [Ahwuum](#)

Summary

Kinktober but I start writing a week late <3

Requests: CLOSED

Ships: Dteam only, sorry :(

Notes

Hello ok don't mind me joining in so late into kinktober lmao. I'll either catch up or go into november, who knows! Anyways, this chapter is just for the prompt list, comment here for your requests! If you have more than one request, please separate them so its easier for me to see! If you can, maybe give me some of what your idea would be too! If not, a simple (number - pairing) will do!

My twt is @ahwuum btw!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Requests CLOSED!

Okay, before we start:

Ships I will do: Any combination of the dteam! But that's it, sorry. I don't feel comfortable writing anyone else as I'm not as familiar with them <3

Kinks/Things I won't do:

- Non-con/rape
- Underage
- Scat/Any bodily fluids that aren't part of sex lol
- Extreme gore

Everything else *should* be up for grabs I guess? I'll let you know if I don't like something, and I reserve the right to deny a request if it makes me uncomfortable, thanks!

Prompt List:

Day 1: Blindfolded (**Dreamnotnap**) Decided this one myself just to get started, sorry <33

Day 2: Accidental Stimulation (**Georgenap**) again decided this myself bc no one had any requests!

Day 3: Cock Warming (**Dreamnap**)

Day 4: Bondage (**Dreamnotfound**)

Day 5: Hate Sex (**Georgenap**)

Day 6: Size Difference (**Dreamnotfound**)

Day 7: Shower/Bath Sex (**Dreamnap**)

Day 8: Public Sex (**Georgenap**)

Day 9: Orgasm Denial (**Dreamnotfound**)

Day 10: Phone Sex (**Dreamnotfound**)

Day 11: Quickie (**Dreamnap**)

Day 12: Getting Caught (**Dreamnotnap**)

Day 13: Morning Sex (**Georgenap**)

Day 14: Choking (**Dreamnap**)

Day 15: Oral Sex (**Dreamnap**)

Day 16: Shock Collar (**Georgenap**) ((*Please read notes on this chap for explanation of why the list was changed, thanks <33*))

Day 17: Spanking (Dreamnotfound)

Day 18: Make Up Sex (Dreamnotnap)

Day 19: Car Sex (Georgenap)

Day 20: Against A Wall (Dreamnotfound)

Day 21: Hair Pulling (Georgenap)

Day 22: Aftercare (Dreamnotnap)

Day 23: Mirror Sex (Georgenap)

Day 24: Dirty Dreams (Georgenap)

Day 25: Mutual masturbation (Dreamnotfound)

Day 26: Fingering (Dreamnotnap)

Day 27: Handjob (Georgenap)

Day 28: Biting/Marking (Georgenap)

Day 29: In The Kitchen (Georgenap)

Day 30: First Time (Dreamnotnap)

Day 31: Voyeurism (Dreamnotnap)

This isn't really my own list, though I did change a bunch of prompts to something I'd be more comfortable writing, so if you want the original list I guess let me know? Oh also, *please* someone request top George lmao I just don't see him bottoming as easily.

Day 1- Blindfolds (Dreamnotnap)

Chapter Notes

And so it begins! Had a LOT of fun writing this one. Hope you enjoy <33

It'll be fun , he'd told them, *it'll be like a surprise when you touch me.*

Except he hadn't known just how true those words were going to be, he hadn't realised George would take that and run with it, pull Sapnap aside to whisper secretly amongst themselves while Dream sits across the room, watching with slight regret. When George looks like *that* , he knows trouble is coming.

Especially when he runs his fingers down Sapnap's chest, leaning up slightly to whisper directly in his ear, lay a small kiss behind it, then another lower on his neck. Especially when Sapnap shivers, eyes locking with Dream's as George continues whispering and he looks *hungry* .

And now he's here, George hovering above him, smiling so sweetly as he kisses along his chest that Dream almost forgets what's about to happen.

"You still good dude?" Sapnap asks from behind him, tilting his head to press a reassuring kiss on his shoulder. One of his hands rubs Dream's bicep and the other curls at his side, brushing the skin lightly with the backs of his knuckles. The soft feeling paired with his quiet voice is enough to make him shiver, swallowing thickly as he nods. He's ready.

Sapnap's behind him, anyway, to make sure he stays grounded. He's sitting between his legs, back pressed against Sapnap's chest so he can always feel that he's there, even if he doesn't know where his hands are going to land next.

They hadn't spent too long discussing how they'd go about this, mostly just going over what Dream would need so it didn't get to be too much, and what they'd do if it did. Other than that? He has no idea what plans lay behind George's mischievous smile as he slinks off Dream's chest to reach for the fabric they'd settled on earlier.

It's nice, soft. They'd gotten it in periwinkle blue, mostly just so George could actually admire the colour. Dream really hadn't cared beyond making sure he couldn't see through it, and Sapnap had been pretty much on the same page.

"Remember," George tells him, smile going a little softer as he reaches the blindfold around and starts tying it securely behind Dream's head, "if it gets too much, just tell us yeah? Even if you decide you don't like it right away, we don't mind."

Dream manages a smile despite his nerves, and he reaches up to quickly press his lips against George's. "Don't worry," he hums into the kiss, "I'm only concerned by how secretive you were with Sapnap about it earlier, I know it's going to be fun no matter what."

George's smile turns a little predatory at that, concern melting away into excitement as he reaches to pull the blindfold down off his forehead and over his eyes. "Well as long as it's just that, then I guess it's fine," he says as Dream's vision goes completely dark, "because that was *supposed* to

make you a little nervous.”

And then he pulls his touch from Dream completely, Sapnap’s hands moving off him in sync until all he can feel is his warmth on his back.

It’s immediately disorientating. He can’t hear George moving but he also has no idea where he is, no idea where his hands are, where they might land when he finally decides to touch him. If Sapnap hadn’t literally been holding him he might’ve been worried they’d both left him, with how long it takes George to make his first move.

Apparently he’d been trying to catch Dream off guard, because when he touches him, it’s only to splay his fingers on Dream’s knees before wrenching them open, spreading his legs wide and making him keen with want. But as quickly as the touch comes, it goes, George retracting his hands and leaving him completely alone once more.

It’s... An interesting feeling, to say the least. To be spread open for George’s pleasure like this, to feel his eyes hungrily raking over him but not able to see it. He wants to squirm, close his legs and pull off the stupid blindfold to see what he’s doing, because it’s not touching Dream and he can’t stand it.

But he doesn’t. He’s good and he’s patient while George takes him in, impossibly hard against his own stomach and twitching with anticipation.

God, just *touch* him already-

And then he feels George’s tongue, wet and so fucking warm as it traces a vein on the underside of his cock, feels his lips press a small kiss to his tip, give it one last lick before pulling off him again.

It’s embarrassing how quickly his voice becomes strained, his vocal chords already protesting with how much he’s moaning just from the slightest touch.

Okay, so they’re *definitely* doing this again.

The next touch he feels is from Sapnap, a lazy hand exploring his chest like they have all the time in the world, touch feather-light and teasing in a way that’s so *Sapnap* when his fingers curl around one of his nipples.

“F-Fuck,” Dream sighs, then flinches when he feels George’s lips on his thigh, his teeth nipping at the sensitive skin, “George...”

“Hey now, I started touching you first, Dream, you should be moaning *my* name.” Sapnap complains as he pulls the bud between his fingers, Dream instantly arching into the touch. He’s going to go crazy.

“God, Sapnap,” he whines, swallowing thickly as the touch retracts from his chest and George’s lips move from his thigh, “please don’t stop, I’m sorry. Please, please touch me.”

He’s begging already, but he can’t even see George’s smug smile, can’t see the intense want in Sapnap’s dark, piercing eyes. It’s not *fair*, he wants to know if he’s being good enough, wants to see them barely holding themselves back from touching him, just as desperate as he is.

They’ve done the whole ‘not touching’ thing before, they’ve teased him for hours, kept him strung on edge and hooked on every small kiss, every slight touch; but it’s never been like this. He’s always been able to see them enjoying themselves, he’s always been able to see how turned on they are.

Now he doesn't know.

Except when Sapnap shifts behind him and he feels his hard-on press against the curve of his ass. That's a pretty big dead giveaway.

"You want us to touch you?" George asks him innocently as if he doesn't already know the answer, and Dream nods frantically, "of course, darling. Like this?"

And because he's a bastard, George simply places his hand on Dream's knee, rubbing his thumb in small circles in a way that *screams* smug bitch. He wishes he could do anything other than find it extremely hot and melt underneath him.

"No, *George*, you know what I—" He cuts himself off with a high-pitched moan that almost reaches a shout as he feels Sapnap's hand snake around his waist and grip him firmly. He gives a few fast, brutal strokes that have Dream shaking and even tearing up slightly, then takes his touch away, leaving him feeling cold and neglected.

Still, he doesn't think he's ever gotten as wet as this before; he's leaking like crazy and straining against his stomach like he *hadn't* been fucked totally brainless by Sapnap just yesterday.

"Christ, Sapnap, you can't just—" but his voice is swallowed in a searing kiss, Sapnap gripping him by the chin and tilting his head into an awkward angle so he can lock their lips and lick into his mouth hungrily. Dream melts into it instantly, lets his mouth go pliant as Sapnap explores, pushes back when Sapnap flicks their tongues together, follows him as he pulls away because fucking *god*, he can't *take* this.

But the kiss is broken despite his whines and please for Sapnap to stay, to touch him, and then he is alone.

The pause is a lot longer this time, so much so that Dream wonders if they're ever going to touch him again, or if they're just going to leave him like this, leaking all over himself and flushed red from head to toe with need. But he feels shifting on the bed like George is moving, and assumes he's just getting something.

Until he hears wet noises next to his ear, hears Sapnap almost panting, and George humming softly in approval.

"Hey, don't leave me out!" Dream whines and squirms in Sapnap's lap until he feels a palm press flat against his stomach and hold him still. He doesn't know who it belongs to, but it's warm and firm and *something*, so he stills, patient.

Whoever's fingers are on him start moving slowly, running along his abdomen soothingly as he hears the kissing continue, seemingly increasing in intensity when he hears Sapnap keening, feels him twitch against his back. It's definitely slick, now, and he feels jealous that he can't see it. Sapnap's always so pretty like this.

"George." He hears Sapnap whimper, and it's enough that Dream starts wriggling again, desperate to be involved somehow, wanting to pull more sounds like that from Sapnap, wanting to watch George do it to him, wanting to feel it. God, he just wants it all.

"Please—" he begs, choking off into a whine when the hand on his stomach slides down smoothly, fingers curling around him and giving him a few lazy strokes while the kissing still goes on next to his ear.

"Fucking hell George, if you don't stop soon I'm not gonna be able to help myself." Sapnap

growls and he hears George giggle slightly, hears them kiss one last time before there's more shuffling and George has apparently pulled away.

"Sorry Sap," he laughs softly, and by the way the hand on him shifts, he assumes that it's George touching him, "but he looks cute, doesn't he? And so do you, you both look so desperate I couldn't help myself."

Then there's lips being pressed to his again, soft and warm and very wet as George kisses him chastely, pulls away before Dream can really sink into it. It drives him crazy when he takes his hand with him, all touch leaving him once more.

A pause, then fingers dance along his sides, make him gasp. They're pulled away.

His breathing is deep and laboured when George lays both palms flat against his chest, leans into his space and licks a stripe up the side of Dream's neck before locking his lips against a spot under his jaw, sucking a mark into his skin. But that's all, just one. After, he pulls away and Dream huffs, feels tears pricking at his eyes.

"Please, George, Sapnap I can't," he whines as Sapnap hand winds underneath his arm, glides up his chest and his collarbone before landing around his throat, "*please*."

But Sapnap simply rubs his thumb over Dream's Adam's apple, chuckling when he sees the way Dream strains and twitches under the touch. Luckily for him, though, the hand doesn't move away immediately, it holds him gently in place as he feels more shuffling again, hears George sliding down the bed.

He's surprised he doesn't break Sapnap's nose or something with how wildly he throws his head back when George's lips swallow around him. Maybe he knew it was coming and moved, he doesn't really care. Either way he's just glad he didn't brain him and stop *this*.

George has sucked him off plenty of times before, sure, but there's something different about this time. All the build up has him feeling like a livewire, electricity pouring out of him under every single touch. He's never been more aware of every single movement before, and he's never been so exhausted from straining for it.

"Good?" Sapnap hums from behind him, and they've clearly given up on teasing him now because he winds his free hand around to Dream's front, letting his fingers roam his chest as his thumb digs into the pulse point underneath Dream's jaw, "it looks like it. Fuck, you should see the way George looks right now."

He almost sees stars when George hums around him in acknowledgement, his hips thrusting forward of their own accord and fucking shallowly into George's mouth before he can even think to stop himself. There's a delightful choking noise, followed by George pulling off him and coughing a few times, and then his hips are firmly pressed down onto the bed, hard enough that he wonders if he'll have bruises in the morning.

"If you wanna fuck my mouth you'll have to be a good boy and *beg* for it, you know. I'm not just gonna let you get away with whatever you want." George tells him, voice firm as he leans down and sinks his teeth into the flesh of Dream's thigh as punishment.

He leaks an embarrassing amount of pre-cum, shaking like a leaf as he nods his head quickly, desperate just to get George's mouth back on him, no matter what.

"Oh, you hear that Dream? Georgie didn't say you *couldn't*, he just said you had to beg," Sapnap

chuckles gleefully as he rests his chin on Dream's shoulder, "you sure are lucky if he's gonna let you fuck his mouth, he *never* lets me."

George scoffs and Dream can practically hear him rolling his eyes. "That's because you're never good like Dream is, you're too impatient," he huffs, "plus you're always so rough, if I let you fuck my throat every day I'd never be able to speak."

"Maybe you *should* let him then, if that's the case." Dream finds himself laughing, unsure how he's even able to think right now, let alone crack wise, but not questioning it until he feels a harsh pinch to his hip.

"What I'm hearing right now is that you *don't* wanna fuck my mouth," George says in an annoyed tone, letting go of his hip but still holding him in place, "that's fine, I like my pace better anyway."

And before Dream can even defend himself or apologize, George's mouth is back on him again, bobbing much slower this time as he instead focuses his attention on his tongue. It's maddening, the way he curls and flicks his tongue so effortlessly, hitting every sweet spot he knows and making Dream twitch and melt underneath him.

George is seriously too good at this for how little he actually gives blowjobs. It's not *rare*, per se, but it's not like he sucks Dream's dick every day, he shouldn't know how to curl his tongue like *that*, or how it drives him absolutely crazy when he lays his tongue flat on on his head, kitten licking the slit right after.

It's not even that the few years he has on them both has given him more experience, George hadn't even been with a guy before they'd gotten together, so he supposes he was just born talented. It makes him jealous, really, the only thing he has going for him is that his gag reflex isn't as strong.

"I wish you could see him, Dream," Sapnap sighs into his ear after a few minutes of teasing, his hand still rubbing over Dream's pecs, "he looks amazing right now, his pretty little mouth stretched around your cock. It's so red, you know, makes me wanna pull him off you just to kiss him again."

He kisses at Dream's earlobe softly as his fingers clasp around a nipple again, his other hand stroking his neck soothingly as Dream arches into his touch and moans wantonly.

"Please-please don't Sapnap, please I need to-ah!" He cries out as George takes him straight down to the base, his nose digging into his pelvis before slowly dragging back up again. It takes everything in him not to break free of their hold, grip George's hair and fuck his throat like they'd talked about earlier. He really really wants to.

But he also doesn't want George to pull off him completely and let him stew in his own desire for a few hours as punishment.

"No?" Sapnap says teasingly, kissing along the crook of his neck, "but he really does look so good. I can see him drooling all over your cock, Dream, he's so *eager*."

He feels more than hears George moan around his cock, and he barely stops himself from bucking into his mouth, his hips twitching instead. He's not sure how much more of this he can take.

"See? You're such a slut Georgie." Sapnap laughs, and Dream whines when George pulls off him briefly to tell him to go fuck himself, but he's quickly repaid when George takes him straight to the hilt again.

"*George!*" He moans, thighs shaking weakly as he throws his head back again and forces himself to be still, to be good. It's nearly impossible, though, George makes it incredibly hard to behave

when he bobs his mouth quickly, runs his tongue along the veins, so perfect. It's probably his best work yet, if he does say so.

With George's expert mouth working him over and Sapnap's fingers pinching, pulling, stroking, it's all he can do not to cum. He can barely form a coherent thought beyond *please*, and Sapnap's not making it any easier on him, whispering filthy things into his ear just to rile George up and make him moan on Dream's cock.

"Being so good right now, baby," Sapnap murmurs soothingly against his skin as he feels himself nearing the edge, "you're not even moving, so good for us, aren't you? Look at him George, he's so *red*. All flushed and pretty and desperate."

George hums around him in approval again and Dream's toes curl with the effort to not move, his fingers twisting the bed sheets so hard it hurts. "Please, please, *please*, wanna-" he cuts himself off with a choked whimper, "George, wanna cum in your mouth, please, please... I'll be so good for you George, please?"

George pulls off him with a small *pop*, his hand replacing his mouth immediately as he catches his breath, and he hears Sapnap gasp slightly behind him, feels his hips rocking into his back.

"Yeah, I think you've earned it, Dream, you've been so patient, haven't you? God, *look at you*," he sounds completely breathless as he says it, and Dream squirms, wishing desperately that he didn't have the stupid blindfold on so he could see the look on his face right now, "hush, love, I'll take care of you."

And when George takes him back in his mouth, he takes him straight down his throat again, bobbing faster than ever as Sapnap slides his hand from his throat to cradle his jaw, pulling him to meet their lips in a gentle kiss.

It doesn't take much more than Sapnap kitten licking his mouth and George moaning around him to have him tipping right over the edge. He spills straight down George's throat, throbbing almost painfully as his orgasm takes him over. He swears he really does see stars, his whole body going so tense it feels like something should break from the strain.

But it doesn't. George licks over his length slowly as Dream comes down from the high, and he feels tired enough he could just pass out right here, but nothing's hurt. His muscles don't even feel sore.

"God, that was so fucking hot, George." Sapnap growls grinding against Dream's ass as George slowly pulls off him.

And then before he knows it, there's shuffling and Sapnap moves abruptly behind him, apparently being yanked into a forceful kiss, judging by the way he moans. And then there's another noise, a small whine and a lot of lewd, wet sounds, and then swallowing. Holy fuck.

"Did you just-?"

"Yeah," George says, pulling away with another absurdly wet noise as Sapnap pants and grinds needily against him, "he was being real bratty, deserved a little payback."

Sapnap licks his lips and he hears him still struggling to catch his breath, feels him leaking even more than Dream had earlier. "God, if you think that was a punishment..." he mumbles, leaning his forehead onto Dream's shoulder and shaking as he tries to control himself, "that was fucking *hot* is what it was. Fuck, I can't believe you-"

He feels Sapnap's head leave him and hears him whine, presumably because George has just grabbed him by the hair to pull him into another kiss, judging by the noises, and he starts to feel a little left out.

"God, can I take the blindfold off now please? I'd really like to see what Sapnap looks like right now." He says, completely breathless as his fingers twitch in the sheets, just waiting for the yes.

"No," George says instead, pulling off Sapnap and then crawling back down his body, "if feeding him your cum isn't punishment enough, then I think I'd like to do something *much* more fun. For you as well."

Sapnap makes a confused noise, and Dream has to agree, unsure of where George is going until he feels fingers press into his thighs, spreading him open again. Then, there's a *click*, the sound of George opening the bottle of lube.

"I'm not letting you go until you cum at *least* three times tonight," he says, "and then I'll let you watch when I fuck Sapnap into the mattress."

Day 2 - Accidental Stimulation (Georgenap)

Chapter Notes

so this,,, got a little out of hand lmao. Enjoy this 6k oneshot I smashed out in basically as many hours

Also thank u ao3 for your stupid glitch where my fic doesn't show up as most recent in the tags. I fucking hate you.

George is about 99.9% certain he's doing it on purpose. He has to be, there's no way Sapnap doesn't see what he's doing to George, no way he doesn't notice George's thinly veiled excuses and the way he hides himself away in the bathroom for nearly twenty minutes every time Sapnap crawls into his lap just to annoy him, every time they're play fighting and his fingers brush up George's shirt, basically any time they have skin-on-skin contact.

There's just *no way*. He has to be doing it on purpose, because if he isn't, then George has a crush on the literal dumbest man alive.

He's not even sure when it started, can't remember the first time it happened because it's gotten to the point where it's so frequent it all blurs together.

Sapnap hadn't used to be this touchy, when he first moved over to America and they all started hanging out, it'd seemed like Sapnap didn't want to be anywhere *near* him. At first he'd thought that despite all of his flirting, all of his suggestive comments and all the jokes about being homiesexual, Sapnap just wasn't the type for physical affection.

And that was fine, he'd been totally *fine* with that, except-

Well, he seemingly had no such issue with Dream, draping himself across their friend at every opportunity, leaning his head against his chest when they had movie nights, pulling him into hugs whenever they went to grab more food from the kitchen, situating himself between Dream's legs on the floor while they played video games just to lean his head back and rest it on Dream's thigh while waiting for the next round.

With George, there was nothing. Sapnap gravitated to Dream exclusively whenever they all hung out together, and it kind of hurt, but it would have been understandable (considering they'd been friends for all their lives, far longer than George has been around), if it wasn't for the fact that when they were alone, he'd avoid George like the plague.

They spent as much time together alone as they did with Dream there as well, but no matter how long George gave him to adjust, no matter what he tried to help make him more comfortable, Sapnap just... Didn't want to touch him at all, it seemed.

If George was in his room coding, Sapnap would sit cross-legged on the bed at the farthest point from him, talking casually like he didn't look two seconds away from toppling off. If George tried to join him on the bed after he was done, Sapnap would switch out, going to sit at his desk under the guise of wanting to play some game.

Of course, he never did this with Dream. Whenever Dream was over too, they'd be cuddling on the bed before George could even start up his computer. Whenever *Dream* was around they'd be wrapped up in the covers, one arm slung around Sapnap's waist as Dream held out his phone for both of them to watch videos on.

He wouldn't spend the entire time pressing the keys so hard he's surprised they didn't break, gritting his teeth and bouncing his leg with a frustration he couldn't place, no. He wasn't bitter at all.

Except that Sapnap wouldn't even let *him* initiate contact. If he'd ever try and climb in with them Sapnap would kick up a fuss and shove him out of his own bed, sometimes suggesting other things they could be doing so he didn't have to go through the ordeal of George laying a few inches from him.

If he sat next to Sapnap on the lounge, there'd be an outcry, he'd be called stinky and gross and Sapnap would immediately move to the opposite side of the room. God forbid he even try to touch him in the *slightest*, either, if he pressed his hand to the small of Sapnap's back when trying to get past him he'd flinch away, get more mocking remarks.

George would always roll his eyes and call him a baby or an idiot whenever it happened, but the more it did the harder it became to brush it off. The more it *hurt*.

"Am I really that fucking disgusting?" He remembers asking one day when all he does is grab Sapnap's shoulder to get his attention and he gets a flinch in return, another biting remark as his touch is violently shrugged off.

George isn't really sure what it is about this specific incident that pushes him over the edge; maybe it's just how casual it'd been, how he'd meant nothing by it other than to get Sapnap to look at something on his phone. Maybe it's just the months of build up finally has nowhere else to go except out.

"What?" Sapnap had asked him, visibly paling under George's intense glare, "n-no, George, I didn't-"

"You didn't what?" he'd prompted, continuing on before Sapnap could even think of what to say, "you *didn't* mean to just look at me like I was some weird stranger groping you when all I did was barely even touch your shoulder?"

Sapnap's mouth had moved, but no sound had come out.

"Or you didn't think how it would feel for *me*, watching you crawl into Dream's lap at every possible opportunity, watching you hold him and lean on him like it's nothing when if I so much as *breathe* on you, you run as far away as you can and call me stupid or gross?" George had taken a shuddering breath and realised just how close he was to crying, how his voice wobbled and cracked, "I know we make jokes all the time about it, but you don't really..."

He'd had to stop for a moment so he didn't burst into tears right then and there and embarrass himself, all the hurt that he'd been pushing down for months finally coming to a head.

"You don't really..." he had to look away, "*actually* hate me, do you?"

He'd been surprised when hands came to his cheeks, cupping his face so delicately it didn't even feel like Sapnap was the one touching him, but it was. George hadn't been able to look away when Sapnap looked directly in his eyes, spoke softly and seriously.

“George. I do *not* hate you, I promise you it’s the farthest thing possible from that. I...” he’d trailed off, looking at him hesitantly like he was trying to think of the best way to phrase it, “I just... I didn’t want you to feel weird about it and I guess I took it too far in the other direction, you know?”

“What, you thought I’d take it as you wanting me to fuck you if you sat on the same lounge as me?” George immediately deadpanned, not believing it for a second, “and yet you’re *so* comfortable with Dream, are you not worried he’ll think the same thing? He’s bi too, you know, so it’d be the same... Unless you weren’t worried because you too are already-”

“*No!*” Sapnap had startled him with the volume of his voice, “I mean- Dream and I are... Completely platonic, trust me. That’s not why, it’s different with you because you seem more... Annoyed I guess whenever I flirt with you. Dream finds it funny and I know he doesn’t care, but I just thought if I tried to cuddle you like I do with him, you might think I’m actually trying to fuck you or something. I didn’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

For a long moment they had stared at each other, and when George eventually let out a sigh and tilted his head slightly in relief, Sapnap had dropped his hands and they had sat there in silence for a few more moments.

“Okay that,” he’s said, “that makes sense. You’re an idiot, but that makes sense.”

“Hey-”

“Don’t try and deny it, you know you are,” George had cut him off, shoving him gently and laughing lighter than he had in weeks, “a massive idiot. Just a complete *moron*, because had you actually bothered to ask, I would have told you that I’m *fine*. I know you’re only joking, so just... Cuddle away, I guess. It’s better than feeling like- feeling like I’m just a third wheel or something. I thought I was making *you* uncomfortable.”

And the grin he’d gotten had been worth the embarrassment of the admission.

“I’m sorry Georgie,” Sapnap had cooed as he basically climbed straight into his lap, “I’ll make it up to you with *so* many cuddles.”

And he hadn’t been lying, because now he can never seem to pry Sapnap off him, and they’re stuck in... This situation.

Like he said, he doesn’t remember when it started, doesn’t remember when the switch between platonic and romantic in his brain flipped to decidedly romantic and he’d started regretting his little bonding moment with Sapnap more and more. It’s just been like this for so long that it doesn’t even really matter anymore.

His little... Thing, with Sapnap isn’t helped by the delightful little development of apparently becoming his preferred seat. No matter where they are or who they’re around, Sapnap’s started to gravitate towards him in every situation. Gone are the days he’d spend hours bitterly trying to ignore the pit in his stomach while he watched Dream and Sapnap cuddle and touch each other like they were the only two people in the world.

(Which he’d figured out in retrospect was actually *jealousy*, though he hadn’t recognised it at the time.)

Now he spends every moment just trying to shake Sapnap off, laughing along when Dream makes jokes about missing his cuddles and how George is getting too much attention these days. Sapnap

doesn't seem to find them funny, but he has to agree.

He isn't *annoyed* that he seems to be the new favourite, he actually thrives off the attention most of the time, but it makes it harder and harder to deny his feelings every day. He can't help feeling more and more selfish, losing himself in fantasies of pulling Sapnap into a kiss, letting him crawl into his lap and rocking their hips together until he has Sapnap whimpering into his mouth

It's not right, it's not fair of him to think about snaking his hand up the back of Sapnap's shirt when they cuddle, slotting his thigh between his legs and watching him grind against it to chase his pleasure. Friends don't *do* this, and sure he'd love to be more, but Sapnap's feelings are clearly platonic and it feels like taking advantage.

Except he *has* to know what he's doing when he lays his head in George's lap during a movie, his mouth only separated from his dick by a few millimeters of denim. Surely he feels the way it stirs when he props his cheek on the back of his hand, fingers splayed over his crotch like he's *totally* not grabbing his-

And he *has* to hear that gasp when his fingers adjust and brush against him in just the right way, has to feel how George squirms and silently begs him to just get off so he can stop feeling like a total creep for popping a boner right next to his best friend's face.

But maybe he doesn't know, maybe he doesn't realise what he's doing at all, because the look he gives him when George stands up abruptly to excuse himself to the bathroom is one of confusion and maybe slight annoyance at basically being shoved off him.

God, but he *has* to, doesn't he? Because it happens again!

Sapnap's spending the night this time and they've spent basically all day fighting, laughing, playing games together and acting like children who've just eaten all their halloween candy. It feels like a neverending sugar rush, and it doesn't stop until they climb into bed for the night and Sapnap shuffles back so they're spooning, George's arms wrapped around his waist.

The excitement of the day leaves him completely when Sapnap's thigh connects directly with his crotch, and all he feels is the pool of arousal in his belly and dread slowly seeping into his bones. He knows he's gonna get hard. He knows he is, and he should have fucking prepared somehow, should have gotten himself off in the bathroom earlier when he went to change, should have done *something*.

But he hadn't. He hadn't even gotten off the day before either, now that he thinks about it, and that means it's embarrassingly easy for his body to react.

Just the warm pressure is enough to send him spiraling, but he manages to hold it at bay, forcing himself not to let it get to him and trying to think other, less sexual thoughts until Sapnap finally falls asleep and he can sneak off to the bathroom and sort his problem.

However, Sapnap doesn't seem to want to follow this plan, instead huffing and shuffling around every few moments, trying to get comfortable. "George," he whines after about ten minutes, and George can barely register the voice with how hard he's focusing, "it's hot, do you mind if I kick the blankets off?"

Do whatever you want, just go the fuck to sleep already and stop grinding on my dick, he thinks desperately, but holds himself back.

"I could just stop spooning you if you want." He says instead, hoping Sapnap will just say yes so

he can at least get this pressure off him. Maybe he won't even need to go to the bathroom, maybe he'll be able to calm himself down, completely forget about the entire thing and go to sleep like a normal person.

But, "No," Sapnap says, more of a whine really, "I wanna cuddle, just let me get rid of the blanket? Unless you're cold or something?"

He sighs, then shakes his head, lets it fall against Sapnap's shoulder as he feels the fingers interlaced with his own on Sapnap's stomach give a small squeeze. "No I'm not, go ahead Sap."

And he regrets it instantly when Sapnap's thigh moves, sliding along his dick so perfectly that George can't help but whimper, immediately snapping his mouth shut when he realises what he's done.

"You alright, dude?" Sapnap asks, stilling his movements when he's got the blanket halfway down their bodies.

"Mm, y-yeah. I'm good. Sorry, you just hit something, I think I must have like, a bruise on my leg. I'm good, sorry."

When Sapnap begins moving again, he's ready, angling his hips back slightly so he doesn't end up humping Sapnap's leg like a fucking dog or something. The blanket falls to their ankles and Sapnap finally settles in, his breathing slowly evening out until George can hear light snores coming from him and his fingers go slack.

It takes a great deal of effort and care to disentangle himself from him, but he eventually manages it, slinking off to the bathroom to spend ten minutes furiously working over his cock and holding back strangled moans while thinking of Sapnap's gorgeous thighs.

They're so *soft*, has he mentioned? Any time they touch him now all he can think about is how he'd like to get his hands on them, how he'd like to sink his teeth into the soft flesh, leave marks for everyone to see. Every part of Sapnap is perfect, but he's had a slight obsession with his thighs ever since that night.

He kind of wants to fuck them.

But that's a thought for another time, when he doesn't have Sapnap sitting *literally* directly on his cock. He'd let his thoughts wander too much, fuck.

He can't help it though, his mind keeps drifting to all the things he wants to do to Sapnap every single time he adjusts slightly to get comfortable or when he twists slightly so George can look over his shoulder at a video on his phone. He doesn't even remember how they got like this, all he knows is that Sapnap's in his lap, his back pressed to George's chest, completely oblivious to his situation.

He thinks maybe it'd started off as a joke, Sapnap trying to inconvenience him by blocking the view of the TV, trying to get him to shove him off or something. But he'd just kept coming back every time George pushed him to the floor, so eventually he'd just left him there.

Now he wishes he hadn't, because he's *definitely* getting hard.

Part of him wonders if this really is Sapnap doing it on purpose, wonders if that's why he'd been so pushy to sit in his lap, why he's wriggling around so much. Is he *trying* to make George hard? Does he just want to embarrass him? Laugh at him for getting turned on by something as innocent as a friend sitting in another friend's lap?

He's not sure if he would do that. Sappnap's a tease and a total flirt, but he's not *cruel*, and he wouldn't play that sort of joke without knowing George's feelings for him.

Maybe he wouldn't play this sort of joke if he *did*. Maybe he should just fucking say something already, because clearly this isn't working. He can't keep going on, getting turned on by the slightest touch, losing his mind anytime he knows Sappnap is coming over, coherent thought going out the window whenever he's near.

It's too much, he's going to go crazy at this rate.

"Sappnap-" He says, steeling himself at the same time the other speaks over him.

"Do you think we should order-" and then he shifts in his lap, making George wince slightly as he turns to look at him, "sorry, something wrong? I didn't mean to interrupt you. You okay?"

He looks genuinely concerned, and it's sweet and all, but George really just wants to fucking kiss him stupid. Wants to grab his hips, slam him down on George's cock so he can feel what he's been doing to him, lick his lips and push his tongue into Sappnap's mouth before he has a chance to say anything.

He wants to *ruin* him.

"I'm- I'm fine, I just-" he can't say it, he can't tell him he just can't, "I'm just not feeling well." He says instead, forcing himself not to shiver when Sappnap shifts again and lays the back of his hand against George's forehead.

"Oh wow, yeah," Sappnap says, voice laced with genuine concern and he feels bad for lying, but he doesn't want to ruin this, "you're like, really warm and flushed dude. What's wrong, you need me to-"

Sappnap shifts in his lap one final time, and George knows he's been had when his voice breaks off and his face darkens with colour he's sure matches his own. Sweatpants are not the best at hiding boners, after all, and he's actually not quite sure how Sappnap hadn't noticed it even earlier.

"Sappnap-" He starts to try and explain himself right as Sappnap says "Are you hard right now?"

He shivers at the bluntness, refusing to meet his eyes as he tilts his head the tiniest amount in a nod.

Tense silence hangs over them for nearly a full minute and it's all George can do to stay still, to not push Sappnap off him and run out of the room, go find himself a nice hole to curl up and die in. He wishes he'd never been born, he's never been so fucking embarrassed.

"Um," Sappnap says eventually, his voice coming out breathy as he turns a little closer, laying a palm to George's chest, "How-how long have you been..."

He doesn't seem to want to finish that sentence, so George decides to take pity on him. He takes a deep breath, leans his head back and steels himself before looking back and making direct eye contact with him. "Ever since you climbed into my lap and started basically grinding on my dick." He says, feeling his heart sink at the way Sappnap's eyes widen.

Well he's just completely fucked this, hasn't he? God, he should have never said anything.

"I-I wasn't, I swear-"

George lets out a hollow laugh and stares at the wall behind Sappnap's shoulder, nodding slowly. "I

know,” he lets out a breath, “I know, Sap, I’m sorry. It’s not your fault, it’s mine, I should never... It’s completely unacceptable, I’ve been taking advantage of you, I should have stopped you the first time it happened.”

If he had, would he have been able to salvage this? It could’ve just been a one-off thing, an accident, something for them to laugh at. Now... He wouldn’t blame Sapnap for thinking it was premeditated, even though it hadn’t been.

It’d just been accidental, from both sides apparently. He’d been *so sure* Sapnap had been doing it on purpose just to fuck with him.

He’s been a fool, thinking Sapnap would even think of him in that way, even as a joke.

“Wait,” Sapnap’s voice cuts through his spiral, a little hoarse and hesitant, “this has happened... Before?”

George can only nod.

“Oh, I-I didn’t...” Sapnap swallows thickly, takes a deep breath before seemingly making a decision, “you should have told me sooner, I would’ve helped you out.” He moves back to swing his legs either side of George’s lap, holding himself up on his knees before taking each of George’s hands and placing them on his hips, slowly sliding down until his ass is pressed firmly against him.

It all happens so fast that George’s brain doesn’t catch up until Sapnap starts rocking his hips gently back and forth. “Sapnap, wait-”

His thumbs dig into hip bones and Sapnap stills immediately, his fingers twitching on George’s hands nervously as he looks down and says, “I- oh, I’m sorry George, was that too- did you not want-? I’ll just... I can just leave. We don’t have to talk about this at all.”

George’s brain is still struggling to catch up, so it takes him a few moments to register what Sapnap’s said, what he means, but then he’s moving his hands to cup Sapnap’s cheeks. His fingers cling lightly to George’s wrists and his lips part in surprise as George rubs his thumb over the delicate skin under his eye, and he can really tell how nervous Sapnap is now that his brain is starting to function again.

It’s weird to see him so... Timid. He’s not sure he likes it, not when it’s like this, when Sapnap’s just as afraid as George is that he’s messed this all up.

“Sapnap, I *really* fucking want, you don’t know how many times I’ve had to leave, go to the bathroom and sort myself out because of the things you do to me, how many times I’ve thought about *this*, but-” his breath stutters slightly at the way Sapnap’s eyes go dark, the way his hips start moving again, circling in small, minute movements, “I just wanted to make sure you actually wanted this. I thought you might’ve just been trying to make it less awkward.”

Sapnap actually laughs at him, the nervousness melting away completely now as he starts rocking into him properly. “You’re an idiot,” he teases, “I would never do something like that. I... I haven’t even... I mean I’ve-I’ve made out with people before, but... Basically, I wanna do this because I *like* you. I don’t fuck around like that.”

It’s a shock just to hear him say it, blunt, leaving no room for doubt. Sapnap *likes* him. Sapnap wants to fuck him.

Sapnap has never had sex before.

That's... A complication he hadn't foreseen.

He'd never even considered the possibility of him being a virgin before, it just hadn't occurred to him. Sapnap's a cool guy, attractive and popular, a total flirt and smooth as hell when he wants to be. George isn't sure how it's *possible* he's still a virgin.

The only reason he can think of is that Sapnap's been saving himself for someone special. And that definitely complicates any plans he might have had earlier.

"Sorry, I uh," Sapnap laughs, flustered, when George takes too long thinking, "was that like... Too much? Feels kinda weird saying it like that; I *like* you. Feel like a kid. But it's true, and it's okay if you don't-if you don't feel the same, if you just wanna fuck. I'm down for anything, I can just help you get off if you want."

It hurts to see him start to close off again, to watch him avert his eyes, feel his hands shaking on George's. He knows it's not true, Sapnap doesn't want this if George isn't madly in love with him as well.

Which is good for him, because George *is*.

George is in love with possibly the dumbest man alive. He really hadn't known what he was doing? He really hadn't seen George pining for him since the moment they finally met?

"Sapnap," he growls softly, pulling his face down until their lips are brushing, till he can feel their breath mixing, "shut up." And he kisses him.

Sapnap sinks into it, melting against his mouth like he's never felt anything better in his life. George has to agree.

Kissing Sapnap is every fantasy he's ever had, it's perfect in ways he didn't think of, so warm and nice and *right*. Their mouths slot together like they were made to fit like this, made for each other. He's kissed plenty of people before of course, he's definitely got quite a bit of experience on Sapnap, but he has to admit it's never felt like this.

Maybe it's just because he's never been as in love with someone as he is with Sapnap. And it's still a crazy thought, because when had that even fucking happened? When had his infatuation turned into genuine love?

"*I love you*," he says, partly just to hear himself say it, and partly to make sure Sapnap knows exactly where he stands, "I've loved you for like, a *really* long time, and I want more than just a quick fuck."

Sapnap whimpers against his lips and he has to pull back from the kiss to just look at him, take in how utterly gorgeous he is. "I... God, that was wild, hearing you say that," he laughs a little shyly, and George grins, pleased at the pretty flush on his cheeks, "I never thought you'd love me back."

"Oh, *back*, huh? So you don't just 'like' me?" He teases, mostly because he can. Because they're both on the same page and he's never felt better.

"Shut up," Sapnap rolls his eyes and pinches his wrist, "don't be mean when I'm trying to start something here." And to punctuate his statement, he starts rolling his hips back and forth slowly again, making George roll his head back and groan unreservedly at the feeling.

"Yeah, you know what? You're making points," he laughs breathily, sliding his hands down from Sapnap's cheeks to his hips again before slowly thrusting back up into him, "I'd rather be doing

this than making fun of you any day.”

Sapnap grins, releasing George’s wrists to press his palms to his chest and get himself some leverage to grind down with a little more fervor. “Maybe I should get you to fuck me every day then if it’ll get you to shut up for once.” He laughs, angling his hips just right and rocking into him smooth and slow, driving George absolutely crazy with want.

But he doesn’t let the brain fog get to him; he needs to establish something before they get into this.

“Mm, yeah about that,” he mumbles, eyes slipping shut as Sapnap leans down to mouth at his neck, “you’re a virgin,” Sapnap hums, “so yeah, I don’t think I’m gonna fuck you tonight.”

“Wait, what?” Sapnap pulls back, stilling his movements to stare down at George, confused and looking a little hurt, “you’re not? Then what are we doing?”

George laughs softly, rubs his thumbs on Sapnap’s hips soothingly before leaning up to give him a small, placating kiss. “We don’t have to have *sex* to get off, stupid. I have some... ideas, but I’m not going to fuck you tonight, not yet. Not when it’s your first time. I’m guessing you saved it because you wanted it to be special, yeah? Then I wanna make it special. Let me, you know... Romance you.”

He finds himself laughing as he says it, and he can tell Sapnap wants to too, but he’s still pouting when George pulls from his lips to look at him.

“I feel pretty romanced right *now*, though. You don’t need- we can just- ugh, I don’t care George, I love you, that’s special enough, isn’t it?” He’s practically whining and George can’t help but smirk at him, finding it extremely cute, “don’t look at me like that, I’m serious. George,” he drops his voice low and leans in to speak against his lips, “I want your cock inside me. Wanna feel you. Want you to fuck me so good I can barely remember my own name.”

George... Is only one man.

He shivers as soon as he hears those words, lets Sapnap guide him into another kiss, lets his lips fall open and eagerly takes Sapnap’s tongue into his mouth, losing himself in the sensation. When he starts grinding on him again, almost all rational thought leaves him. All he can think is how good Sapnap tastes, how warm and soft his tongue is, how he’s a *really* fucking good kisser actually and how *holy fuck* his ass is just like. Perfect. Literally perfect.

If there’s a god out there, he wants to compliment them on their absolutely superb work.

But then he feels Sapnap tugging at his shirt impatiently and the brain fog clears just enough for him to remember what he wants to do.

He grips Sapnap’s hips hard and holds him in place, feels himself twitch at the little whine he lets out. “Sapnap,” he breathes, “not tonight.”

And because he looks genuinely upset, George leans up quickly and presses their lips together in another kiss, moves his hands from his hips to ruck up Sapnap’s shirt and explore his chest. “But like I said, we can find other fun things to do...”

Sapnap gasps when George tilts his head to press wet, open-mouthed kisses down his neck, and then there’s fists curled in his hair and *fuck* it kind of hurts, but it also feels really fucking good. Apparently Sapnap’s neck is sensitive. Interesting.

“Y-yeah?” Sapnap asks him, cutting off into a moan when George nips his skin, “what, like... What did you have in mind?”

“Hm,” George hums, pauses like he’s in thought, “well remember like... Two weeks ago? When you stayed over? You got hot in the middle of the night and you kicked off the blankets?”

Sapnap takes a moment to think, and George uses the opportunity to wrap his lips around a spot and suck a dark hickey into his flesh. “Um, yeah? And then you like... Left me in the middle of the night for something...”

“Yeah,” George chuckles, getting a nipple between his fingers and pulling on it slightly, “because I had to go hide in the bathroom, hope you didn’t hear me while I fucked my hand, wishing it was your cute thighs. I couldn’t help it, they were pressed against me all night, rubbing up on me when you moved. Couldn’t stand it.”

Sapnap takes a shuddering breath and arches into George’s fingers, squirming like he’s close to coming when he hasn’t even *touched* him yet. He’s so expressive.

“God, George,” he whines, voice strangled as George starts thrusting against his ass again, “that’s fucking-god, that’s really fucking hot, I didn’t know you...” But he doesn’t finish his thought, keening when George moves his hand from his chest to between his legs, palming him through his jeans.

“Yeah I-” he lays his head flat on Sapnap’s collarbone when there’s a harsh tug at his hair, feeling his cock throb almost painfully in his sweats, “I think I’m gonna need you to take these off, and I’m gonna do what I’ve been thinking about ever since that night.”

He paws at the zipper on Sapnap’s jeans for a moment before the boy huffs, batting his hands away then sliding off him completely. It feels cold and empty without him there, but watching him desperately trying to kick off his jeans as fast as possible is definitely worth their brief pause.

When Sapnap tries to crawl into his lap, George leans up, presses a hand to his chest and kisses him softly on the mouth. “No, like this,” he says softly, before grabbing Sapnap’s hips and turning him to face away, then pulling him back into his lap, back to chest like they had been earlier, “okay?”

Sapnap nods quickly, though tilts his head back, confused until he sees what George is doing.

“You know for an idiot, you have really lovely thighs,” he murmurs, pressing a quick peck to his shoulder as he reaches into his own boxers and strokes himself quickly a few times before pushing them down, along with his sweatpants, “I wanna get my mouth on them at some point, but that’s for later.”

Sapnap’s practically panting as he watches George with dark, hooded eyes, gaze magnetised to his tongue as he drags it along his fingers, getting them nice and wet. And then he watches as George brings them down, curls them around his leaking cock, watches hungrily as he drags his hand up and down quickly a few times before letting himself go.

He can already tell he’s not gonna last, especially with the noise Sapnap makes as he throws himself back to smash their lips together again. It feels so fucking good that George has to position them quickly, eager to finally see if his fantasies live up to reality.

“George-” Sapnap breathes as fingers curl around his thighs, spread them slightly while George shuffles into place, then close again, “god, I’m gonna lose my mind here, holy fuck.”

“Not even touching you yet, slut,” George laughs softly, pressing his mouth to Sapnap’s neck as he thrusts between his thighs, “you’re so easy.”

Sapnap doesn’t give him a response, whining as George reaches a hand into his boxers and starts stroking him slowly along with his thrusts. Just as expected, Sapnap’s lovely thighs are so soft and warm, perfect for fucking, really. They squeeze tight around him, encompassing him completely so that he feels him over every inch with each thrust.

“Please, George,” Sapnap moans when his thrusts really start to gain speed, hips wriggling underneath his skilled fingers, “please, fuck, I’m not even kidding but I’m literally like five seconds away from cumming right now.” He babbles, making George laugh, though he has to agree.

It’s been a seriously long time since he last did this with someone, so he’s just *slightly* on edge, slightly needy for it. And Sapnap’s thighs do feel really good.

“That’s okay, Sap, you can cum,” he whispers, pressing another kiss to his shoulder, “go ahead and make a mess. If you’re a good boy I might help you clean it, might lick it off for you. I have so many things I wanna do.”

Sapnap shivers underneath his touch, and it seems like those words are all he needs, tumbling over the edge and spilling straight into his boxers as he fucks his hand, rides his high. It doesn’t hurt that by doing so, his thighs squeeze delightfully tight around him, too, and it has George right on the edge too.

He doesn’t let up with his hand while he chases his orgasm, letting Sapnap whine and beg as he pushes him into overstimulation because it just spurs him on. He loves how Sapnap sounds when he begs, he could really get used to it.

“Fuck, George, *please* -” Sapnap cries and George’s hips stutter at the way his voice cracks, his cock giving an almost painful throb before spilling all over Sapnap’s thighs as he reaches his peak.

Giving a few last slow thrusts into Sapnap’s warmth, George pants and trembles with the strain before slowly releasing his near death-grip on Sapnap’s hip, pulling his other hand from his boxers, then lifting it up to slowly lick the cum off his fingers.

“God, that was...” George takes a deep breath as Sapnap turns to him sleepily, “yeah, that was fucking *amazing* .”

“Mm,” Sapnap hums, leans down to rest his forehead against George’s shoulder and yawns, “it really was. You’re like... Relentless, holy fuck. I seriously thought you were gonna make me cum twice.”

George laughs, gently pulls Sapnap’s head up so he can kiss him for a moment. “Oh, I am, dear. In fact, I’m gonna make you cum *more* than twice.” He says against his lips, and relishes the shiver that runs through him upon hearing those words.

He really is in love with the dumbest man alive, but that’s okay. He’ll help Sapnap learn.

Day 3 - Cockwarming (Dreamnap)

Chapter Notes

ok hi hello, don't mind how rushed this is I'm finishing this at literally 2 am lmao.
Sorry! hope its not too bad <33

For someone who's like, *constantly* horny, you'd think Sapnap would be easy to convince.

Apparently not. All day Dream has spent draping himself over him, all day he has spent kissing his neck, reaching around the chair Sapnap hasn't moved from since the morning to tease his fingers under his t-shirt. All day he has spent whispering filthy things into his ear, practically *begging* to be fucked, and nothing.

Absolutely nothing.

He'd be embarrassed at how easily it comes for him to *actually* start begging if it didn't finally give him some damn results. All Sapnap has done is brush him off all day, laughing at him and batting his hands away when he tries to reach into his shorts, letting him crawl into Sapnap's lap but doing nothing more and actually making *small talk* with him.

"I was thinking we could order from that new Chinese place for dinner tonight." He'd said when Dream began pressing wet kisses to his collarbone. "Hey, did you see that video I sent you yesterday?" He'd asked when Dream rolled his hips and ground down on him, one of his hands moving from his keyboard to land on his hip, stopping him in his tracks.

He doesn't even fucking *acknowledge* it, continuing on about how it's funny and he'll have to show him when he finishes this video.

This stupid damn video.

He can't believe that Sapnap's still editing it, he just can't. It's impossible that he's spent this long on it and he still has apparently come nowhere near close to finishing. Dream would like to think his distractions are what's been slowing him down, but subconsciously he knows that's not it. Sapnap's doing this intentionally.

God, he's such a bastard.

"*Please*, Sapnap, is that what you want to hear?" Dream whines after maybe an hour of being seated in his lap, "you want me to tell you how good I'll be for you? How I'd get on my knees for you and let you fuck my throat till I can't talk for a week? I'll make you feel so fucking good, I promise Sap, please? Come on, I've been waiting so patiently, haven't I been good? Please?"

Sapnap hums his acknowledgement but his eyes don't move from the screen. His thumb rubs circles into the skin of Dream's hip underneath his shirt and it's almost enough to drive him crazy, not *enough*, teasing him.

"Sapnap, come on," Dream begs, reaching to cup his hands on Sapnap's cheeks, pulling his face from the screen to look at him, "I'll be so good, I'll do whatever you want I promise. Please, I *need* your cock inside me. Please, please, Sapnap."

Again, he'd be embarrassed at how low he has to sink, but it apparently accomplishes his goal, because Sapnap *finally* looks at him, eyes dark, interested. Yes, *yes*, just a little more.

He hesitates only for a moment so Sapnap can see the hungry look in his eyes before he leans in, presses their lips together properly for the first time. "I'll be a good boy." He whispers against Sapnap's lips, rolling his hips just slightly to really tempt him. This has to be enough, right? He doesn't think he can go on much longer like this.

If Sapnap would just tell him no, tell him to wait until later or that he's not in the mood, he'd be able to leave just fine. He could forget all about it, do actually productive things with his time. But he hasn't, he's basically ignored all his advances, switched topics, tried to hold casual conversation like Dream wasn't trying to ride his dick right then and there. It's not that he doesn't want this, it's that he's trying to rile him up.

He wants Dream desperate.

Well it's fucking *working*. He feels pretty damn desperate now, and he assumes Sapnap can see it in his eyes because he leans back in his chair lazily, licks his lips and rakes his eyes down Dream's clothed chest.

"I mean, if you really wanted it *that* bad, surely you would have taken this off earlier, huh?" Sapnap asks, grinning at him as he tugs at the hem of his shirt like he thinks he's *so* smart.

Dream nearly falls off his lap in his haste to get it off, but Sapnap catches him, holds him steady by his hips, and it feels *so fucking nice* to have his hands on his bare skin again. He wants more.

"There, see? It's off, I'm being good," he says a little breathlessly once the garment is on the floor, "I'll do anything, promise."

Sapnap considers him for a moment, still leaning back with that lazy, smug grin of his and it drives him crazy to see him still so composed. He both hates and loves when Sapnap gets like this. It's fun to have to work for it sometimes, considering generally Sapnap's the one all over him, down to help him out at the drop of the hat, but it's also infuriating at the same time. He *knows* what Sapnap's like usually, he can't sit back looking like an arrogant prick with all the power when he could have him on his knees begging on the right day.

It isn't fair.

He almost wants to fight back just looking at him, but he knows his brains too frazzled right now, too fogged with the need, with want. Maybe this has been Sapnap's plan all along, wind him up so he'll be nice and pliant when he finally gives him what he wants.

He definitely feels pretty pliant right now.

"Oh, anything darlin'?" Sapnap drawls, catching his lip between his teeth as he slides his hand from Dream's hip to his abdomen, stroking the skin there softly for a moment, "how about you get *these*-" he tugs at the waistband of Dream's pyjama bottoms, "off, underwear too, and let me sit back and watch while you stretch yourself open with those gorgeous fingers of yours?"

Dream shudders as soon as he hears those words, eyes fluttering closed briefly before he nods, slow and shaky. He pulls off of Sapnap's lap enough to ruck his bottoms down his thighs, shuffling awkwardly until he'd got them pushed past his knees, then he kicks them off and to the floor.

Once he's completely naked, Sapnap reaches to open one of the drawers, fishing around for something only for a moment before presenting him with the bottle of lube they'd stashed there

maybe a few months back. This... Isn't the first time they've done something like this.

"Okay," Dream says shakily once he takes the lube, squirting a generous amount onto his fingers and rubbing them together before sliding his hand between his legs, "okay yeah, I can-I can do that, fuck."

Sapnap watches with almost casual disinterest, like Dream isn't about to finger himself in his lap, like this isn't insanely hot and doing a lot for Dream's already limited brain function. Before he can think and talk himself out of it, Dream presses a finger against his entrance, rubs the slick in slightly before slowly sinking down.

Sapnap gives him a crooked smile as Dream whimpers, rocks back on his own finger, desperate for more even though he's just started. Maybe it's the hours of waiting, but he doesn't seem to have any patience, sliding in his second finger before he can even really adjust to the first. It makes him wince at the uncomfortable stretch, but it doesn't hurt.

Soon enough his fingers find his prostate and he crooks them, rubbing over the spot until he's twitching and leaking all over himself, far too close to the edge already for how little he's actually doing. God, he's really needy for it today, huh?

He can't stop thinking about how he must look right now, can't stop thinking about how lewd he sounds, fucking himself on his own fingers in his boyfriend's lap and enjoying every second of it. He's definitely a bit of a slut.

After a while, he finally feels stretched enough for his third finger, sliding down on it slowly until he's got it to the hilt, then spreading his fingers over and over again. Sapnap watches with slightly more interest as Dream stretches himself, rides his own fingers until he's about a few seconds from cumming right then and there. But it's still not enough, the hunger in his eyes is carefully controlled, dampened.

He wants Sapnap to grab his hips and just slam him down on his cock already.

"Please, p-please Sapnap-ah!" he moans softly when he accidentally rubs against his prostate again, "please, need you inside me. I've been good, haven't I?"

He hums, snags his lip between his teeth again before pulling back into a smile. His hands tighten their grip on his hips, forcing him to stop bouncing on his fingers, and his grin widens when Dream whines. "You've been a bit of a *brat*, is what you've been," he says slowly, making Dream whimper when he grabs his wrist and pulls his fingers out of him slowly, "trying to distract me all day, teasing me when you know I'm busy with something important."

Dream tries to defend himself, stuttering out desperate apologies, trying to figure out what Sapnap wants him to say to get him to just fuck him already, but it doesn't matter.

"But," Sapnap muses, reaching for the bottle of lube Dream had discarded earlier, popping it open with one hand while he uses his other to unzip his jeans and pull himself free of his boxers, "I can be nice. I'm a good boyfriend, I'll give you what you want even when you're being a bratty little *slut*."

He slathers a generous amount of lube on his half-hard cock, places the bottle back on the desk before curling a hand around himself and stroking over his length slowly. Dream watches him with rapt attention, feeling himself practically drooling just at the sight. He's gonna have that inside him in a minute. He's finally going to get what he'd needed *all morning*.

“Yes, you’re so good to me,” Dream breathes as he watches Sapnap slowly getting harder and harder, watches his expert fingers working himself over with an ease that only comes with years of practice, “I love you so much, thank you, fuck, please get inside me now, please I’m ready.”

He’s babbling now, but Sapnap doesn’t seem to mind, focused on his task until it’s done, and when he’s *finally* hard enough for his liking, he grabs the backs of Dream’s thighs, pulls him up onto his knees-

And slowly slides him down onto his cock.

It’s a fucking stretch. His fingers are nowhere near as thick as Sapnap and it’s such a big difference it almost *hurts*, but he doesn’t care. He’ll adjust in just a few moments and Sapnap will finally fuck him. Or maybe he’ll sit back and let Dream ride him, let him do all the work since he’s so desperate.

He doesn’t mind, anything sounds nice right about now. As long as he has Sapnap inside him, he’s happy.

“There you go,” Sapnap coos at him reaching his fingers to press at the slight bulge in his stomach for a moment before moving both his hands to Dream’s hips, holding him, “there you go, darlin’, that better for you? Good boy, now we can get back to work.”

Dream’s stomach drops. Sapnap’s clean hand goes back to his mouse. His other holds Dream firmly in place. He can’t move.

“W-wait, Sapnap I-”

“What’s wrong?” Sapnap asks him innocently, turning his eyes back from his screen to blink up at him, “you don’t want this anymore?”

Oh. That bastard.

“No,” he whines, then quickly backpedals when Sapnap quirks an amused eyebrow at him, “I mean- no, I want this. I want *more*, I want you to *fuck* me, not just tease me like this. I can’t stand it, Sap, need to cum so bad, been waiting for hours.”

And he actually fucking laughs, the dick, eyes turning casually back to the screen like nothing’s changed, nothing’s wrong at all, this is all just a completely normal and perfectly fine situation to be in. Dream wants to kiss that smug look right off his face and slam down on his cock so hard that Sapnap has no choice but to listen.

But his grip is strong, and part of him may... Be slightly interested in where this is going.

“Well, you asked for my cock inside you, didn’t you? That’s what you begged for, said you *needed* me. I’m simply giving you what you want, Dream,” he shrugs, looking back at him only for a moment so Dream can see the amusement in his eyes, “but if you’re not happy... We don’t have to...”

“No!” Dream sighs, resting his sweaty forehead on Sapnap’s shoulder and feeling himself twitching with interest at this idea, “no I’ll... I can take this.”

If this is all Sapnap will give him for now, he’ll happily take it on the hope that he’ll give him some mind-blowing sex later. Maybe once Sapnap finishes editing he’ll pick him up by his thighs, carry him to bed and slam him down on it. Maybe he’ll turn him over, press his face into the mattress while he fucks him so hard he can barely hold himself up.

Maybe he'll leave bruises with his fingertips, maybe he'll leave bite marks on his neck, maybe he'll abuse Dream's nipples so hard he won't be able to wear a shirt later. All are very good possibilities.

He hopes they're not just wishful fantasies.

"How..." he starts after about five minutes of sitting, waiting, "how long... Do you think you'll be?" His voice is already wrecked, vocal chords already sore from holding all his whimpers, all his whines. You'd think he'd get bored of sitting still on Sapnap's cock like this after a while, maybe his arousal would start to fade.

But no, it's quite the opposite. They can't keep perfectly still, after all, their bodies making unconscious movements even when they're not doing anything and Sapnap's currently pressed *right* on his prostate, meaning any small movement is immediate stimulation. It's enough that he's still leaking all over himself, his cock still red and straining between his legs, painfully hard and neglected. He has a feeling that if he tried to get his hands on it, Sapnap would make him regret it.

"So impatient, Dream," Sapnap tuts at him, lips pulling into an easy grin as Dream whines, "I'm still a few hours away, I think, but it's okay. You'll keep my cock nice and warm for me until then, won't you? You're doing so well already!"

Groaning, Dream lets his head fall back to Sapnap's shoulder, the movement shifting their hips slightly and forcing a whimper out of him. He can't handle *hours* of this; he doesn't think he can handle even another minute of this torture. "N-no, I'm gonna lose my mind, Sap, please." He begs, huffing when he just gets laughed at.

After about ten more minutes of Dream sitting patiently, a steady stream of pants, whimpers and swears falling from his mouth all the while, he starts to get the impression that Sapnap is not joking. He's being serious. He wants Dream to warm his cock for a few *hours*. Even though he's already spent all morning desperate for him.

Can he even last that long? He's not getting any less hard by the minute, instead slowly, slowly feeling the warmth in his belly pooling more and more. He doesn't know how it's happening, he's getting almost *no* stimulation, and yet-

Maybe it's because he can't stop thinking about it. Can't stop thinking about what it might be like to cum all over himself without being touched, to push himself over the edge with willpower alone, the thought of his own pleasure enough to spur him on. He keeps thinking about riding Sapnap through the pleasure, finally getting his hands on himself, milking himself dry not that he's finally allowed to touch.

He wants to know what it feels like so bad he might just be willing it to existence.

"Sapnap, I'm-" Dream gasps softly when Sapnap shifts his legs a little to get more comfortable, the stimulation on his sweet spot enough to make him lose all thought process for a good minute.

"What were you going to say, darling?" Sapnap asks him, and Dream balls the fabric of his shirt in his fists, clinging desperately to him so he doesn't grind his hips down.

"I'm seriously going to lose my mind if you don't fuck me *right now* ." He hisses out before he can get cut off again, voice breaking off into a whine right at the end when he *swears* Sapnap rolls his hips.

Instead of doing anything even close to what Dream wants, Sapnap hums his acknowledgement and

continues clicking at his mouse, pausing to type every now and then and basically completely ignoring him.

“Sapnap, seriously-”

“Hush, Dream,” Sapnap says firmly, squeezing his fingers on Dream’s hip, “the adults are busy working right now. Be patient.”

He winces, and not just because Sapnap *definitely* rolls his hips again. “Please,” he says uncomfortably, “do not imply that I’m a child while I’m *literally* sitting on your dick. Like, seriously Sapnap.”

That pulls a genuine laugh from him, and Sapnap turns his head to give him an apologetic look. “Yeah, you’re- you’re right, sorry.” And then they’re both giggling, leaning their heads on each other’s shoulders and taking a moment for themselves. For a moment he’s just holding his boyfriend, laughing with him at stupid jokes, stupidly in love like they’ve always been.

Then Sapnap lifts his head, pauses for a moment before leaning to press a kiss into Dream’s neck, then turning back to the screen. It’s more than enough to bring him straight back into the moment.

Right, he’s-

He’s gotta do something about this.

“Sapnap, I’m really losing my mind right now, okay? I’ve learnt my lesson, please just let me ride you, I’m already so close.” He puts as much of his desperation into his voice as he can, but it ends up doing the opposite of what he’d wanted.

“Oh,” Sapnap’s grin is almost predatory as he looks at him like he’s a new treat to enjoy, “you’re already close, huh? What, you gonna cum on my cock, slut? Gonna cum without being touched?” The tone of his voice alone is enough to make him shiver, but it’s the words that make his cock bounce against his stomach, leaking even more pre-cum than ever.

Well, fuck.

“*Oh*,” Sapnap giggles delightedly, “my pretty little slut, you *are*, aren’t you? Gonna cum on my cock just from me telling you how filthy you are, how much of a needy whore you are, always so desperate for me.”

Dream’s head lolls back and he loses himself in those words, loses himself in the phantom-touches his imagination provides, feels himself climbing closer and closer without *anything*, going dizzy with his need. He’s heard of people getting off without touching themselves before, but he never thought it’d be like *this*.

“Look at you, fuck, you’re so gorgeous. You’re gonna cum on my cock and I’m gonna make sure you keep it nice and warm for the next few hours, doesn’t that sound nice? You’re so perfect for me, I know you can do it, darlin’.”

Dream takes a shuddering breath, fingers gripping Sapnap’s shirt so hard he’s surprised he hasn’t ripped it or something by now. His hips are held in an iron grip, keeping him still, keeping any stimulation from helping him along and Dream can’t help but melt under the look Sapnap gives him. At least he finally seems interested.

“Sapnap, let me- I’m about to-” and then he finds himself tumbling over the edge without any further warning, going warm all over from head to toe as his orgasm hits him like a truck.

It's... Intense. And completely, *completely* unsatisfying, because the minute he tries to reach between his legs and jerk himself through it, the minute he tries to grind his hips down, Sapnap's suddenly got his hands everywhere, keeping him still, giving him nothing. His cock twitches through his orgasm of its own accord and Dream can do nothing.

It lasts so *long*, he thinks it's just never going to stop at one point, he's just going to keep getting hit with wave after wave of pleasure. But it does eventually dissipate, leaving him sensitive and twitchy, worse than it's ever been before, even when Sapnap had spent that one hour overstimulating the hell out of him over and over again.

He's not sure if it's the best orgasm he's ever had, but it's certainly memorable. He doesn't think he's going to forget it *any* time soon, because while being incredibly unsatisfying, it'd also been very, very, *very*, hot.

"Holy fuck, dude," Sapnap seemingly agrees, "that was..."

He trails off, and Dream can only nod tiredly, knowing exactly what he means.

That was fucking amazing. And he can't wait to do it again.

Day 4 - Bondage (Dreamnotfound)

Chapter Notes

Hi hello! I almost didn't make it through today's prompt bc I Really left it last minute lmao if I don't post tomorrow night it's because writing like 16k words of smut in 4 days has taken its toll on me sdfjghgfds anyways hope u enjoy this mess!

“How’s that feel?” George asks him when he’s finally gotten the last knot secured. He lets his fingers slide across the length of rope adorning his wrists, running up his arm to his shoulder before letting them brush against the back of his neck.

Dream shivers under the touch, presses his face into the pillows as he takes a long, slow breath and nods. “Good,” he says thickly, flexing his fingers against the small of his back and tilting his head to look behind him at George, “it’s really good. Can you flip me over now?”

George complies with his request, hooking his fingers under the rope laced across his right shoulder, tugging until Dream shifts, falling onto his hands, onto his back.

They’ve left his legs to give him some sense of control despite the purpose of this being the exact opposite, and he shifts them immediately, pulling his knees up slightly before spreading them for George to crawl between. Once he does, Dream brackets him in with his thighs, hooks an ankle behind George’s knee to keep him there.

“You look really pretty,” George mutters softly, absent-mindedly toying with the chord of rope that snakes across his chest, “look so good like that, I can’t wait to see when you’re desperate, when all you wanna do is grab me, touch me, feel me. I can’t wait to hear you beg me to let you go.”

Dream shivers, and it earns him a smirk, fingers reaching up to brush his cheek so gently it should honestly be illegal. George is already having too much fun with this.

But that’s fine, that’s what he wants. He wants George to have as much fun as possible, wants to be good for him, even if he can be a cocky little shit about it sometimes.

“I can start begging you now if you’d like,” Dream laughs, gasping softly when George slides his fingers under his chin, his touch feather-light, “I’m pretty desperate to hold onto you already.”

George hums, looks down at him consideringly, then slides his fingers down Dream’s chin, down his neck, over his collarbone. Still, his touch is barely there, like a whisper against his skin, pulling shivers out of him with almost no effort. You’d think he’d be used to this by now, really, at some point it should stop feeling so *good*, right? At some point it should lose some of that intoxicating intimacy.

But, it hasn’t happened yet.

“I can tell, my pretty boy,” George sighs and lets his hand trail down Dream’s chest, only sparing a moment to brush over a nipple to make him gasp and arch into the touch, “just *look* at you.”

His fingers turn into one, his index finger trailing a lonely path down his abs, along his stomach until hitting the v of his hips. It pauses a moment, and then George’s hands are on the backs of his

thighs, gripping him gently but firm.

Dream snags his bottom lip between his teeth as George quirks a smile, digs his thumb in slightly to the spot he'd left a hickey a few nights previous. Then he pulls, lifting Dream's thighs to settle around his waist and he gets the picture, locking his ankles together behind him before letting his weight sink into George.

"There you go, that's better," George hums, letting one of his hands fall from Dream's thigh to press flat against his abdomen, a firm, comforting weight against his skin, "you really do look good like this, you know. All pretty and totally helpless. You'll let me do whatever I like, won't you?"

His thumb rubs slow circles on his skin, warm and solid and grounding. "I'll be good," he confirms, his voice a little shaky, "I'll be good, please touch me?"

George raises an eyebrow at him and Dream chews at his lip again. "I'm already touching you, aren't I darling?" He asks teasingly, then pushes his hand up along Dream's stomach, runs it back down just as slowly, before continuing on until it lands between his legs, "unless you mean *here*?"

Dream feels himself going red all over as he nods, hips pushing slightly into George's hand, trying to get friction. George lets it happen for a while, watching him with amused intrigue as Dream fucks himself into his hand. It feels good to get *something* after the hour long wait George had made him sit through, the hour long torture of teasing touches, of whispers pressed into his skin, of soft kisses that were never enough, rope winding *so slowly* around his skin that Dream had wondered more than a few times if George actually knew what he was doing.

But clearly he does, seeing as the rope around him feels perfect, so secure, tight without being enough to cut off circulation. Maybe enough to leave marks for a day or too, but that's it. And that's a benefit, really, Dream wants to remember what they're about to do every time he looks in the mirror.

"George-" he gasps when the hand curled loosely around him tightens, starts moving along to the pace of his hips, "George, please."

And then it starts going a little quicker, fingers starting to twist and flatten and tug and *fuck* he's good at that. How he knows all of Dream's weak spots so well is a complete mystery to him.

"Hm, sorry what was that? I didn't quite hear you." George says casually as he thumbs at Dream's slit, making his hips stutter, almost sounding like he genuinely *hadn't* heard him. But Dream knows better, he's fallen for that tone a few times before and gotten laughed at multiple occasions for his 'adorable' confusion, as George had put it.

"I said *please*, " Dream whines, then licks his lips when George presses his nails flat into the inside of his thigh, "I want you to fuck me, please George." He makes it clear so there's no room for error, no room for denial, no room for teasing. He doesn't know if he could handle just one more minute of this teasing.

For a moment he thinks he might get ignored, George's fingers speeding up to a brutal pace like he's going to try and make him cum this early, and Dream squirms desperately to get away, to stave himself off so they don't ruin this. But then George pulls his hand back, smirks down at him with something knowing in his eyes.

"Well, since you asked me so nicely." He says simply, and Dream whines in confusion, wondering what George's plan is for only a moment before the hand is back on him.

It strokes along his length equally as quick as before, making him writhe underneath the touch, desperate to get away at the same time he's pushing into it, needing more. And then George pulls away right as he's on the edge and he understands. George isn't trying to waste this, he's *relishing* it.

And this time while Dream recovers, George reaches out for the lube they'd grabbed earlier, plucking it from the sheets easily before popping the cap open and squeezing some onto his fingers. Dream takes in a shuddering breath, trying to ignore the throbbing between his legs as he watches George spread the sticky substances along his fingers with rapt attention.

His clean hand returns to Dream's thigh while the one covered in lube moves straight between his legs, fingers pressing against him with no hesitation. He can't help but startle a little at the feeling, his thighs shaking as they squeeze around George's waist before he lets them go slack again.

Then one of the fingers slowly presses in, sliding in smooth and slow while Dream tenses up, his fingers gripping at the rope behind his back and tugging like they want to get free. That's the farthest thing from the truth, he knows. He *likes* how it feels, the slight burn of his muscles straining to keep the awkward angle, the way he can feel the ropes cutting into his skin hard enough in some sections he knows will leave a bruise.

Most of all, how desperate he feels to touch again, the urge overwhelming him as George simply stares down at him, his finger working into him with a slow determination that makes him want to grip at his hair, pull him into a kiss and tell him to go faster already.

He wants desperately to be able to hold onto George's shoulders when he slides a second finger in along the first, needing something to cling to so he won't lose his damn mind when he scissors them inside him, drags them along his prostate lazily like he doesn't know exactly what he's doing.

"God, George," he gasps when a third finger is added, probably just a touch too soon, the stretch uncomfortable but not quite painful, "how are you... God, how are you always so good with your fingers? It's not fair."

George laughs, curls his fingers inside Dream and rubbing them gently on his prostate, making him writhe underneath him. "It's my pro-gamer skills," he teases, and Dream finds himself snickering even as his orgasm creeps closer and closer, "seriously, all those hours playing minecraft had to be good for something, right?"

Dream laughs again, then breaks off into a moan when George squeezes his thigh tight and rams his fingers in harder than ever. "If that was the case-shit!" he curses as George leans his head into Dream's neck to sink his teeth into flesh, "if that- um, if that was the case, then shouldn't I be even better at fingering myself than you? You know, considering you're trash compared to me."

George pulls back to look at him, a dark glint in his eyes before he smiles cruelly. Dream doesn't even have time to feel nervous before the fingers inside him start thrusting a fast, brutal pace, rubbing against his prostate with each thrust, no mercy to be found in the touch as George drags him kicking and screaming straight to the edge.

Once he's there, once he's moaning and grinding down wildly onto the fingers inside him, once his cock is bouncing with every slight movement, George pulls his fingers from him in one smooth motion. Dream cries out weakly at the loss, clenching around nothing as he feels pre-cum starting to pool against his stomach.

"Go ahead and call me trash again, I dare you," George teases once he's done, and Dream tries to

muster the most apologetic look he can despite having been about one millisecond away from cumming all over himself just moments ago “that’s what I thought.”

The fingers don’t come back, but he gets something even better in return. It only takes George a moment to lube himself up, and then he’s shuffling to get a good angle, his hand snaking around to the curve of Dream’s ass to lift his hips while the other guides his tip until it’s pressing against him.

When he slides in, it’s so fucking *slow* , so *gentle* , like he doesn’t think Dream can handle it and he strains against the ropes, desperate to grab him, to dig his nails into George’s back and beg him to get on with it. As it stands, he can only do one of those things with the restraints keeping him firmly in place.

“God, please stop teasing me,” he begs weakly when George is about halfway inside, “please, fucking *please* I’ve been waiting all night, god. Just fuck me already George, I’m begging you. I’ll be good, I’ll be so good for you.”

He cries when George bottoms out, feeling tears prick at his eyes when he remains still and gives Dream absolutely *nothing* .

“No, no *please* George. Please move, need you.” He whines, pouts when George laughs at him, but feels it melt when the older leans down and presses their lips together in a gentle kiss.

It’s the first one since he’s been tied up, and it actually comes as a bit of a relief. He hadn’t realised how much he’d missed George’s lips on his, his tongue in his mouth, that gentle hand cupping his jaw, tilting his head to make the kiss even deeper.

“God, you really are so *pretty* , aren’t you?” George sighs as he pulls back just enough to stare at Dream’s swollen lips, to look at his wrecked, flushed face, his hooded eyes filled to the brim with want, with need.

And then he starts moving. Finally, *finally* , he starts moving, far too slow and far too soft but it’s *something* and he’s not complaining as long as George keeps going.

“George,” he whimpers after a while, “George. *George* , please.” And he feels like all he can say is his name or some variation of ‘please’, but that doesn’t seem to bother him. In fact, it actually seems to spur him on, like just hearing how gone he is lets him know just how close Dream is to coming completely undone.

His thrusts starts to slowly pick up pace and Dream really starts pushing against the restraints, desperate to hold onto something as George starts ramming into him forcefully. He feels his wrists protest, worries if it’s enough to cut off the circulation, but he doesn’t linger on it, knowing he won’t last much longer like this.

“Fuck, Dream, I wish you could see how you look right now, seriously,” George pants as he digs his nails into Dream’s thigh, the fingers still holding his hips up on the small of his back flexing, trembling with the effort to keep the angle right, “so gorgeous. So perfect for me. You’re such a good boy, just look at you.”

He continues cooing sweet nothings, pressing their lips together sweetly every few words and Dream feels himself going warm all over in more ways than one. The tears begin to prick at his eyes again as he feels himself climbing higher and higher, George’s thrusts managing to grind into his prostate with every move and making his vision go all fuzzy at the edges.

Fuck, he needs to grab George *right now* , needs to wind his fingers into his hair, pull him in for a long, deep kiss while George fucks him through his high, needs to get his tongue in his mouth so he can barely breath, let alone think. But he can't. He fucking *can't* , the stupid *ropes* -

“George- George, *fuck* , I'm so close. I'm so so close, please. Please George.” He doesn't know what he's even begging for at this point, too far gone and wanting too many things at once. He wants to touch, to kiss, to hold, to rake his nails down George's skin like he likes and watch him shiver.

He wants, wants, *wants* .

“It's okay, I've got you,” George hushes him when the first tear rolls down his cheek, leaning up quickly to kiss it away, “so beautiful, so perfect for me, doing so well, aren't you? Such a good boy, Dream, so good for me. You can handle it a little longer, doing so well.”

Dream sobs weakly, melts into the kiss George gives him, letting his lips part as soon as George swipes his tongue against his lips and humming when it slides inside. The hand on the small of his back curls, trembles worse than ever as the one on his thigh slips, and Dream knows George isn't going to last much longer either.

“Please-” Dream chokes out, sniffing as more and more tears start flowing, his body frazzled and begging for release, his mind foggy, only letting him think about George, like it's so much it's overwhelming, like he has no more room for anything else.

He probably doesn't. George is already so much he couldn't possibly have a heart big enough to contain all of him, he's already so much that Dream doesn't know what to do with himself when he's not there. It's like he always has been, like there's never been a day in his life *without* George.

And yeah, maybe now's not the *best* time to be getting sentimental about the love of his life, but sue him. He's a crier.

“I- fuck, holy fucking shit, Dream,” George grunts when Dream starts to clench desperately around him, “I'm close too, just a little bit longer darling, just a little bit longer, you're doing so well, you can take it.” And Dream whines, sniffles again, sure that he's going to pass out or something if he doesn't cum soon because his body is *screaming* at him with need.

And then George buries his nose into Dream's neck, lays gentle, wet kisses along his Adam's apple while his fingers kneed his thigh and he thrusts so *deep* , so *right* that Dream's tumbling over the edge without any further warning. It creeps up on him, at first, threatening to be a small, unsatisfying orgasm that would leave him begging George for more.

But then it hits him like a brick wall, all his nerve endings going off at once like his veins are full of gunpowder or something and he's *screaming* , moaning George's name over and over, straining against the ropes so hard that he *knows* they're gonna leave bruises that might last a whole week. If he's lucky. He *hopes* he's lucky.

“God, fuck, *yes* Dream,” George babbles as his hips stutter and thrust erratically, “so good, such a good boy for me, so perfect.” He continues praising him through his own orgasm, cumming deep inside and grinding into the warm wetness with less and less vigor with each thrust until finally, his hips slow completely and stop.

“Fuck.” Dream says smartly when George lowers him back down onto the bed and slumps against his chest, lips still mouthing at the skin of his neck. George can only hum in agreement, taking long, slow breaths as his fingers slowly go slack on his thigh, releasing him.

He pulls his legs from George's waist and winces when he feels cum dribble out with the adjustment, regretting not putting a towel down or something before they started.

"You forgot the condom," he mumble softly, grinning when George laughs ruefully into his neck, "*now* who's the desperate one, huh? Couldn't even wait to get a condom before fucking me, huh?"

"Shut up," George whines, nuzzling into his neck and breathing deep for a moment before slowly pushing himself up and pulling away, "come here." He pulls Dream into another soft kiss, licking at his lips without any real intent on making it deeper as he runs his hand soothingly across Dream's thigh.

"Mm, I love you." Dream sighs against him, smiling when George begins peppering small kisses to his cheeks, kissing along the tear tracks.

He doesn't need to hear it back to know.

"We should get these off you." George says after a long moment of comfortable silence, fingers hooking underneath the rope and giving a small tug. Dream nods, agreeing completely. Now that they're done, he'd *very* much like to get his hands on George. He needs to cuddle.

He lets George roll him over again, wincing once more as more cum starts to dribble out of him onto the sheets. He's definitely gonna make George change them, considering it *is* his fault after all, and because he's way too fucking tired to even think about moving right now. Slowly, carefully, George unties the knots he's made, his deft fingers unwinding the ropes from Dream's arms with a tenderness that makes him want to cry again.

And then the ropes pull free, land on the floor somewhere behind George, and he hears a gasp.

"What?" Dream mumbles distractedly, tilting his head back to try and catch a glimpse at the look on George's face.

"Your *arms*," he says, emphasising his point by lightly pressing into a spot on his bicep that makes him wince in pain, "god, you're so gorgeous. You're fucking *ruined*, Dream."

Day 5 - Hatesex (Georgenap)

Chapter Notes

listen uhhh, this is called hate sex for a reason. It's gonna get Rough up in here. Read at your own risk (its really not THAT bad. He mostly just calls sap a slut a bunch, but yeah, some people aren't into that)

There's not a whole bunch of sappy feelings underneath this too so like. If that's not your jam feel free to skip today! We'll get back to soft shit later <333

“George! What. The. Fuck.” Sapnap bursts into his room in the middle of the night with no announcement, face like a storm as he slams the door open so hard the handle leaves a dent in the wall.

“Sapnap!” George cries, slipping into the familiar rage he almost always feels around his roommate as he jumps from his desk, “I can’t believe you, what are you doing you idiot? We’re gonna have to pay for that! And have you ever heard of *knocking*? It’s what normal people do! What *sane* people do.”

Sapnap scoffs at him as George storms over to the door to inspect the wall for damage. Great. Just what he needs, another fucking bill to pay.

“Oh well *you’d* know all about what *sane* people do, wouldn’t you Georgie?” Sapnap says, sneering at him and matching his glare with equal amounts of burning hatred when George finally turns to look at him.

“And what’s that supposed to mean?” He bites a laugh, feeling bile rise in his throat when he laughs right back, disgustingly annoying in the way only Sapnap manages to be. He’s never met anybody else in his life that sets him on edge as much as this, never met anybody who could ruin his whole mood with a simple *look* like Sapnap can.

The worst part about it is that he *knows* he does it, knows that George hates him with his entire being. It’s because he’s a fucking attention whore, he just has to be at the center of everything, he feeds off George’s wasted energy.

Sapnap likes drama. And maybe he kind of does too, so of course making them roommates for the year was always a plan that would go just swimmingly.

“It *means* , asshole,” Sapnap takes a step toward him, somehow seeing to tower over him with just the one inch of height he has on George, “that I don’t think sane people go into their roommates room and dump all the dirty fucking dishes into their bed. Like what the *hell* , George? What’s wrong with you?”

And ah, yeah he remembers now. To be fair, that had been hours ago, when it had seemed like a good idea, a bit of revenge, giving Sapnap some fucking consequences for once in his life. He hadn’t realised he’d be getting back at what, 2 in the morning? Christ. He’d gotten too caught up in an essay he’d left till the very last minute, he hadn’t even noticed the time.

“Oh please, that’s what this is about?” George rolls his eyes, crosses his arms over his chest and stands his ground even as Sapnap crowds into his personal space, “I think we *both* know why I did that. And that you fucking deserve it. I only put what was *yours* in there, because I actually clean my mess up, unlike some people in this place.”

And then Sapnap steps so close he has to take a step back to avoid their noses brushing, feels his back brush the wall.

“Well I’m sorry that I’m not *spotless* like Mister Perfect over here. I’m sorry that I leave a fucking glass in the sink every once in the while, okay? I said I was gonna get to it! It’s not *my* fault I’ve got more important shit to do than rinse a fucking bowl. I actually have a life, *unlike some people in this place* .” Sapnap parrots back at him, taking a step closer again until George is flush against the wall.

He’s not shrinking away from him, but he also doesn’t need Sapnap’s gross face close enough to him that he can see his pores. He needs some personal space.

“Oh you have a *life* , do you? I certainly wouldn’t know, you spend all day sleeping in your room till noon, lazing about until you have a class, only to rush back once it’s done to sleep *again* . And when you go out at night, it’s to go get pissed with those dumb frat guys who, by the way, are actually huge fucking assholes when you’re not around. Like super fucking sexist and shit-”

He steps forward as he speaks, poking his finger into Sapnap’s chest and turning the tables on him with ease, forcing him to back off as he gets up *right* in his face. He doesn’t like being cornered.

“And *then* you come back at like *four* in the morning, singing at the top of your lungs and then screaming about stupid shit that happened at a party no one will even remember in the morning. And you come into *my* room, wake me up just to- and then, and *then*, ” he heaves a deep breath, feeling satisfaction in finally, properly chewing Sapnap out like he deserves, “you vomit all over my *brand new sheets* , which, by the way, were actually really fucking expensive-”

He takes another step, feeling utterly vindicated at the way Sapnap looks at him. Wide eyes and slack jawed, like he’d never expected George to go off *this* hard. They’ve fought before, sure, but George has never sunk himself so low as to give Sapnap exactly what he wants. He’s always given biting remarks with a roll of the eyes, always kept himself at a distance, above it all. Partly because he knows it makes Sapnap furious that he won’t play his game, and partly because he’s never really liked shouting.

But this has been building all fucking year and Sapnap needs to be put in his place.

“And I had to throw them out. Couldn’t get rid of the stains. I still feel like I can smell it on my mattress, it’s disgusting! And none of that is even to mention the *months* of me practically begging you to do the tiniest amount of cleaning up after yourself. The literal bare minimum, which you’ve refused to do every single step of the way. I don’t know how many bowls of rotten cereal- how many containers of- and the fucking *plates* stuck together with old pasta sauce that looks like it’s growing mould that hasn’t been discovered yet.”

He takes one final breath, watches smugly the way Sapnap licks his lips, his eyes flickering between George’s wildly.

“So I’m *very* sorry I got your sheets wet with a couple of dirty dishes you should have cleaned three days ago. I really am, that was so shitty of me Sapnap, I’m the worst roommate ever. Oh wait, that’s y-” All too sudden, Sapnap presses forward and smashes their lips together, pushing George back until he hits the wall again with a tight grip on his hips.

His hands fly up into his hair on instinct, his mind completely shutting down as he goes rigid, stands stock still like a statue.

What the hell is happening right now?

Sapnap kisses him even harder, willing George's lips to move against his own, bruising them with how forceful he's being. And he finds himself... Kissing back. His mind is still blank but the sensation spurs him on as he chases Sapnap's lips, pulling him back with his teeth whenever he moves too far and licking his tongue into his mouth with no permission, forcing Sapnap to deepen the kiss.

Then, the hands on his hips push at his shirt, fingers jamming underneath the hem with no remorse, exploring his skin with a merciless touch. George grips at his hair tightly, pulls harsh enough to get a groan. He bites down on Sapnap's bottom lip when his lips part around the noise, tugging until he gets another.

And then his brain finally switches back on, finally catches up to what they're doing and wait-

"What the *fuck*, Sapnap?" He demands, pulling his fingers from his hair to press his palms flat to Sapnap's chest and shove him backwards with a force he seems surprised George can manage.

Sapnap only takes a moment to recover from the shock, lips easily pulling into a smug smirk that now makes him want to punch him in the nose in equal amounts that he wants to stick his tongue down his throat and finally shut him up. "What?" he laughs, taking a step back towards George to crowd in against him again, "come on, tell me you haven't been thinking about doing that for *months*. I see the way you look at me, you wanna fuck me *so* bad."

He wants to kill him. He wants to fucking *strangle* him, this cocky prick. He wants to shove his cock down his throat and fuck the brat right out of him, wants to press his face into the carpet and fuck him so hard he won't be able to think for an hour. He wants-

Oh.

That's an interesting development.

"See?" Sapnap says gleefully, breaking him from his thoughts, "I can see it written *all* over your face, Georgie, you wanna fuck me, don't you? Bet you've been jerking off thinking about my cock inside you ever since I moved in. Bet you kept wishing I'd come into the room in the middle of the night, find out your dirty little secret and help you out, huh?"

White noise fills his ears and all he can focus on is Sapnap's stupid, disgusting smirk, all he can think about his making him shut his ugly mouth for once in his goddamn life. So he does.

In one swift movement, he grabs Sapnap's bicep hard enough to bruise, kicks out his ankles underneath him and forces him onto the floor before he has any time to think.

"I've never met someone so fucking disgusting in my life, I literally cannot believe how much I hate you right now because it should be impossible," he spits, pressing his fingers viscerously into Sapnap's collarbone and straddling his hips with ease while he simply sits back, stunned, unmoving, "I've never *once* thought about you like that and you know it, don't you? I think someone's projecting here."

He grins cruelly at the way Sapnap swallows, the way his hands clutch at the carpet and fail to find purchase, knowing he's hit the nail on the head.

“Oh that’s so fucking *rich* , isn’t it? You’re pathetic, disgusting. You’ve been waiting all this time, haven’t you? You’ve been so desperate for me to fuck you but you knew I’d say no, you knew I’d found out what a disgusting little slut you are, how you’ve probably been getting off thinking about me every night and then I’d never want to talk to you again. I wouldn’t give you any more new material to jerk off to late at night when you’re lonely and you just want someone to tell you how *worthless* you are.”

To be perfectly honest, George doesn’t even know where half of that came from. He’s not sure if he’d been playing into Sapnap’s fantasies or... His own. Either way, the results are the same; he’s harder than he’s ever been in his *life* , and Sapnap...

Well Sapnap’s just fucking gone, isn’t he?

His dark eyes are glazed over, clouded thick with lust, his mouth slack and so wet he’s almost drooling, his fingers shaking as his nails dig helplessly into the carpet and *god* . George doesn’t need to look to know how hard he is, can feel the weight of him pressed against the curve of his ass from where he’s straddling him.

Only this and he’s still so ruined? Oh, George is going to have so much fun.

“I-” Sapnap whimpers, licks his lips shakily before something styles in his eyes, something determined, “I can’t believe you’re really getting off to this. Who knew you were such a slut too? If *I’m* bad, then you’re definitely-”

“Shut. Your. Mouth.” George growls, the fingers on his collarbone easily sliding upwards to curl around his throat, “god, do you ever shut up? Such an annoying brat, you never learn your lesson do you? You just have to keep pushing my buttons. If you know what’s good for you, you’ll stop running that mouth and fucking *listen* for once.”

But instead of making him shiver again, instead of giving him more of that wonderfully submissive Sapnap he’s aching to catch another glimpse of, he gets a smile, smug, pleased.

Sapnap leans up into George’s touch, pushing against the hand on his throat, eyes darkening with desire at the way it cuts off his circulation, and he licks his lips like a cat about to get its dinner. They’re so close that George can feel his breath on his lips as he whispers two simple words.

“Make me.”

He does.

George descends on him so quickly that Sapnap’s head slams into the floor, hard enough that he lets out a small moan, and George can’t keep the smile off his lips as he kisses him brutally. It’s searing hot, hard enough to bruise, and he really can’t wait to see him tomorrow, can’t wait to look at all the marks he’s going to give him, to know just by looking at him that George absolutely wrecked him. And that he enjoyed it.

For right now, he settles on bruising Sapnap’s lips enough to swell, enough to make them all pretty and red and puffy. He thinks his mouth should match the words that come out of it.

Sapnap practically melts underneath him, kissing back with equal force but letting George completely dominate him, his hands only clutching at him just to hang on, his tongue flicking against George’s but never pushing back to assert himself. It only confirms what he wants.

“I think I’m going to fuck you.” He says randomly, pulling back from the kiss to breathe, both of them panting loudly into the silence of the room around them. Sapnap’s lips curl into a smile and

he has to lean down immediately and kiss it away.

“Oh, yeah?” he asks when George pulls away again, voice hoarse and breathless, “so you just gonna sit around all day waiting or are you gonna *do* something, Georgie?”

“Yeah, I’m definitely fucking you.” George says like he hadn’t heard anything at all, leaning down one last time to bite at Sapnap’s lips before pushing himself up off his hips and quickly making his way to his bedside table.

It’s been *months* since he’d last needed to use this, ever since he’d moved in with Sapnap and the possibility of bringing someone home had quickly turned to impossible. Every time he’d tried, Sapnap was always just *there* the minute they got through the door, hovering, hanging around them like he’d known exactly what he was doing to George. Maybe he had.

God, it makes him sick to think about how long Sapnap’s been planning this. It turns him on just as much.

“I’m not going to go easy,” George says as he walks back over, bottle in hand, “I’m only gonna stretch you enough that you don’t bleed, and then I’m gonna fuck you so hard you won’t be able to sit down properly for a week.”

“Yeah, that-” Sapnap shivers as George crawls back over him, “that seems like a good plan to me.”

George quirks a smile and presses his hand flush against the tent in Sapnap’s jeans, reveling in the shudder that runs through him from the simple touch. “I thought you’d like it, slut. You’ll take anything you can get as long as it’s my cock, huh?”

He pops the button with one hand, sliding the zipper down with ease while he uses his other to crack open the lid of the lube.

“Look at you,” he breathes as he pulls down the waistband of Sapnap’s boxers and frees his straining cock, “so fucking *wet*. Such a little whore, aren’t you? Bet you’d cum in about five seconds if I so much laid a finger on you. Pathetic.”

He shoves Sapnap’s boxers and jeans down his thighs with a rough hand, not bothering to pull them all the way down *just* yet, possibly not at all depending where his mood takes him. He’d quite like to bend Sapnap over and fuck him just like this, get cum all over his thighs and let it dribble down into his pants. But first...

“I think we should do something about that actually,” George says, holding the bottle just above Sapnap’s length before squeezing slightly and grinning at the way he flinches, “I don’t want you cumming on my cock as soon as I get it in, you know? That’s no fun for me.”

He continues to slowly dribble more and more lube all over Sapnap’s dick, watching him shiver and squirm from the cold, clutching desperately at the carpet again. Once it starts to overflow and pool around the base, George tosses the lube to the side for the time being and curls his fingers around Sapnap’s length.

He thrusts into it immediately, already so far gone and desperate for touch after being teased, and George loves it. This Sapnap is actually quite cute, giving in to him so easily, like he *wants* to be good, and he wonders if he’s always been like that. Secretly wanting to please him underneath, but unsure of how to get his attention besides making him angry.

“God, look at how much you’re leaking, slut.” He mutters, scooping up some of the excess lube along with the precum that’s fallen onto his stomach and smearing it over every inch of Sapnap’s

cock, getting him as wet as can be before curling his fingers around him and jerking quickly.

Sapnap writhes, moans wantonly and thrusts his hips into his grip until George presses his hips into the floor. "I'm gonna make you cum, and then I think I'm gonna keep going," he says, getting only a broken whine in response as he sets a brutally fast pace, "maybe until you cry. It's gonna feel so good and then you're gonna be so sensitive it *hurts* . And you'll be begging me to stop, but you'll love it, won't you, brat?"

"Yes-" Sapnap cries, face pulled tight in a wince of pleasure as his hips shudder and push into George's hand, "yes, George I- fuck! I'll love it, because I'm a slut. I'm a fucking slut and I need to cum so bad, want you to make me cum oh my god, please."

George curls and crooks his fingers, swipes his thumb over Sapnap's slit and smiles at the way he whimpers, twitching under his hand. And when he tenses, every muscle going taught and stiff underneath him, George hungrily watches as his cock strains and leaks, spurting cum all over his hand and onto Sapnap's stomach.

There's so much, his mouth waters just to look at it.

"You're disgusting, did I even say you could cum? Such a fucking brat, so pathetic and impatient, couldn't even wait one second, could you? Had to cum all over yourself like a *child* ," Sapnap whimpers under him desperately and George swoops down, capturing his lips in a filthy kiss, "fuck, you're so *dirty* . You really are getting off to being called worthless, pathetic, disgusting. Such a slut for me, aren't you?"

Sapnap whines, chases his lips when George pulls away and he laughs, pushing him back down easily with a hand to his chest; specifically, his clean one. The dirty one, covered in lube and cum and Sapnap's sweat, goes to his face, fingers pressing insistently at his lips until Sapnap's mouth lolls open and he lets George's fingers inside.

"*Fuck* ." George gasps softly, feeling himself straining painfully against his jeans as Sapnap stares longingly up at him and drags his tongue slowly along each finger, paying careful attention to each one. When he's done, his fingers pop out clean, and George has to catch him in a kiss again.

Ignoring the taste, George licks against Sapnap's tongue like his life depends on it, his head swimming with lust and full of *so* many ideas. But. For another night. He needs to fuck Sapnap *right now* , he doesn't have time for teasing anymore.

"George!" Sapnap sobs when his fingers run over his limp, spent cock, gathering the leftover lube and cum so he can reach down and press between his legs, one of his fingers sliding in without warning.

Sapnap shakes like a leaf under him, whimpering with each millimeter of movement and gripping onto the back of George's shirt tight enough that he can hear the fabric straining. Oh well, even if he rips it, it doesn't matter. It'll mean he gets to punish him. He doesn't much care for it anyway.

"I told you I wasn't going to go easy on you," he says as Sapnap begs him to slow down, writhes on his fingers and cries that it's too much, too fast as his fingers find his prostate and rub relentlessly against it, "you're not gonna get any sympathy from me, brat. You deserve this. Deserve to be fucked open like the whore you are. I'm gonna make you cum over and over again until you *can't* ."

He slides a second finger just as easy as the first, and marvels at how well Sapnap takes him. Almost like he's done this before.

“Please George,” Sapnap sobs weakly, tears pricking at his eyes as his cock starts stirring between them again, all red and still twitching from overstimulation, “please, I already can’t, I- I *can’t* -”

But George doesn’t listen, instead leaning down to capture Sapnap’s lips in another kiss, sliding his tongue into his mouth and licking into him until he’s breathless. He slips in a third finger while Sapnap’s distracted, loving the way he moans and melts against him, hips grinding back as George stretches his fingers inside.

“You can. You can do it,” George tells him when Sapnap slams his head into the floor and jerks his hips wildly, already half-hard again under his touch, “you were *made* to be fucked, Sapnap. You’re the perfect slut, aren’t you? Built for my cock. I’m gonna give it to you.”

Sapnap whimpers around trembling lips, then sobs weakly again when George pulls his fingers out, clenching around the air. George takes a moment to get his own jeans off, fingers fumbling with the zipper for a moment before Sapnap bats his hand away and pulls it down himself. He’s surprised at how steady the touch is before it pulls away and starts shaking again.

“Please.” Is all Sapnap says, back to fully-hard again as he lays loose-limbed underneath George, the fight seemingly gone from him and replaced with need.

“Yeah,” George chokes out, suddenly finding it unbearable to be stuck in his jeans and struggling to rip himself out of them for nearly a full minute before he’s finally gotten everything off, “turn around.”

He helps Sapnap flip over onto his front, humming at the way he shakes with every movement, pleased. He rucks Sapnap’s jeans down just a little further on his thighs, just enough so that when he pulls his hips up, he can press into him without anything in the way.

“George-” Sapnap whines brokenly once he’s got the head in, his thighs and arms shaking with the strain of staying up on hands and knees, “you’re so big, god... Fuck me, please George. Don’t go easy on me, just fuck me, like you said.”

And that’s all he really needs, to be honest.

He pushes himself in all the way to the hilt with a growl of satisfaction, hands gripping tight on Sapnap’s hips to hold him in place exactly where he wants him. It’s so fucking *warm*, so wet and tight and warm that he can’t help but do exactly as Sapnap had asked.

He sets a brutal pace, not letting Sapnap adjust to him in the slightest before fucking him like he’s trying to break him, knowing that’s exactly what he wants.

“How does it feel, slut?” He purrs into Sapnap’s ear before leaning down to bite viciously at his shoulder, “how does it feel to be fucked by my cock? Everything you dreamed of?” But Sapnap’s too far gone to answer, whining and sobbing with abandon as his arms begin to shake more and more to the point that he starts to slowly sink under the weight of his own body.

George helps him out, though, makes it real easy on him.

“I said. Answer me,” and he pushes Sapnap’s face into the carpet with a rough shove, his fingers tight in Sapnap’s hair, “slut.”

Sapnap completely collapses, his thighs following suit soon enough so that George has to hold him up with a hand flat on his stomach. “It’s so good,” he begins to babble, “it’s so good, George, your cock is so *good*, everything I wanted. *Fuck*, been wanting this for so long, been thinking about you for so long, just waiting for you to fuck me like this. Waiting for you to put me in my place.”

George hums in approval, unable to stop his own moans now at how good this angle feels, how deep inside he can get as he manipulates Sapnap's body to his will. It's not *easy* to hold him up, certainly not with one hand and certainly not with how heavy he is, but it's worth the strain. It makes him feel *powerful*. He could do whatever he wanted with Sapnap right now, and he's sure the boy would let him.

Would be happy, even.

"There you go," George grunts, ripping at Sapnap's hair a little harshly just to hear him whine, pressing his cheek so hard into the carpet it must hurt, "finally admitting it. Good little whore, keep telling me all the things you've wanted to do, keep telling me all your dirty little secrets. There's no need to be embarrassed anymore, I already know what a slut you are."

Sapnap whimpers, reaches out a hand to grip weakly at George's wrist, the arm holding him up by his stomach, and George kind of loses it. He thrusts harder than ever, snapping his hips into Sapnap's quickly and filling the room with lewd sounds and slapping noises to accompany their mutual moaning.

"I-I," Sapnap cries, "I touched myself so-ah! So many- so many times. Every night. Couldn't stop thinking about you. Couldn't stop- oh god George- couldn't stop *wanting* you. Wanted your cock so bad, knew it would be so good. I didn't realise how much though, fuck, you're- oh god- I... I'm so fucking-"

George moans in agreement, already so close as well and the tension inside him just building higher and higher with each thrust, which each whimper from Sapnap, muffled against the carpet. He's not gonna last.

"Yeah?" He asks breathlessly, thrusts becoming erratic, "you gonna cum, brat? Go ahead, all over the carpet, and then I'll make you lick it up."

That's all it seems to take for Sapnap, he tenses, cries George's name over and over and spills all over the floor, completely untouched. It spurs him on, his thrusts become harder, wilder, and Sapnap begins to squirm against him again, clenching so deliciously tight that he only lasts a few moments before he's over the edge too, releasing deep inside and filling Sapnap to the brim with his cum.

For a few moments he continues thrusting lazily, his hand stroking along Sapnap's stomach soothingly as he releases his hair and slowly pulls back. Taking a moment to breath, Sapnap lays there dazedly, eyes unfocused, unsteady, and George worries that he's broken him.

But then he tilts his head, lips pulling into a dumb, lopsided grin, and he knows he's just fine.

"Fucking *hell*, Sapnap," George sighs as he slowly pulls out of him, lowering him back onto unsteady knees so he can watch his own cum slowly dribbling down Sapnap's thighs, collecting in his boxers, "that was..."

Sapnap hums in agreement, slowly lifting himself onto his hands before shuffling back, making direct eye contact with George, then leaning back down again to drag his tongue along the pool of cum on the carpet.

"Oh shit-" he moans, watching him and feeling like he'd probably cream his pants right then and there if he hadn't just gotten off literally less than a minute ago, "gross, Sapnap. So fucking disgusting, the carpets filthy." He says, to cover up how it affects him, pulling his face into a wince as Sapnap grins even wider, lapping up the rest of it while George can't seem to tear his eyes

away.

It *is* gross, he reasons with himself. It is. It's just also completely fucking hot and makes George want to press Sapnap's face into the stain on the floor and fuck him again.

"You're still gonna kiss me though." Sapnap smirks at him, with a lot less energy than earlier but still so smug. Still so annoying.

"You really think this is going to be a continued thing, Sap? You really think I'm gonna fuck you again after that? I still hate your fucking guts, you disgusting grub." He flicks Sapnap's forehead just to prove his point and laughs when Sapnap pouts at him, pushing himself up onto unsteady feet before reaching down and offering him a hand up.

He doesn't complain, knowing not to push his luck tonight as George leads him into the bathroom to get cleaned up. They don't talk about it, but they end up curled together in George's bed for the night, Sapnap using the excuse that his sheets were still dirty and he didn't have the energy to change them. He thinks it's probably alright.

When he wakes up in the morning, he's alone. And yeah. Yeah, that's fine. That's okay. He still hates Sapnap's guts, one night of rough sex isn't going to change that.

But then he comes out into the kitchen to make something to eat, finds it completely spotless, *not* how he'd left it the night before. The living room, too, all the dvd cases put back in the entertainment unit, all the clothes picked up and presumably brought to the laundry, even the throw blanket has been straightened, smoothed out. He's never *seen* it so clean.

"This has *nothing* to do with last night," Sapnap blurts out as he stops in his tracks at the edge of the room as soon as he sees George, his hair tied back with a cute bandana and sporting a brightly coloured tank-top George is definitely gonna make fun of him for later, "I just felt like cleaning. That's all."

And yeah, okay. They're definitely going to do this again.

Day 6 - Size Difference (Dreamnotfound)

Chapter Notes

ahh hi hello, I know the vibes of this oneshot are completely different not only from yesterday (like. Complete opposite) but also from the rest of the fic. I hope this is ok, bc I kinda had a rough day and I ended up in a weird mood when I wrote this. It's also really short, so I apologise, but hopefully it's not bad!!

Oh and also, all the requests have now been taken, so I left a note at the bottom of the first chapter if you wanna see what the plans are now. <33

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Objectively, he'd known that their height difference was pretty large; they're almost a foot apart.

But still, seeing it for the first time when he finally met Dream made him realise just how big of a gap they'd need to bridge if they wanted to kiss, if they wanted to hug. He's just so *big*, and George has never thought of himself as small before, despite everyone's constant jokes about him being a short twink, but being with Dream makes him feel almost delicate.

And when he looks at him? The feeling only worsens because he has to look so far down, because when he reaches to kiss him, he has to be careful not to let gravity smash Dream's chin into his forehead, or have their noses smack into each other. He has to be *careful*, treat George like a fine china doll, like he's something precious that can't be broken.

He has to be careful not to leave bruises with a grip so strong even when he's not trying, has to be careful when he pulls George back into bed not to tug too hard and smash his head on the bedframe.

He has to be so *fucking* careful and it's driving him mental, really.

George isn't one for pain, really, he's never been into that sort of thing, giving or receiving, but... The idea of Dream holding him tight enough to leave bruises (or vice versa) appeals to him. He doesn't want to be a stupid fucking *doll*, he's short, not a child. Sometimes, he just wants to be fucked senseless, wants Dream to stop worrying and just *take*.

They've never discussed it before, George has always, always been the top despite his stature, that's just how they both like it. He likes feeling in control, and, since it seems no one has ever done it to him before, Dream likes to be spoiled.

And he likes that. He likes it a lot, actually, likes seeing his big, strong boyfriend going limp and pliant underneath him, his mind melting, body turning into putty under George's fingers. It's fun. But he can't get rid of the thought of what it would be like to have *Dream* on top, crowding him in against the mattress, locking him in with just his body and taking what he wants.

So eventually... He asks, does it real casual-like over breakfast, sipping his morning tea as if he hadn't just asked if his boyfriend would like to absolutely rail him that night right as he was about to take a sip of his orange juice. They clean the mess up once he's finished choking on his drink, they talk, Dream agrees.

That night, when things start to wind down from the day and they end up in each other's arms again, George takes the initiative to roll Dream on top of him. It's... Different from what he'd imagined, much more nerve-wracking, the silence that follows that one simple action is tense, and George isn't sure that he likes it.

"Keep kissing me," he orders when Dream looks down at him, completely lost, "just keep kissing me and run your fingers up my shirt." And Dream does as he's told, connecting their lips together in a slow, deep kiss as his large, warm hand explore George's stomach. The length of his palm is almost big enough to completely encompass his stomach, his fingertips brushing against the bottom of George's ribcage.

That's definitely nice; a warm, solid weight pressing against him, holding him there. It still makes him just a little nervous, still unsure of what to do when he feels so completely powerless, unsure of how to hold himself or where to touch, trying to think back to what Dream does when they usually end up like this.

But his mind blanks when Dream's thumb catches against his nipple, thick, slightly rough and *so warm*. He arches into it, feels sweet satisfaction pool in his stomach at the pleased noise Dream makes in return.

"Never realised how small you were till now," Dream says against his lips, pulling back just slightly to look down into George's eyes before reaching a large hand to cup his cheek, thumb swiping gently under his eye, "you look so *tiny* when you're underneath me like this. Never thought twice about it when you were on top."

George has to agree; more than ever, he's really noticing the difference in their builds. Dream isn't as much broad as he is sort of lanky, but every part of him is still so much bigger than George in every single way, he's still so much stronger without even trying, without doing anything to exercise his muscles.

Even if George *did* work out to gain some strength, he'd have to be ripped to match Dream.

"I know. I can't believe how much you cover me." George laughs and runs a hand down Dream's chest, admiring not for the first time just how long it is, how it never seems to end, but also appreciating how different it is from this angle. Everything seems larger as Dream brackets him in like this, towers over him like he really is some stupid doll. The knees he's pushed himself up onto rest either side of his legs about halfway down his thighs, and yet his face is still an inch too far forward above him.

Again, it's sort of intimidating, but he kind of likes that.

He's never gotten to appreciate Dream like this before, never given up so much of himself.

"You still wanna do this?" Dream asks him after a few more minutes of kissing, exploring his chest, and George takes the hint that it is.

"Yeah, go on, touch me," he says, grabbing Dream's all-too-large hand in his own and slowly guiding it back down his torso until it lands between his legs, "get me nice and worked up, and then you can stretch me, yeah?"

He seems to appreciate the instructions, following George's orders with ease as he tugs at the waistband of his sweatpants until they pool around his thighs. George gasps as the cold air hits him, then again as Dream's fingers hesitantly brush against sensitive skin, his hips pushing into the touch on pure instinct.

Dream gets the picture, wraps his fingers around George's length and starts slowly pumping him, building him up higher and higher until George whines, writhing under warm hands, desperate for more contact. He reaches up, winding his fingers into the back of Dream's hair quickly before tugging him down into a heated kiss.

The hand around him doesn't stop, the tongue in his mouth making him dizzy with the need to breathe and the need for *more* . It's not enough.

"Dream," he gasps when that slightly rough thumb swipes over his slit, dragging precum around the head before pushing back the foreskin, "Dream, *fuck* . If you keep doing that, I'm going to cum."

And he actually fucking *laughs* , making George pout, leaning up to kiss him roughly again just because he can, just because he knows Dream will melt into it, will let himself be guided once more as he falls under George's mercy. He doesn't need Dream thinking he has *too* much power in this situation, after all.

"I'm ready now anyway," he says, breathless, once he pulls back from the kiss, "need more. Want your fingers inside me."

Dream nods shakily, face still red from the kiss and his fingers fumbling as they try to pry open the lube. Eventually, he manages it, and he squirts perhaps a bit too much onto his fingers, but it's worth it to see that sheepish smile on his face when he realises the error.

And then he's pushing past the sweatpants still gathered around his thighs, pushing between his legs, pushing underneath and then- pushing inside.

It's been *ages* since he's had fingers inside him, nearly half a year at least, and he can really tell with how tense his body becomes, reacting to the touch on instinct and clamping down around the touch. He just doesn't see the appeal quite as much as being the one doing the fucking, frankly, but it is nice every once in a while, especially when it's done with such long, thick fingers.

"Yeah, like that, *fuck* ," George moans as Dream curls his finger and pumps it slowly, "I'll let you know when you find my pro-ah! Holy shit, fuck, yep. Right there, you found it. Oh my god, *please* get another finger in me right now."

Dream grins down at him, still flushed bright red, and George resists the urge to roll his eyes and instead pulls him down for another kiss. A second finger is added and he squirms at the stretch, feeling slightly uncomfortable but surprisingly not in any pain.

When the third finger is added, it burns, but he makes Dream push through it, makes him keep pumping those big, wonderful fingers inside him, pressing right into his prostate with each thrust. He's too impatient to wait to be stretched properly, so as soon as it stops burning, he demands Dream to fuck him.

The fingers pull out carefully as Dream pulls away from his lips to breath, and for a moment he stares down at George, taking him in like he's some fine piece of art, like he's beautiful. It makes him squirm with something he's never felt before, but he let's it wash over him, lets them have just a moment to breathe.

Then Dream is curling in on himself so he can lean down and press his face into George's neck, his back arching so high from the angle that he's tempted to rake his nails down along it, just to see his skin turn red.

He spends a few moments kissing George's neck, and he only realises it's because he's trying to get himself out of his pants once he's already got them around his ankles and is kicking them off. Then, he leans back up, captures George's lips in a much gentler kiss than earlier, and pushes George's sweatpants down a little further before lining himself up between his legs.

As soon as he pushes in enough to let go, his hand immediately curls into George's cheek, cradling his face a lot softer than he'd imagined wanting when he'd first thought of this, but actually exactly what he needs. The way this entire situation feels is much different than what he thought it'd be; he thought he'd want Dream to get rough, to hold him down, dominate, cover his smaller body with the length of his own, protect him.

But it feels nice like this, being encompassed in a touch so loving, so gentle that could only come from Dream. He couldn't imagine anyone else touching him like *this*, still treating him like a fine china doll but in a way that feels less like Dream's holding back and letting George take the reins so he doesn't hurt him, and more like he's something to be treasured. Like he's not breakable, but still beautiful enough to care for, to touch kindly, gently.

"It's so much different like this," George laughs when Dream lifts his head, his eyes lining up with his chin now that he's not craning down at an awkward angle to kiss, "it's much harder to kiss when you're the one on top, huh?"

Dream nods and grins as well, fingers squeezing against George's cheek briefly before the touch slips away all together, and Dream moves to brace himself with elbows either side of George's head.

And then he starts thrusting in earnest, his chest pressing to George's chest, his biceps falling on his shoulders, their thighs brushing together. He feels like every inch of him is covered by Dream, and it only gets worse as his hips pick up their pace. It's all he can do just to hold on, his fingers scrabbling weakly at Dream's shoulders as the cock inside him thrusts deeper and deeper, much bigger, much fuller than anyone else he's been with before, and just *perfect*.

He certainly wouldn't mind doing this again sometime.

"So fucking tight," Dream starts to babble as they both get closer and closer to climax, "so fucking small, and so fucking tight. You're just sucking me right in, it's so perfect, *god*." George shivers under the praise, surprised at how easily it crawls under his skin and nestles into his bones, so warm and nice. He'd never thought of himself as someone who had a thing for praise before, but he's learning a lot about himself tonight, he supposes. Nobody else who'd fucked him before had *ever* made him feel like this. Maybe that's why he'd put this off so long.

"Dream," he moans softly when fingers curl into his hair and lips rest against his forehead, "Dream, I'm really close." Then the fingers move from his hair and he whines at the loss until the slide between his legs and curl around him again. It feels so good he almost cums right there, but he holds off, waits till Dream is there with him, till his hips are stuttering, struggling to keep up the rhythm.

He wonders if he's like this, too, when he's on top. Or if it's just *Dream*. If it's just the way he always is right before orgasm, always so needy and desperate and weak.

His hips snap into George violently one last time, and when he feels the warmth spreading inside him, George joins him in falling over the edge, spilling into Dream's hand without further warning. There's a few more slow, gentle strokes before Dream lets his hand fall limp, lets his entire body fall limp, collapsing against him, and George sighs at the comforting weight.

It's almost enough to crush him, really, but it feels safer than anything else in this moment. Dream encompasses him completely, every inch of their skin pressed together, so warm and soft and slightly sweaty, but that's okay. All he really cares about is that Dream's laying against him, pressing kisses into his hair and trailing fingers delicately up his side before reaching up to grab the fingers still clutching his shoulder.

All he really cares about is how George's hand only reaches about two thirds of the length of Dream's and how it means their fingers are perfect for interlacing together, warm skin pressed against warm skin, made to be held.

Chapter End Notes

Edit: to anyone wondering, unfortunately I don't have time to write today's chapter, so I'll have to post again tomorrow!! I'm really sorry but it's been a really busy day for me on top of being my sister's birthday so I'll make sure I do the prompt justice tomorrow <333

Day 7 - Bath Sex (Dreamnap)

Chapter Notes

ok hi hello! To address yesterday: sorry again for missing that day, but honestly I really wanted to do this prompt justice and I both did not have the time yesterday and was not in the right headspace. I hope you guys understand! hopefully this bit of a long chapter makes up for it <33333

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's nearing midnight when he finally makes his way back to their house and he can feel the hours weighing down his muscles, exhaustion starting to seep into his bones from the long day. He's not normally so busy, but when he has a class at 8, he has to get up at 6:30 to get ready and then commute, and with exam season right around the corner, he'd spent every spare minute between lectures with his nose crammed in a stupidly expensive textbook, willing himself to memorise each word.

And of course, he hadn't been able to come home and relax before his shift at 5, his last lecture had finished at 3, meaning he would have gotten home at 4 just to leave again after only half an hour. It was easier just to buy a fucking ridiculously expensive grilled cheese from the campus cafe and hunker down in the library until he had to leave.

Now he's just wishing he'd gotten that half an hour, maybe taken a nap or something. At the very least he would have gotten to see Dream, could have been wrapped up in his arms and forgotten all the stress of the day, all the stress of the *week*, really, with how busy Sapnap's been.

But, they both know if he'd done that, he would have ended up doing something stupid like call in sick to work because he got too comfortable and didn't want to leave his boyfriend's warmth.

"I'm back," Sapnap calls into the pitch black hallway of their apartment as he struggles with the keys in the lock briefly, fingers fumbling, "Dream?" As he manages to finally wrench the key free, he hears a door click down the hallway and sees the vague shape of a human figure peek out of the computer room. There's a soft light just barely illuminating the hallway, only really enough for him to see Dream's *there*, nothing else.

So Dream's been working in complete dark again, great. Meaning he probably hasn't taken a break since sometime before sunset, too caught up in a hyperfocus to notice the light slowly dipping behind the horizon and eventually fading completely.

"You're back," Dream's voice is rough as he talks, sounding as exhausted as Sapnap feels, "I missed you." And then arms are wrapped around him before he knows it, Dream's head tilted down to rest on his shoulder and fingers gripping tightly to the back of his shirt as Dream buries his nose into Sapnap's neck and inhales deeply.

"I missed you too." Sapnap sighs as he kicks the door closed behind him, wrapping his arms around Dream just as eagerly and holding him tightly for a few moments. He winds his fingers into the dark blonde locks at the nape of his boyfriend's neck, scratching lightly at his scalp and pressing a small kiss to the side of his head and just melting into the other's touch completely, his exhaustion starting to sink in completely now that he's *home*.

Honestly, he doesn't want to move an inch, but his feet are still pretty sore from standing all night at work so he slowly starts to shuffle them backwards, laughing when Dream whines and stumbles along with him, determined to maintain their position as he walks them back to their bedroom. Eventually they make it, and Sapnap only spends a few seconds pawing at the wall before he manages to land on the light switch.

"Woah, you look like shit." He says bluntly once he flicks it on and Dream pulls his head back enough that he can see his face.

"Well fuck you too," Dream grumbles immediately, disentangling himself completely and shoving at Sapnap's chest, but allowing himself to be manhandled back into an embrace as Sapnap laughs at him, "I was really busy, haven't stopped since you left for work, really."

"Oh shit," Sapnap winces, his laughter quickly tapering off, "that long? I'm really sorry, that must've sucked. I'm guessing you didn't have dinner since the lights were off, but did you at least have lunch? Or a snack?"

And he can tell by the way Dream shifts and looks away that he hasn't eaten a single thing since Sapnap left this morning.

"*Dream*," he sighs, then cradles Dream's face in his hands gently and pulls him in for a quick kiss, "you're an idiot, you know that? You're lucky I put up with your dumb ass. Now come on, I'm starving anyway, I'll make you something." He gives him another quick peck on the lips before reaching down to take his hand and lead him down the dark hallway until they reach the kitchen.

From here they can turn on the lights to the hallway, so he flips two of the switches, one of them for the kitchen. "You don't *have* to make anything..." Dream mumbles as he lights the gas on the stove, "I know you're tired, we can just go sleep if you want, I was almost finished with my work anyway, I can finish tomorrow."

"Well," Sapnap takes a breath and begins rooting around in the fridge for something to cook, "you're not gonna go back to work this late dude, *that's* for sure, but for now we're gonna eat. And I'm gonna need a shower before I even think of stepping anywhere near the bed, I'm like, sixty percent sweat right now. I'm more liquid than man."

Dream snickers and Sapnap throws a grin back at him from over his shoulder, eventually settling on those beef patties he'd bought two days ago when Dream had been craving burgers (and they'd ended up ordering out once he got home anyway because they were both too tired to cook.)

Once he chucks the patties into the pan, he pulls out a tomato, lettuce, some cheese and an onion, Dream already getting the hint and pulling out plates for them both, untying the bread rolls and putting one onto each plate.

"Thanks," Sapnap says as he sidles over to join him, leaning up to give him a quick peck on the lips before grabbing out a knife and a cutting board, "watch the meat?" He asks, because Dream is actually pretty hopeless with a real knife, despite his skills with a sword or axe in minecraft.

It's like that with a lot of things, actually, like Dream had devoted far too much of his time to one specific hobby and forgot to learn all other life skills. Sapnap's supposed to be the dumb frat boy who takes his underwear home for his mom to wash, but he doesn't think Dream even knows how to turn the machine on.

(Maybe that's an exaggeration, but still. Point stands.)

Sapnap gets started on the tomato while Dream uses a pair of tongs to prod at the meat, and they settle into a comfortable silence that's only broken by the gentle sizzling coming from the pan. He slices carefully, cleanly, losing himself in the motions briefly before he's done with the tomato and he switches over to the onion.

He cuts about a third off, wraps the rest in foil and throws it back into the fridge before peeling back the flaking layers of skin and sliding his knife clean through. His eyes sting briefly as he cuts, but it's not enough to really bother him, so he continues until he's got enough for the both of them.

The meat continues to sizzle and pop, and Dream turns both the patties as Sapnap rinses off the knife, dries it on a tea towel and brings it back to spread some butter on the buns.

Still they work in silence, until both sides of the patties are cooked and Dream turns the heat off, pulling the pan over to rest it on the sink. Sapnap hands him a plate and Dream scoops up one of the patties to place it on the bun, repeating the motion when Sapnap switches it out for the other plate.

They assemble the burgers to their liking, and then eat in silence, still standing at the counter and too tired to move into the dining hall. Besides, they both know that sitting down now would make it impossible to get back up again.

"Thanks for making me dinner," Dream says once he's only got a few bites left to go, "I appreciate it. It's really good."

Sapnap shrugs, "I mean," he says, "you helped, didn't do it all on my own. Plus, like I said, I was gonna make something anyway. I just wish you hadn't gone all day without food, you need to take better care of yourself." Dream hums, and he knows it means he's completely disregarding Sapnap's advice, but he's too tired to argue the point.

Dream finishes a little before him, and waits patiently, his eyes starting to droop slightly as he runs his fingers through slightly curled, greasy hair. "I think I might join in on that shower," he says, dropping his hand from his hair to his face, and rubbing his eyes tiredly, "feel all gross and sweaty."

Sapnap hums and thinks for a moment as he eats. Honestly, their shower is pretty pathetic, only really big enough for two people if you didn't mind stepping on each other's toes, especially with Dream being the fucking tree that he is, and Sapnap making up for the height with his broad shoulders.

They *could* have a shower, but it might be more fun if they did something they haven't in months.

"You wanna go run a bath?" Sapnap asks, sets the remainder of his burger back onto his plate before leaning back to stretch out his arms, "I think it'd be nice, just relax for a bit you know? Plus, I really don't wanna brain myself just trying to grab the shampoo. I feel like I still have the lump from last time we tried to shower together."

Dream smiles wryly for a moment, and then it slips into something softer as he nods, pushing himself from the table as Sapnap continues to eat. "Sure, wouldn't mind a good soak," he says, "and I'd also like to avoid headbutting my boyfriend again if possible, he's already got so few brain cells as it is."

Sapnap lands a smack on his ass as Dream takes his plate to the sink, unable to stop his grin as Dream wheezes and retreats back into the hallway, calling to him mockingly as he steps into the bathroom and switches on the light. He's dating a fucking bully.

He hears the water turn on as he takes the final bite of his burger, and he takes his time to relax briefly before getting up to drop his plate into the sink too, then join Dream in the bathroom. The tub's pretty much already full as he steps inside, and he tries not to ogle *quite* so obviously as Dream bends over to pick up his boxers from the floor and throw them into the basket. But he's weak, okay? He's only one man.

And Dream just has an ass that *begs* to be grabbed, so he can't really stop himself from sidling up behind him and taking a handful, smile tugging at his lips at the soft groan he receives in response.

"Don't play around if you're not gonna finish what you start." Dream says softly as he leans his bare back into Sapnap's clothed chest, leaning his weight briefly on him before Sapnap gives him a light kiss to his neck, a squeeze with his hand, then drops from him completely to get changed as well.

Dream turns off the water as Sapnap tugs his shirt over his head, steps into the bath as he struggles to free himself from his work pants and his boots. And then he sinks into the water and watches amusedly as Sapnap struggles, stumbling over himself in his haste to join the other in the water.

Eventually he manages to free himself, and he makes sure to give Dream a light flick to the forehead as punishment for laughing at him before climbing in alongside him and sinking into the water as well. It's nice. Really, really nice actually, he'd forgotten how good it feels to use the tub.

One of the selling points of the apartment had been the large bathtub in the main bathroom, actually, he remembers how he and Dream had crawled into it while the real estate agent took a call in the other room, remembers how they giggled and shushed each other dramatically like children trying not to get caught by the teacher. It'd been more than big enough to accommodate them both, so it'd sold them both on the apartment pretty easily.

How many bathtubs could fit two grown men - one of whom was 6'4, mind - and have enough room for them to lay back and relax? Not many; so even though the rest of the apartment had been slightly underwhelming for the price tag, they'd considered it worth the extra money just for the bath alone. And then they'd used it maybe three times in the entire time of them living here, too busy to take the time needed to enjoy it properly, so he's not sure it was the *wisest* choice, but he's certainly grateful for it now.

There's nothing quite like a nice, warm bath after a long day. He feels like he could fall asleep just like this if he let himself, legs entangled with Dream's, warm and soft as melted butter. He could just close his eyes and fall straight into a dream.

"God, remind me why we don't do this more often?" Dream mumbles sleepily as he tilts his head back into the porcelain and flutters his eyes closed. The very ends of his hair dip into the water as he sinks further into it, his feet sliding to either side of Sapnap's chest.

He takes the initiative, deciding he'd quite like to spoil his boyfriend after he'd clearly had a stressful day, and he grabs the bar of soap Dream had laid out on the edge of the tub. He reaches down into the water, hums at the warmth for a moment before wrapping his fingers around Dream's foot and pulling it in front of his chest.

The other boy sighs deeply, and Sapnap begins to work the soap into his skin, moving his thumb in large, slow circles on the heel of Dream's foot, massaging deeply, before eventually moving to the arch. Dream hums softly, his toes twitching slightly as Sapnap digs into the muscles over and over again.

He scrubs the soap between each of Dream's toes, then lets his foot fall back into the water and

grabs the other one, repeating the process. Dream slowly sinks more and more into the water, making delightfully soft and breathy noises as Sapnap works the soap into his calves, then under his knees, avoiding his thighs for now and saving them for later.

God, he looks really beautiful like this.

“Hey,” he says quietly after some time, feeling his breath catch slightly at the sight of Dream slowly blinking his eyes open to look at him, “come here, yeah?” he gives his thighs a pat under the water, “I wanna wash your back.”

Dream makes a small noise of acknowledgement, then shifts to crawl over Sapnap, giving him a quick, soft kiss and then turning to sit between his legs, facing away from him. He gets to work pretty quickly, running the soap along the expanse of Dream’s back before putting it aside and working the suds in with his fingers.

Every time he presses his nails gently into the skin and rakes them over Dream’s shoulders, the other shivers beneath his touch, takes long, deep breaths and tilts his head, almost like he’s exposing his neck for Sapnap to kiss. And since his beautiful, pale skin is practically begging for some colour, he leans down and places his lips to the crook of his neck.

Dream gives a choked sort of gasp and he smiles, kisses the spot repeatedly before letting his teeth lay against the skin, his fingers rubbing into Dream’s sides now and pulling more delicious shivers from him. He flits his tongue against the skin, Dream hums, and he pushes his hands forward, scrubbing over his stomach now.

“Mm, Sapnap.” Dream slurs, sounding either close to sleep, or... Well.

He grins again, grabs the soap and starts rubbing it into Dream’s chest as he sucks a mark into his neck, then drops it somewhere in the water and lets his fingers roam freely.

Dream’s a lot more responsive than usual, probably because it’s been almost a full week since they’ve been able to take a moment like this, probably because it’s been a long day and he’s tired, or maybe just because the water is making him as warm and pliant as it is Sapnap. They really need to use the bath more.

When his fingers catch on Dream’s nipples, he gasps softly again and squirms in his hands, arching into the touch at the same time he seems to want to escape it. Sapnap smiles, hums on his sweet skin and presses more kisses along the length of Dream’s shoulders. He rubs his fingers in small, slow circles until Dream’s whining beneath him, then pulls back his touch, laughing at the confused noise he makes when Sapnap grabs his hips and shuffles him forward.

“I’m gonna wash your hair,” he explains softly, placing one last kiss between Dream’s shoulder blades, “lean back for me. There you go, there’s a good boy.” He says as Dream shuffles till Sapnap’s cradling his head, submerged until just his face breaks the surface of the water.

“Kiss.” Dream demands in a small voice before Sapnap can even grab the shampoo, reaching one hand up to pull him down, and he easily complies. For a moment he lets himself sink into it, Dream’s lips so soft and pliant it makes up for the awkward, upside-down angle, and he slips a hand from his hair to curl at his jaw, fingers lightly brushing the top of his throat.

Eventually he has to pull himself away, pleased at the slightly dazed look Dream has to him when he looks down. He’s probably enjoying this too much.

“Better?” He asks as he reaches for the shampoo bottle, only receiving a small hum of agreement in

response before Dream's eyes flutter closed again and Sapnap pulls his hair out of the water just enough to work the product in.

It's a quiet moment again, Dream's breathing the only thing to really break the silence as he scrubs his scalp, tangles his fingers into the soft locks, threads through them, pushes, pulls. He focuses for a long while on it, until Dream's breathing becomes so slow he starts to genuinely worry that he's fallen asleep.

"Hey," he laughs softly as Dream startles and blinks blearily up at him, "don't pass out on me, darlin', I'm not done with you yet."

Dream smiles sheepishly up at him, catches his lip between his teeth, and it's all Sapnap can do not to lean down again and pull him into another kiss, a longer one this time, deeper.

Instead, he slowly lowers Dream's head back down and submerges him up to his face again, massaging his scalp even more gently than before as the soap suds cloud the water. More sighs, more small noises, and Sapnap continues to fight the urge to pull him up for a kiss, wanting to keep this relaxing, slow.

"There you go," Sapnap says as he runs his fingers through Dream's hair one last time to check he's gotten all the shampoo, "that's better, all done."

He helps Dream sit back up again then pulls him to his chest, gently brushing back wet locks beneath his ear to lay a small kiss there, then laying his palms flat on Dream's stomach.

"I'm gonna wash your thighs," he whispers into his ear, rubbing his fingers gently on the smooth skin of Dream's abdomen, "and then there's only one place left, sound good baby?"

Dream takes a shaky breath, melts completely into Sapnap's touch, and nods his head. "Please, Sap."

He coos soothingly at him as he grabs the soap again and starts lathering it into his skin underneath the water. Dream twitches occasionally under his touch, but remains surprisingly still for how much he seems to be enjoying it, going off of his small moans and whimpers. Dream's thighs have always been a little sensitive, just like Sapnap's.

After a while he lets the soap fall again, pressing his fingers into the skin, scrubbing away the day's grim, massaging the tension away from tired muscles. Dream's job might not be physical like Sapnap's, but the boy carries so much tension in him no matter what he does that he still ends up with tender muscles at the end of the day.

"Almost there, darlin'." Sapnap mutters against his skin when he presses into a sweet spot on Dream's thigh and receives a moan in response, his hips pushing into Sapnap's touch. There's a whine, but then he settles against him again, and Sapnap smiles, slowly working his fingers higher and higher.

Dream shudders harshly when Sapnap finally gets his fingers around him, and he's not surprised to find him already straining into his touch, completely hard.

"Look at you," Sapnap coos, kissing underneath Dream's ear again as he strokes him slowly, pulling sweet, quiet noises from him, "so beautiful, Dream, so perfect. So good for me, aren't you?"

A nod, a whine, and Sapnap's crooking his fingers just right, flicking his thumb over the head. Dream pants gently and bucks his hips each time Sapnap strokes him to the base, wriggling more

and more as he becomes desperate.

Sapnap curls his hand tightly into his thigh and holds him as he continues rubbing his fingers along Dream's length, whispering sweet nothings into his ears and hushing him when Dream sobs weakly, straining against the hold. "Hush, darlin', I'm gonna take real good care of you, just lay back and relax. Come on, baby, let me make you feel good."

Dream whines, tilts his head back so Sapnap's lips brush against his cheek, then makes another small noise of desperation. "Kiss." He demands, and Sapnap adjusts to comply, easily sinking into another kiss, the angle still imperfect, but manageable. At least now he can properly slide his tongue into Dream's mouth, lick against his tongue and feel him twitch beneath his fingers.

When Dream moans against his lips, hands scrambling to grip onto Sapnap's thighs, he can't help but dig his nails into the supple skin of Dream's thigh in return, his own hips grinding slightly into the curve of Dream's ass.

"Shh, shh baby, I got you," Sapnap whispers against Dream's lips as he quickens his pace and the boy writhes wildly beneath him, "I got you, relax. Good boy, so good, just let me take care of you, don't worry about anything else, just focus on me, yeah? Focus on me, Dream, I've got you darlin'."

And then Dream whines, all high-pitched and strained, presses his mouth desperately to Sapnap's as his cock spasms under his grip, straining as he cums into Sapnap's hand and into the water.

"Yeah, there you go, baby. There you go, so good baby, so perfect." Sapnap whispers against his lips, stroking Dream through it until he goes completely limp against his chest.

He pulls his hand from between Dream's legs and reaches up to grip lightly at his throat, pressing kisses against his lips as he whispers sweetly to him. Slowly, Dream starts to recover, starts kissing back, reaches his own hand back to cup Sapnap's cheek, then push slightly into his hair.

"Fuck, Sapnap," he sighs, and Sapnap laughs softly into the kiss, "that was really good, holy fuck. Feel like I could pass out right now."

"Mm, I can see," Sapnap hums, kisses at the corner of his mouth before pulling back slightly, "you can get out if you want, I'll have a quick shower and join you in a minute, the water's kinda... Dirty, for getting clean." He laughs and Dream buries his face into his collarbone.

"Don't wanna get out," he mumbles, then grinds his ass back into Sapnap's lap, "kinda wanna make the water dirtier."

Sapnap hisses and Dream repeats the motion a few more times before he has to grip his hips and hold him still.

"Missed you," Dream says almost desperately before Sapnap can even find the words, "missed you so much, Sap, haven't been able to fuck you all week, it's not *fair*." And he has to take a moment not to bust his nut right then and there, because *fuck*, Dream sounds so needy right now it's driving him crazy.

"Oh yeah?" He asks, swallowing around his tongue as he leans his head back and loosens his grip enough to let Dream continue grinding on him.

"Yeah Sap, look," Dream says, grabbing one of Sapnap's hands from his hip and dragging it between his legs, "feel it? Already getting hard again, need you. Want you to fuck me."

He has to take a breath to steady himself as he feels Dream's cock stirring in his fingers again, so turned on he could really go crazy.

"Yeah, I- yeah. Okay. Hold on, lemme get the silicone shit." Sapnap says, and releases Dream with one hand as his other pushes at his hip to shift his weight.

"No," Dream says softly, pushes him back with a hand on his chest, "let me." And then he climbs out without further warning, stopping to wrap a towel around himself so he's not dripping water everywhere before disappearing into the hallway. About a minute later he returns, bottle in hand.

The towel gets hung back up and then Dream's stepping back into the bath, hesitating for a moment. "I should probably do it out of the water, right?" He asks, and Sapnap shrugs, unsure as well since he's never done this underwater before. All he knows is to use silicone based lube, that's it really, he's never given it much thought at all.

"I guess," he says, then happily watches as Dream squirms nervously above him, obviously a little shy to just start fingering himself in front of Sapnap like this, "here, let me." And he grabs Dream's thigh, pulling it up until Dream's got his foot on the side of the tub. He lets his grip fall, and grins at the way Dream pouts at him, clearly wanting him to lend a helping hand here, but he's honestly having too much fun to take pity on him.

Besides, he gets over himself quick enough anyway, clearly impatient as he squirts some of the lube onto his fingers before immediately dipping his hand between his legs. Sapnap takes a breath and curls a hand around his own neglected cock as he watches Dream finger himself open, eyes squeezed closed tight as he rocks back and forth.

The angle is perfect, really, he can see Dream's fingers disappearing into himself, can see his cock bouncing with every thrust, can hear his whimpers when he scissors his fingers and stretches himself wider and wider. It doesn't take long at all until he's stuffed himself full enough that he's probably stretched pretty good.

Even if he isn't, Dream's definitely too impatient to spend another moment trying to get there, deciding that he doesn't care if Sapnap's cock splits him in half as he lowers himself onto shaky knees right in his lap. "Moment of truth." He jokes lightly, then reaches between his legs to bat away Sapnap's hand, wrapping his own fingers around him and slowly guiding him till he's pressed against the rim.

He lets out a hiss as Dream's wonderful, perfect warmth swallows around him, forcing his hips still so he doesn't hurt him.

After a few moments, Dream slowly lowers himself more and more until he's got Sapnap buried to the hilt. Again, he has to force himself to be still, careful not to move an inch until he gets permission. It *feels* wet enough, but he's still not sure how it feels for Dream.

"God, you're so good," the other breathes, as if reading his mind, "so big, missed you so much." He rocks his hips slightly and Sapnap groans, reaching to grab Dream's hips in a tight grip.

"Missed *you*." He says, leaning up as Dream leans down to meet him in the middle for a kiss. They get lost in it for a moment, licking into each other's mouths as Dream starts to set a steady pace, rocking down onto him soft and slow, just like how Sapnap had jerked him off earlier. It's fucking maddening, but he holds no sympathy for his boyfriend when he knows just how much he likes to be teased.

"Stop being so fucking *busy* all the time, then," Dream grumbles against his lips as Sapnap pulls

him down into his lap harder with each time he bounces in his lap, “you can have me whenever you like, you just leave your college shit till last minute and I’m the one that suffers for it.”

Sapnap leans down to bite at his collar, making Dream trail off into a whine at the end of his sentence while Sapnap starts thrusting into him, too impatient to let him set the pace.

“To be fair, this time it wasn’t an assignment, it’s just been a bunch of different shit, that’s not in my control.” He says and Dream hums disbelievingly like he’ll take any chance to blame Sapnap for their situation, even if it doesn’t make sense.

He can’t make it *not* be exam season. He can’t change his work putting him on more and more shifts every week even though he keeps telling them how busy he is. But Dream doesn’t care, and he can’t *really* blame him, not when he’s been just as desperate for some quality time lately.

“I’m just saying, I’m sick of going so long without you,” Dream moans softly as Sapnap slams him down on his hips, cutting himself off, “I-I just- fuck, Sapnap! I just- just wanna fuck you like *all* the time at the moment and I hate that you’re not here.”

His heart clenches, and he presses a kiss to Dream’s collarbone as he picks up his thrusts, becoming faster, wilder with each time. “I hate it too, fuck. I miss you,” he groans softly as Dream tangles fingers in his hair and tugs, grinding up into him with fervor as he chases that building tension in his gut, “I miss you so much. Love you so much, Dream. Want you all the time, you’re so perfect for me.”

Dream whines, and the conversation devolves from there into praise, sweet nothings and strangled begging from Dream’s side.

“God, I’m so- I’m so close, Sap, please! Please, please, please. Fuck me, please, let me cum.” Dream whines high and Sapnap sucks a bruise into pale skin, gets a hand wrapped around Dream’s length as he slams him down onto his cock, rocking up into him roughly and slowly losing control.

“Go on, baby, been so good for me. Been so perfect, so patient, go ahead,” Sapnap coos, feeling Dream squirm, then tense beneath him again as his second orgasm of the night wracks through him, “there you go, darlin’. There you go, god, so fucking good. You’re so cute, so pretty, just look at you.”

Sapnap continues whispering into his skin as Dream whimpers and grinds back down onto his lap, helping him along as Sappnaps get closer and closer. His fingers twist in his hair and he moans Sapnap’s name and that’s all it takes, really.

The warmth in his stomach builds, builds, builds, then overflows, the dam breaking inside him and the warmth rushing to reach every inch of himself, covering him head to toe. He shudders and rocks through the orgasm, moaning Dream’s name the entire time and babbling some more praise until he slowly comes down.

Sapnap rocks his hips a few last times, then slowly pulls Dream off him, sighing as he settles back down on his thighs again.

“Shit.” He whispers, and Dream giggles softly in agreement before leaning over him to press their lips in a gentle kiss.

“Yeah, you got that right,” Dream grins against his lips, “you do realise now we’re gonna have to shower as well though, right?”

Chapter End Notes

Edit again- me in the morning: feeling great. Ready to write So Much

Me at night: oh actually if I write a single word right now I'll Die

So basically yeah it's 1:30 in the morning and,,,, nothing. I'm out here having a Good Time! I'll be back tomorrow hhhhh. I Will finish this kinktober even if I have to take a few days off. I WILL!

Day 8 - Public Sex (Georgenap)

Chapter Notes

Hello I'm back, sorry for missing another day yesterday!! Don't know what happened there lmao I just lost all ability to focus on writing so. Anyway. Hopefully this doesn't suck and makes up for the wait <333 I honestly rushed the end just a little bit
skdfjgfds

“George, unless you wanna lose that hand you need to stop *right now*, we’re in public,” Sapnap whispers furiously out of nowhere and slaps at the hand George has in his back pocket, “and you say *I’m* the horny one.”

So he’s kind of confused. All they’ve been doing is walking for the past half hour, George not even really paying attention for the last ten minutes as he mindlessly scrolled through his phone on twitter, liking various tweets and humming as Sapnap made light conversation next to him. He’s trying to think of what he could have done when he looks over and sees the look on Sapnap’s face.

Then makes the connection when he sees how flushed he is, and how he’s gripping at George’s wrist like his hand is burning a hole through his jeans.

“Are you kidding me?” George laughs and squeezes his hand just to watch Sapnap flinch and bite his lip to hold back a whimper, “you *are* the horny one, oh my god. I wasn’t even doing it on purpose and here you are, getting hard in public like a hormonal teenager, all because I had my hand in your pocket? Sapnap.”

“I can’t *help* it,” Sapnap whines immediately, halting mid-step and then immediately leaning into George’s space, “you were like. Grabbing my ass, George, what was I supposed to do?”

He rolls his eyes, slides his hand carefully from Sapnap’s pocket and reaches up to grab either side of his neck. “Like you said, we’re in *public*, so like. Maybe not get hard in the middle of the street? I know it’s late, but there’s still people around.” He teases, then pulls him in for a lingering kiss, pulling away when Sapnap goes pliant and his breathing gets a little heavier.

Chancing a quick look around, George spots an alleyway between apartment buildings on the other side of the road that seems to swallow all light from the street outside. It’s not exactly the most atmospheric spot for what they’re about to do, but he has to admit he wants this a bit too much to care.

Something about the idea of fucking Sapnap in the open like this sets a fire inside him, and it’s quickly starting to consume every thought he has.

“I know, fuck, I’m sorry. You’re right, god, I’m such a slut when I’m around you, it’s ridiculous, you barely even touched me I-” He cuts Sapnap off with another kiss, pressing into him with urgency as he licks against his mouth.

“You *are* a slut,” George breathes against his lips, leans in slightly to nip at them, “but I can’t deny being more than a little into it.”

When he pulls back, Sapnap is grinning smugly at him and George has to reach behind him and grab at his ass again, just to see him jump. Can't let him get too cocky now, can we?

"Fuck, George-" Sapnap gasps as he starts kneading his fingers, his hands flying up to stabilize himself on George's shoulders, "Christ, I'm not gonna last till we get home. Should we call an Uber?"

George hums, tilts his head to mouth at the pulse point beneath Sapnap's jaw as he squeezes him closer and closer, slowly dragging their hips together and grinning when Sapnap gasps. "Fuck that, c'mere." He says, then lets go of him completely for a moment. Sapnap looks a little lost and he has to smile, taking his hand and pulling him along to lead him into the alleyway.

As soon as Sapnap gets the picture, they're both giggling like school kids, unable to keep their hands to themselves as they stumble into the dark.

There's a dumpster taking up half the alley a few steps into the shadows, and George pulls them both behind it, deciding they could use any extra precaution they can get. Then, he slams Sapnap against the brickwork, connecting their mouths immediately in a deep, searing hot kiss. Sapnap grunts as his back hits the wall and George has to force himself not to moan straight back at the noise, already desperate to pull more from him.

But for tonight, he'll have to be patient. He can't exactly go and fuck Sapnap till he's screaming when they're literally two meters from a window to one of the apartments, he's not *that* stupidly horny. Unlike Sapnap, who seems to have no hesitation in letting George know exactly how he feels as fingers trail down his body and hot, wet kisses are placed down along the length of his neck.

Maybe he's *slightly* encouraging it. But only so he can scold him.

"So noisy," he clicks his tongue teasingly as he reaches down and trails a hand up the inside of Sap's thigh, "it's like you *want* to get caught or something." And at the way Sapnap whines and presses his hips into his wrist, George can't help but grin.

Just to be mean, he skirts his hand around the obvious tent in Sapnap's trousers and pushes his fingers up his shirt instead, letting his other hand rest against the wall right next to Sapnap's head as he takes his time teasing.

"You *do*," he whispers cruelly, leaning in to connect their lips slowly and forcing Sapnap to chase him as he pulls away, "you want people to see how much of a slut you are for me, don't you? Or maybe you just want them to see how good you can be, how you'll get on your knees for me before I even ask, put that dirty little mouth of yours to some use."

Sapnap whimpers and leans forward as much as he can to keep George's lips on his, only being stopped by the hand on his chest as it pushes onto his pecs. It's funny, watching him huff and whine but stay completely still against his touch, as if he can't just break free at any moment, as if he couldn't overpower George and just take what he wants at any point.

George loves him dearly, but Sapnap can be pretty stupid when he wants to get off.

Although that's not entirely fair, he *knows* Sapnap can fight back and take charge when he wants to, it's just that most of the time for whatever reason, he gives himself over to George and lets him handle things, even if complaining about it the whole time.

"I don't," Sapnap denies weakly, his voice breaking off as George's thumb catches on a nipple, "I

don't, I'm not a slut."

George chuckles and presses in for another kiss, delves his tongue into Sapnap's mouth as he immediately parts his lips. "You're *not* a slut?" he asks casually, rubbing his thumb in circles to make Sapnap squirm, "really? Because I could have sworn that's what you said earlier; 'I'm such a slut when I'm around you George I just can't help myself, I'm a desperate little whore'"

Sapnap whines loudly and George rushes to press their lips together to catch the sound, pressing his nail into sensitive flesh as punishment. "That's not what I said," Sapnap pouts once he's calmed down enough to lower his voice, "you're so *mean* to me, Georgie, all I've ever done is be nice to you. I'm the perfect boyfriend and all you do is bully me!"

Rolling his eyes, George leans in to give him another kiss and holds back a snicker. "If I'm a bully," he says between kisses, "it's only because you *like* when I call you a slut. I never said half this shit with any of the other people I hooked up with, just you."

"Wait," Sapnap pauses, tilting his head back until it thumps against the wall to look at him, "really? Just me?"

George hums and leans in to press their lips together softly again for a moment. "Just you, Sap. And... Only partially because you like it so much. The rest of me..."

Well, the rest of him *really* gets off on slapping his brat of a boyfriend around (in the metaphorical sense), and putting him in his place. He's kind of a sadistic bastard, and he hadn't even known before they got together and it just *clicked*.

"I can't believe that," Sapnap says, lips slowly pulling into a smug grin, "I like it. I like being the only one who makes you like this. You're the only person who makes me act up like this, you know. You were right earlier when you said I just can't help myself; I *am* a desperate little whore. For you. Only for you."

And George loses all patience, pulling Sapnap into a bruising kiss as he reaches down with both hands and pulls Sapnap to him by his belt loops. He grinds their hips together and relishes in the please sigh he receives in response, fingers moving to fumble with the button of his trousers.

"Only for me," he says low, heated, swooping his head down to press his mouth to Sapnap's neck and sucking a harsh mark into soft skin, "*better* be only for me, brat. You're mine, nobody else's, go it? *Mine*. I'm not sharing."

Sapnap whimpers and tangles his fingers into George's hair as he fumbles to get his zipper down, his legs starting to wobble dangerously even as he rests most of his weight on the bricks behind him. "I'm yours," he moans weakly as George tilts his head to leave a mark on the other side of his neck, "don't want anybody else, just *you*. Just you, Georgie, please. Please, I can't-"

George hushes him as he finally gets the zipper down, pushing his hand straight in underneath his boxers and gripping him tightly in his warm hand. "Hush, Sap, I'll take good care of you, don't worry. Gonna suck you off so good you won't be able to walk for at least ten minutes after. And then," he trails kisses up along the side of his neck until he reaches his ear, "when we get home, I'm gonna throw you on the bed and fuck you till you beg me for mercy."

Sapnap keens as he nibbles at his earlobe and starts stroking him in his boxers, hips twitching into the touch desperately.

"What, is it my birthday or something?" he teasingly asks, somehow still managing to find his

voice despite how wrecked it sounds, “you’re spoiling me, Georgie.”

George gives a harsh squeeze to his cock, thumbing over his slit roughly as he dips his head to bite at his throat, satisfied only when Sapnap lets out a weak sob and begs him for more. “I think I just liked hearing you say you were my little whore,” he murmurs and slowly licks over the indents left by his teeth, “sounded so good, how could I not want to fuck your brains out after, Sap? But don’t get cocky now, or I’ll have to remind you of your place.”

Then he reaches his other hand to tug Sapnap’s trousers and his boxers down his thighs, exposing him to the cold, midnight air, and making him shiver. He bites his lip at the sight, only just barely able to make it out in the dim lighting of the dark alleyway, but it’s enough to know he’s straining for it, enough to feel him leaking onto his fingers and hear him panting roughly from the simple touch.

He sinks to his knees before Sapnap even has a chance to think of a reply, eager to taste him, to feel him twitching into his mouth, to feel his hips struggling not to fuck his throat raw until he can’t speak. Casting a glance up at Sapnap’s face, he’s pleased to see him looking back down at him with hunger and desperation, knowing his pupils must be blown wide right now, even if he can’t see clearly in the dark.

“You know,” Sapnap says before he returns his attention back down, “from my perspective, it kind of looks like I’m putting you in *your* place right now, George. You’re on your knees for me, desperate for my cock in your mouth, aren’t you? You call *me* a slut, but I can see you want me just as bad.”

George feels himself go hot all over, a stab of arousal going straight to his core at the words, but he stops himself before he can even think of coming back with a witty retort or a scathing insult. “Oh,” he says simply, like he’s having a realisation, “so you *want* me to punish you when we get home then. Got it.”

Sapnap doesn’t even deny it, they *both* know that’s exactly what he’s doing. He shivers, and George grins at the silent admission, dipping his head down to give him what he’s so desperate for already.

He only spends a moment lathering attention to the tip of Sapnap’s cock, wanting to taste him first, wanting to feel him dribble onto his tongue. Then, he slides his fingers up and down around him just once, keeping it slow and teasing as he stares up directly into Sapnap’s eyes, before leaning down and licking a stripe along the underside of his cock.

“George-” Sapnap moans lowly, and he wraps his lips around the head before he can get another word in, sucking and licking at the slit before slowly sliding down the length, taking more and more of him into his mouth until he can feel him about to brush against the back of his throat.

He swallows thickly, has to squeeze his eyes shut just to focus on not gagging on Sapnap’s cock while he uses his fingers to stroke the small amount left of him he can’t fit. He can already feel the hips underneath his touch squirming, shaking, tensing up and fighting not to move as George keeps himself still and lets his muscles relax.

He needs a few moments to prepare himself before he lets Sapnap fuck his throat, but he might get a small amount of enjoyment out of watching him struggle.

“Sap,” George gasps softly as he pulls himself off with a wet *pop*, “don’t go too hard, but I’m gonna let you have at it for a bit, yeah? Let you fuck my throat like I know you want to. As long as you’re a good boy.”

Sapnap whimpers at that, his eyes fluttering prettily in the dark as he slowly nods his head and licks his lips. "Okay, I uh... I'll be good, treat you real nice Georgie." He sounds almost confused as he talks, like he isn't sure why George is being nice to him when he just called him out for wanting to get punished.

It's cute, really. This is why *George* is the one in control; he thinks ahead, knows Sapnap well enough to know that he's not going to go easy in the heat of the moment. He's gonna fuck George's throat raw and then he'll get to take him home and leave bruises on him that'll last for *days*, just the way Sapnap likes it.

He's setting a trap, and Sapnap's just fallen right into it, like he always does.

So predictable.

"Good boy," he hums and kisses lightly at his thigh, "now c'mere."

One hand wraps around the back of Sapnap's thigh, and the other moves to guide him back into his mouth before sliding up underneath his shirt and resting against his tummy when he's got the whole thing stuffed in again. Sapnap threads his fingers lightly through George's hair, takes a shaky breath before asking "Ready?" and bracing himself against the wall when George nods his head and hums.

He curls his tongue just a little to tease him, pressing flat against a vein and grinning when he feels it jump in his mouth. Sapnap lets out a groan, fingers tugging a little harder on George's hair before finally yanking. He lets his jaw go slack as Sapnap pulls his head back to get the right angle, and forces his throat to relax when he finally starts to move his hips.

It starts off slow enough, Sapnap giving him gentle, shallow thrusts, feeling him out rather than seeking pleasure, and then George digs his nails into his thigh. It's enough to spur him on.

George wouldn't call himself a cock slut, not like Sapnap is anyway, but he has to admit he really enjoys the way Sapnap feels in his mouth. He could honestly spend all day with his lips wrapped around him, dragging along his length so slowly for so long that Sapnap's in tears, begging him for more.

He doesn't mind the throat-fucking either, actually, as much as he might whine about it later when he forces Sapnap to make him tea and kiss his neck in apology, it feels fucking *good* in the moment. It's kind of fucked up, but he's grown to almost like the feeling of gagging on his boyfriend's cock, it makes him feel...

Like he's doing a good job, almost.

Like he's pushing himself past his limits and he can see it clearly working, can feel the way Sapnap shivers whenever his head hits the back of his throat, can hear his moans whenever George makes lewd, wet choking noises and tears start flowing down his cheeks. It's probably the closest he gets to submitting himself to Sapnap, and even still, he knows he holds all the cards here.

He can stop Sapnap whenever he likes, force him still and swallow around him when he's *right* on the edge and bring out that whimpering, desperate little thing whenever he feels like the other is getting a little too comfortable.

Control. Even as he lets Sapnap have him however he likes, he still has complete, utter and explicit control over him.

"Fucking *Christ* George," Sapnap whines as George digs his nails in a little harder, hips snapping

into his mouth so quickly he gags and chokes around him in surprise, feeling his lungs burn as he fights the urge to cough, “how do *you* like it when I hurt you? When I fuck your throat so raw you can’t talk after, huh?”

And then his hips start a brutal pace he can barely keep up with, definitely giving him everything he’s got with each thrust. The tears start flowing pretty quickly as he fights back the urge to vomit with each second and the hand on Sapnap’s stomach balls into a fist, steadying himself.

His throat already feels pretty raw after just a few times of feeling Sapnap ram into it, and he knows he’s probably not going to be doing much talking tonight, but that’s fine. He’ll get Sapnap back for it later, when they’re properly alone and he can make his boyfriend scream *for* him.

“So- So fucking tight, Georgie, so fucking perfect,” Sapnap babbles as he tugs George’s hair a little harder and rams deep into his throat, “wanna cum straight down your throat, fuck... Can I?”

George hums around him and tries to breathe despite his airway being blocked more frequently than it’s not now that Sapnap’s pace is starting to ramp up. As if he even has to ask, he already *knows* the answer. But it’s nice of him to remind them both who’s in charge here.

He nods his head, and that’s all Sapnap needs.

He gives him only a moment to breathe properly, pulling out of his mouth until all that’s left inside is the head, and George quickly lathers attention to it as he pants through his nose. And then once Sapnap’s satisfied he’s got enough air, he pushes back in, moving his hips at a brutally fast pace as he fucks deep into George’s throat, making him gag and groan and cry from the feeling.

It starts to feel less good than it does painful, and George’s fingers scrabble at Sapnap’s thigh and stomach, almost reaching to tap out, but then Sapnap gives one last violent thrust, buries himself to the hilt in George’s throat and releases inside. He has to swallow multiple times before Sapnap finally drags his limp, spent cock from his mouth, and it burns each time, the muscle sore and abused.

Yeah, he’s definitely not going to be talking for a while.

“Fuck, George, you look so wrecked, I-” Sapnap pants and braces against the brick wall as George wipes the drool from his mouth and slowly gets up off his knees, “are you okay? How’s your throat feeling? I was pretty rough- shit, I just got caught up, I’m sorry-”

He doesn’t let him get more than that out as he slams him back against the wall hard and slots their mouths together in another bruising kiss. All too quickly, Sapnap is melting against him, becoming putty in his hands and whimpering like the good little boy he knows he can be. But he’s only doing it because he knows he’s in trouble, and George isn’t going to let it sway him.

“I’m... Go-ing... To...” He struggles to speak past the pain as he pulls back to stare directly into Sapnap’s dark, haze-filled eyes, “fuc-king... *Ruin* ... You.”

And the way Sapnap shivers makes it all more than worth it to deal with a sore throat for a day or two.

Day 9 - Orgasm Denial (Dreamnotfound)

Chapter Notes

Hiya! For those who haven't seen in the summary: this fic is now going to be updated every second day! This is for my own sanity bc I honestly don't know if I can do every day and not get burnt out like. Immediately lmao

anyways hope u enjoy this chap!! The actual orgasm denial starts a bit late,,, I'm so sorry I never follow the prompts properly ksjdfgdfs but I promise with this one, it becomes the central focus

Almost as soon as he sees the screen on George's channel update from 'Live' to 'Offline', the man in question seems to appear from thin air, leaning casually against his door frame like he's been there the entire time, like nothing's out of the ordinary.

"Uhm," Dream starts nervously, hoping George will ignore that he just very visibly jumped out of his chair upon turning and seeing him standing there, "hey George, can I... Help you with anything?"

George simply crosses his arms over his chest and tilts his head, eyes raking over every inch of Dream's body carefully, considering. "I wonder," he says, "you know, I think you could, actually. See, I have this problem..."

He doesn't move an inch, but Dream still swallows his nerves, swallows the urge to run far away and hide from the predatory look his boyfriend's giving him, and slowly sinks back into his chair.

"You see, my boyfriend and I have some very basic rules we follow when streaming or recording, just to make sure we don't accidentally slip up and let everyone in on our little secret, you know? They're very *simple*. Easy to follow. And yet..." George trails off and gives a dramatically disappointed sigh, eyes flickering down to inspect his socks like he's not even really paying attention, "he just can't seem to keep his dick in his pants while I'm streaming live to tens of thousands of people."

"Oh," Dream flushes, bites his lip to stop himself from smiling, "that right? Sounds like a bit of an asshole move, what did he do?"

George laughs, and his eyes return to meet Dream's gaze, dark and pointed. "Well, it's more like what *didn't* he do? He wouldn't shut up about wanting me to fuck him for one, kept describing all the things he'd like me to do to him once the stream was over and how my voice was just *so* nice, and my lips were *so* pretty he couldn't wait to have them on him."

It's the words he himself had used not even half an hour ago, but Dream still lets out a strangled sort of noise hearing them come from George's mouth. "Yeah?" he asks, voice quiet, "that really is an asshole move. But it sounds like he didn't *technically* break the rules, you know, if he was just messaging you. So I don't think, uh- I don't think you can really punish him."

George quirks an eyebrow and sinks against the door frame a little more, casually inspects his nails against his arm like he's considering it. "That so?" he asks, and Dream nods, "he didn't *technically*

break the rules... Interesting. So I guess I should let him off then, yeah? No need to punish him if he didn't *technically* break the rules. In fact, I shouldn't bother him at all, if he's happy just sending messages then clearly he doesn't need me."

Dream almost gets up from his chair in protest, but George's eyes snap to him immediately, locking him firmly in place with a warning look. Well. He seems to have made a miscalculation.

George takes a long moment, ignoring Dream's nervous twitching and quiet whines as he stares at him like he can see straight into his soul or something. It's uncomfortable, like everything in him is laid bare and George is judging him for his worth. He wants to be enough. He *needs* to be enough.

"George-"

"Beg." His boyfriend interrupts him the second he breaks the silence, and he snaps his mouth shut immediately.

"What?" Dream asks, brain still catching up even though he knows exactly what George means, what he wants. What he has to do to get what he's been waiting for the entire night.

"You heard me. Beg me to come over there and fuck you," George slides from the door frame and takes the smallest of steps toward him, "and if you're good enough, I might just be merciful and oblige."

Dream's brain still takes a moment to catch up, to process, and the silence hangs in the air for a long moment before George breaks it again.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" he asks lightly, innocently, like he doesn't know exactly what he's doing, "don't go getting all shy on me now, darling, I might just get bored and leave you here to deal with your little problem all on your own if you don't hurry it up."

"Wait-" Dream halts again from getting out of his chair at the sharp look his boyfriend gives him, "George no, please-"

"Please what?" George interrupts him, the light tone from earlier gone and replaced with something dark, something heavy and electric. Something magnetizing, pulling him in the same it does every single time.

He takes a shuddering breath and fiddles nervously with his fingers, looking away only for a moment before making sure to make direct eye contact as he speaks. "Please..." he says slowly, sounding so needy it's more like a whine, "please fuck me. I need you, don't make me beg any more, George, please."

"I'll make you beg however much I want, slut," George says the moment he's done speaking, crossing the room in a few, quick strides to grab Dream by the chin, "and I'll touch you however I like, wherever I like, as *much* or as *little* as I *like* . Understood?"

He melts into the touch, shudders against the tight grip, feeling like if he tried to stand up right now his legs would probably collapse right underneath him from his own weight. God, George barely has to try to make him like this, weak and desperate, begging him without any real fight. He used to be better, he used to be able to *resist* .

At least, a little.

Now he doesn't even *want* to. He just wants George.

“Yes,” he whispers, eyes blown wide as he stares hungrily up at him, “George... Yes, please-”

George lets go and Dream whines desperately as he walks away, not realising he’s just moving to the bed until he’s settling himself at the edge and spreading his legs to leave a space for him.

“C’mere,” he says, and Dream’s too grateful he’s not leaving to react immediately, “now.”

It leaves no room for argument, not that he would anyway, and Dream rushes to comply. He falls to his knees in front of George immediately and lays his palms flat against his thighs, forcing himself not to whine like a fucking dog when fingers pet gently through his hair. God, he’s so far gone already, when did it become so easy? When did he lose his shame?

He can’t remember, it doesn’t matter anyway. What matters is that he’s good. He has to be good, has to prove himself, has to be good enough for George to give him what he wants, and he’ll do anything.

“Good boy,” George praises him, pushing a stray hair away from his eyes and making Dream tremble from the way he’s looking at him, so soft, tender, intimate, “such a pretty boy, aren’t you? Look so good on your knees for me. If you hadn’t been such a brat tonight, maybe I’d go easy on you.”

And then without warning, George’s fingers push into his hair and grip harshly, pulling until Dream’s head is tilted as far back as it can go, his throat bared, easily accessible for whatever plans George has for him. Dream whimpers, holds back his begging temporarily because he knows that will get him nowhere for the moment.

Until he decides Dream’s being good enough for him, it isn’t wise to interrupt his process. He’ll either get completely ignored, or George will make his punishment worse. Not always in the fun way where he gets his brains fucked out, sometimes in the way where he gets brought to the edge of cumming before George pulls out of him, cums all over his face and then leaves him alone to just... Deal with it.

It’s hot, especially in retrospect when he’s gotten over the all encompassing need and desperation, but he really doesn’t want that for tonight.

He wants George to fuck him properly, like he’d been thinking about since he first started streaming and Dream had gotten the idea to start messing with him.

“Hm,” George hums quietly after a few moments of studying, his grip releasing the tiniest amount and letting Dream’s head fall forward to a slightly less uncomfortable angle, “but I suppose since you’re being such a good boy now, I don’t need to go *all* out on you, do I?”

Dream shakes his head quickly as much as he can with George’s restrictive grip. “No, please, please I’ll be really good, Georgie. I’ll be really, really good; do whatever you want, you don’t need to punish me.” He begs, then lets out a small moan when his hair is gripped harshly again, and his head is yanked forward.

George leans down, his other hand sliding against Dream’s cheek- gentle, a stark contrast to the force being used to hold him in place.

“Oh Dream,” he sighs, tilting his head down and pulling Dream’s up slightly to press their lips together in a soft kiss, “I thought you understood, you don’t get to make demands tonight. You don’t get to decide whether I’m going to punish you or not, do you? Good boys *listen*, do what they’re told and take what they can get.”

He shoves Dream back roughly as he lets go of his hair, his hands moving instead to his belt buckle, unclasping it carefully while Dream rights himself and waits patiently on his knees. He doesn't apologise, there's no point. George doesn't seem to be in the listening mood tonight.

He may have gone a *little* bit too far during the stream.

He kind of wishes he'd done *more* .

"Now, if you're quite done demanding things like a child throwing a tantrum," George says as he pulls his belt free of the loops, unzips his trousers and stuffs his hand inside his boxers to pull out his already half-hard cock, "you're going to be a good boy and do as I tell you, aren't you? You're gonna put that dirty little whore mouth of yours to some use and finish what you started."

Dream whimpers and nods furiously, shuffling forward to lay his palms on George's thighs again. He only hesitates for a moment to look up at him, and George leans back to rest on his hands casually, looking at Dream with a raised brow.

Well? What are you waiting for then?

He doesn't need to hear George say it to get the point, turning back to the task at hand and already feeling himself starting to drool at the sight of the steadily hardening dick in front of him. Wasting no time, Dream immediately dives in, licks a stripe along the underside of his length, following a vein until he reaches the tip.

George lets out a groan as Dream slides his tongue past the foreskin, pushing it back with his fingers to expose the flushed, leaking head underneath. He tongues at the slit for a moment as fingers thread through his hair again, gentler this time as George pets him approvingly. Dream smiles and decides not to tease any further, wanting to please his boyfriend and hopefully avoid too severe a punishment.

He wraps his lips around George's tip, sucks hard for a long moment and hums when George's hips squirm underneath his touch, then slowly starts to descend, taking more and more into his mouth until he's taken him down to the base. Luckily, his gag reflex isn't playing up too badly tonight, so he only chokes a little bit as he tries to swallow around him and relax.

George gives him a moment to breathe as he slowly pulls back till he's got just the head in his mouth again and he only gets to lick at it for mere moments before the hand in his hair is pushing him back down, forcing him to take the entire length into his throat again. Dream whines and forces himself not to gag when George's hips thrust slightly from the stimulation.

"Fuck, sorry," he mumbles, and Dream blinks up at him with slight tears in his eyes, "I didn't meant to, your mouth's just so fucking *good* , darling, so tight and wet, perfect for me."

Dream moans softly from the praise, digs his nails lightly into George's clothed thighs and turns his attention back to the now fully hard cock in his mouth, beginning to move with a new determination. It's not just about being good, it's about being so good *George can't help himself* . He desperately wants to make him lose all semblance of control, just like he does for Dream.

"Fucking- Christ, Dream, you're not holding back, are you baby?" George asks him as he bobs his head quickly, lathering his tongue along the length of him as best he can and practically drooling all over his cock as he tries to get it nice and wet.

He hums and tries to shake his head, but other than that continues on with his work.

It's a struggle to suppress the urge to gag when George's tip keeps bumping against the back of his

throat, but somehow Dream manages it, pushing through with tears in his eyes as he bobs his head to a consistent rhythm.

The only sounds filling the air around them are sloppy, wet sucking noises and Dream's light groans each time he swallows. It's incredibly lewd, and he'd almost feel embarrassed by all the sounds his mouth's making if George didn't seem so into it.

He's gripping Dream's hair tight enough to hurt again, rocking into him every time Dream takes him into his throat again, his fingers clutching at the blankets behind him desperately to hold himself up. It's hard to see from this angle, had to get a proper look at his face, but Dream can tell well enough that it's pinched up in ecstasy.

When he feels George straining into his mouth, his hips stuttering and spasming against him, when he hears him moaning louder and louder and feels him start to twitch and leak onto his tongue, he knows he's right on the edge. He becomes relentless, bobbing his head and curling his tongue in all the right places, using his fingers to stroke the base of George's cock in time with the bobbing of his head.

It works fantastically. In no time at all, George is thrusting into his throat with little abandon, careful not to choke him but benign as rough as he can get away with until he finally, finally cums, spilling straight down Dream's throat.

He pulls out right at the end of his high, making sure to dribble the last bits of cum down Dream's chin just to look at him.

From experience, he knows that George always looks good with cum on his face, so he imagines it must be the same for him, and even if *he* doesn't think he's *nearly* as attractive as his boyfriend, George clearly doesn't hold the same opinion. He stares down at Dream with a hunger he rarely shows, and Dream squirms happily under the attention.

That was good enough. He *knows* it was good enough.

"Dream," George pants, still not fully recovered as he pats his thighs and beckons him into his lap, "c'mere, darling."

He doesn't need to be told twice. Grinning like a kid on Christmas, Dream eagerly crawls up and complies, settling himself into George's lap and wrapping his arms around his neck to anchor himself in place.

"That was really good," George says softly, pulling him in for a small kiss before dragging his tongue along Dream's lip, then down his chin, making him shudder, "suppose you deserve a reward then, right?"

Dream whines needily as George licks the cum from his skin, melting against him when George slots their mouths together again, tasting of himself.

"Please, George, need you." He whines, grinding his crotch into George's stomach and moaning softly at the way the fabric of his pyjama bottoms catches on his skin. There's already a massive wet spot on the front from where his tip has been steadily leaking into the fabric, and he knows he's not going to last long at *all* when George pushes his hand against it and grinds down.

He hasn't even fucking touched himself and yet he's close enough that George would only need to touch him for about thirty seconds before he came.

"Look at you," George hums, begins mouthing along Dream's jawline as he digs the heel of his

hand into Dream's cock and slowly pushes back and forth, "already so desperate, bet you could cum from this alone, couldn't you?"

Dream whines, throwing his head back as George's mouth follows the curve of his jaw, then starts moving south along the line of his throat. The hand persists, doing nothing for him except giving him the pressure and slight friction he needs to slowly inch closer and closer towards his own orgasm.

It should be embarrassing, how little it takes, but his mind is too focused on chasing the small bits of pleasure that he doesn't have room for the shame.

"George," he moans weakly as his hips grind back into the hand on him, surprised that George doesn't pull off or hold him still at the very least, "George, fucking hell, I'm so-"

And then the hand is gone.

Dream whimpers, pulls back to blink at George in confusion, before he sees the predatory glint in his eye that does not match the innocent smile staring back at him. Then, he understands.

"No, I was good. I- I was good, Georgie I-" And then the hand pushes into his pyjama bottoms, fingers wrapping around his length and stroking gently for a few moments before pulling it out and making Dream wince at the cool air.

George gives him long, lazy pumps until Dream's squirming in his lap and whimpering, and then his hand pulls away again. So they really are doing this.

"No, no, no-" Dream sobs, letting out a loud moan as George's fingers curl around him once more, thumb pressing into the slit on his head to spread around some of the pre-cum, "please, *please* George, I need to cum, please let me-"

The hand leaves.

Moments pass. It returns. This time, George sets a brutal pace, working him over fast, squeezing him tight and paying careful attention to the tip with his thumb as he crooks and curls his fingers in all the right places, bringing him closer and closer and *closer* and-

Dream nearly screams in desperation as all movement stops yet again and George pulls back his hand. He moves to mouth at Dream's collarbones as they both wait for his sensitive cock to stop bouncing madly between them, already straining desperately for release after such little teasing.

"I want you to remember this," George says, his fingers only returning to Dream's cock once he's satisfied he's not about to blow his load if he so much as breathes on him, "I want you to *remember* this. Next time you feel like being a brat? Like being the fucking cock-whore you are while I'm *streaming* ? I want you to remember what happens when you break a rule."

He wants to argue, yell at him and call him an idiot because he didn't *technically* break the rules and they both know it. George has done it to him more than enough times for them to have already established this, and *yet* . The double standard fucking sucks, but he can't tell George that when he's got his hand on Dream's cock.

Not unless he wants to be left completely alone for the night to deal with his problem himself.

"I'm so-rry-" Dream chokes out as George brings him right to the brink again, then lets him go. He doesn't know if he can handle much more of this.

“No you’re not,” George replies easily, baring his teeth against the crook of Dream’s neck and nipping at the skin lightly, “you’re not sorry at all, are you? This is exactly what you wanted, you knew you’d get punished right from the start, and you did it anyway. You *want* me to do this.”

He has no answer for that, so instead he simply whines, rests his cheek against George’s hair as he uselessly claws at the top of his back when the fingers curl back around him *again* .

He’s leaking pretty badly now, his cocked flushed bright red and straining for release, twitching at just the *thought* of George touching him again every time the hand leaves him. It never fucking *stops* leaving him.

Dream loses count of how many times George brings him to the edge just to yank him away with a bite to his neck and a harsh squeeze to his hip. It just keeps on happening over and over again. He can’t focus, can’t keep track of how long George has him there, putty in his hands as he strings him along, always keeping him so close to the edge and never letting him get *too* far away from it.

“God, look at you. I can barely touch you more than a few seconds before I need to stop now,” George laughs quietly after what feels like an eternity of silence, “you’re so sensitive, too.”

And then he swipes his thumb over Dream’s tip again, collecting an embarrassing amount of pre-cum onto his finger and dragging it to his lips to taste. He shudders just thinking about it, feeling like he’s about a second from cumming all over himself if George just *looks* at him the wrong way.

“You’re really, really close, huh? Can’t take much more, can you baby?” George asks, pulling back from his neck to look him properly in the eyes, and Dream nods quickly, voice too cracked and broken to speak anymore. Then George’s fingers curl back around him again, and he feels a wave of tears spring to his eyes at the relief of being touched again, and at the dread of knowing it’s not going to last.

When George removes his hand, they flow freely down his cheeks, and all his boyfriend does is laugh. He must look a sight right now.

Pathetic.

“I think you have just a little bit more left in you, don’t you?” George purrs into his ear as he grabs him *again* , wrapping his lips around Dream’s earlobe and making him shudder as he lightly sucks on it. He nods even though he doesn’t believe it, just wanting to appease George, wanting him to *end* this already.

It feels like they’ve been doing this for *hours* .

This time his hand moves lazily, dragging over his cock slowly, without much real force behind it like he’s fucking *bored* or something, like he’s getting sick of this little game they’re playing. He hopes he is so they can just end it already, but there’s a nagging feeling in the back of his mind-

His brain short-circuits when George suddenly squeezes him tight, thumbs over his slit till Dream’s sobbing and squirming in his touch, jerking his hand hard and fast and perfect until he’s so close, so so close he’s-

And stop.

The hand pulls from him and Dream cries freely, sobbing and sniffing and clutching onto George like a lifeline as he shudders with his entire body. He can’t even feel embarrassed at how pathetic he looks, he just needs to cum. He just needs to cum so bad, that’s all. That’s all and then it’ll be over and he’ll do whatever George likes, just *please*.

But of course, George can't hear his internal begging, and even if he could, he'd just ignore him anyway. Judging by the way he's grinning and cooing at him as he wipes away Dream's tears with long, delicate fingers, he's enjoying this way too much to let it end. Not just yet.

"P-Pl.e..as..e." Dream manages to whine, his voice so gone it's barely a whisper. He has to try. He *has* to. He's going to lose his mind if George doesn't make him cum in the next thirty seconds.

"Aw baby, you really need it so bad, don't you? Just look at you," George coos, swiping away fresh tears as they roll down his cheeks, "have you learnt your lesson, Dream? Will you ever break one of our rules again?"

George pulls his chin so Dream can look straight into his eyes as he speaks. It takes a moment to focus, to blink through the tears so George's face can come properly into view again, but he manages it somehow.

"N-No, I-" he snuffles, "I won't break a rule ever again." It's so quiet he barely even hears it himself, but George seems to understand, even if he doesn't catch every word.

He breaks out into a wide smile, pulls him into a deep kiss and wipes away his tears once more. "I know, darling, I know. It's okay, I've got you. Here." He says, wrapping his hand around Dream's weeping cock one last time and finally, *finally* giving him what he needs.

It's not hurried or lazy or slow this time, it's just a steady build, taking his time without teasing him. He's sobbing again at how good it feels, moaning George's name over and over and *over* again as the fingers curl and stroke and run along him in all the right ways, dragging him closer and closer till the edge until *finally*-

But. Wait. No, George's hand is leaving him, why is George leaving him? Why isn't George touching him?

He's been good! He learnt his lesson, George just said so! He earned this, he was good, so why-?

"Oh Dream," George giggles at him as he pushes him from his lap, smirking as he stumbles to the floor, "you're so cute, you know that? I know you won't break a rule anymore, darling, but I have to hammer the point home, don't I? Otherwise you'll think you can get away with anything."

Dream's brain has completely stopped functioning, so all he can do is blink up from the floor at George, confused as he watches his boyfriend stand, tuck himself back into his trousers, zip himself up and start looping the belt around himself again.

"George?" He asks in a whisper, his legs shaking so bad he can't even push himself onto his knees.

The smile George gives him is only a fraction softer.

"Don't even think about getting yourself off tonight," George says as he settles his belt back into place and turns on his heel to leave, "or I'll make sure you regret it."

The door clicks shut behind him, and suddenly Dream is completely, utterly alone.

Day 10 - Phone Sex (Dreamnotfound)

Chapter Notes

ok had another spacey day again today lmao so this is a little bit shorter than I'd like, and it also may be a complete mess. Sorry about that! I hope its still alright though, would love to hear your thoughts <33

“George,” Dream groans in annoyance after he’s fallen into the third bout of delirious giggles in ten minutes, “go to bed. Seriously, I’m leaving! I’m tired, I wanna go to sleep already.”

“Nooo!” George whines immediately, breaking off into more sleep-deprived giggles at the end, “stay! Come on, I’m not even tired and it’s nearly six for me, just one more round?”

They’ve been at this for nearly an hour, George convincing Dream to play ‘one more round’ of bedwars every time the other tries to say goodbye and go to bed at a normal hour. He’s not trying to be a brat or anything, he’s just having so much fun he doesn’t feel the exhaustion of staying up 22 hours and he doesn’t want to stop.

Logically, he knows it’s going to hit him the moment he tries to go to sleep, maybe even the moment Dream leaves and he’s left to his own devices, but he can’t help keep pushing.

“This is like. The tenth time you’ve said one more round, George, no. I’m going to sleep, and you should too, seriously George. You’re gonna regret it when you wake up and the sun is already starting to set.”

Yeah, probably, but-

“That’s a problem for future George to worry about,” he says, grinning, “present George wants to play video games all night long, baby.”

Dream wheezes, repeats the word back and George easily finds himself falling into a fit of giggles as well. He feels almost drunk, fuzzy with sleep and filter almost completely gone after being on call for nearly five hours. It’s a sign he should go to sleep, he knows that, but he just can’t bring himself to leave.

“I know you didn’t mean it like that, but please don’t ever call me baby again, that was *so* weird.” Dream manages to say through his laughs, and just as George is starting to recover, he bursts out into a fresh wave of giggles.

“You don’t like baby?” he coos teasingly, “what, you prefer sweetie? Honey?”

Dream’s giggles are quieter now, and he can really hear how tired he is by the way his voice is trailing off. George should really let him go to sleep. “Stop.”

“Aww, you don’t like that Dreamie?” George puts on his baby voice briefly just to make fun of him, “don’t act like you wouldn’t *love* if I called you darling or something, you totally would. You’re always so needy, you’re the one always looking for my attention but you don’t like it when I give it to you.”

“I’m not *needy*,” Dream immediately defends himself, sounding annoyed and making George giggle again, “you’re so annoying, I’m literally leaving right now. Fucking *needy*-”

“You *are!* You’re so desperate for my attention, you’re always trying to get me to say it back when you say you love me,” he says, careful with his words so he doesn’t say the ones Dream’s been waiting for accidentally, “I bet I could get you to play another round with me, all I’d have to do is say ‘Dream, baby, *please* -’”

“George I’m leaving,” Dream cuts him off suddenly and George can’t help losing it, “I’m serious, you sound drunk or something, you need to sleep, you’re being ridiculous. Goodnight.”

His voice sounds so serious it makes him laugh *harder*, finding it hilarious that Dream is so affected by a little teasing.

There’s the sound of headphones hitting the desk, and George pays no mind to it as he hears the clicking of Dream’s mouse, sees his character disappear from his screen as he logs out of Hypixel for the night. He feels bad for not saying goodnight properly before Dream left, but there’s nothing to be done now. He’ll send him a message once he’s calmed down enough to hold an actual conversation.

“Fucking *Christ*, ‘baby’?” Dream’s voice comes through his headphones, slightly more muffled like he’s pushed his mic away, and George’s giggles taper off.

Hadn’t Dream just left?

“Why are you so stupid?” He speaks like George can’t hear him, and when he receives no reply to the indignant ‘hey!’ he lets out, he realises that Dream might not know he’s still in call. What, had he been so annoyed that he hadn’t clicked disconnect properly? Didn’t think to check that he was actually gone from vc before he started talking to himself about what he truly thought of George?

His sleep-deprived mind decides in that moment that if Dream’s just going to smack talk him behind his back, then he deserves what’s coming to him, and he hesitates on sending him a message to let him know that he can still hear him just yet.

“I could’ve just gone to sleep.” Dream huffs, sounding more frustrated, and George frowns in confusion. He doesn’t see what that has to do with what he said.

There’s some shuffling which George assumes is Dream taking his leave and going back to his bedroom for the night, and he almost starts typing him a message to let him know he’s still in the call when Dream starts talking again.

“‘*Please*’” he parrots the tone George had used earlier, “are you kidding me? How am I supposed to-” He breaks himself off with an annoyed sigh, and George’s confusion only grows. Maybe it’s because he hasn’t gotten enough sleep, but he’s not really sure what Dream’s talking about right now. He clearly doesn’t sound happy, but it’s not like he’s insulting him or anything.

He should probably leave now, this feels a bit like an invasion of privacy. Whatever Dream’s talking about doesn’t feel like annoyed whining he can make fun of him for later, it sounds like he’s genuinely upset. And while they should definitely talk about this later, after George isn’t riding a high of no sleep and can actually form a proper apology, it’s not fair of him to listen to Dream venting if he doesn’t realise he’s not doing it privately.

“How am I supposed to think of anything else when you-” there’s a small groan and George’s fingers freeze where they rest upon the keys, “when you sound like *that*? All I wanna do is-”

There's a genuine moan this time, and okay. Okay, George's brain might be lagging a bit behind, but he's not stupid. He suddenly knows *exactly* what Dream's been talking about this whole time.

"Just- *fuck*, it's not fair when you don't even know you're doing it." Dream's voice sounds all whiney and breathless, and George doesn't know how to feel about the warmth that spreads through him upon the realisation that *he's* the one that made Dream like this.

Because yes, sure, he's had a slight thing for Dream for a while now and he's been testing the waters a little to see if there's interest there, but this isn't exactly how he'd wanted to find his answer. This is *definitely* an invasion of privacy, definitely fucked up and perverse and he should click out of the call right now, stop listening and *enjoying* it so much.

But as his mouse hovers over the 'disconnect' button, he finds he can't bring himself to click it.

"So annoying, I just wanted to-" he breaks off into another small noise, and George can hear the sound of skin against skin almost silent in the background. There's panting, more and more noises building and okay, he's *definitely* got his hand round his cock right now, because he can very clearly hear him pumping it frantically underneath the sounds of his moans.

He needs to put a stop to this.

He doesn't disconnect though, no, that would probably be the logical thing to do. Disconnect, let Dream have his privacy, talk about it in the morning when they're both more aware and he can apologise properly.

George doesn't know why he doesn't do it, maybe it's just the sleep deprivation making him unrestrained, making him ignore the risks in what he's about to do. Maybe it's just because he's been wanting this for so long, he's gotten too impatient.

Whatever the reason, he decides not to disconnect, and *instead* ...

Someone having fun?

Put your headphones on.

He sends it in a separate channel so Dream actually gets the ping, and as soon as he hears the notification go through on Dream's end, his heart stops. He can't believe he just did that.

All noises stop briefly as Dream clicks his mouse to view the message George sent, and then there's a strangled noise, furious scrambling for something on his desk, which he assumes is his headphones, and Dream's voice practically screams into his ears.

"George?!"

"Yeah, idiot," he says, wincing at the volume, "you forgot to disconnect."

There's a beat of silence.

"I'm *so* fucking sorry," Dream says, voice sounding shaky and genuinely distressed, "I didn't realise, I should have checked oh my god. I can't believe I just started- like *immediately* - you must think I'm a total creep."

George snorts and hums softly. "Only a little bit," he says, "but don't worry. I might never have left myself unmuted, but I've certainly done worse thinking about you." The silence stretches for a long moment and the nerves start to build as he wonders if Dream actually wants this as much as he

does.

Maybe it'd just been casual, maybe he's just attracted to George but doesn't actually want anything from him? Or maybe he'd misunderstood, somehow, it doesn't seem likely, but-

"You... Have?" Dream's voice is quiet, hesitant, and George knows instantly he hadn't misunderstood at all.

Finally, the nerves start to leave him, and he feels himself falling into an easy grin. "Mhm, a lot actually," he confirms, "can't stop myself sometimes, you have such a pretty voice, darling."

He *hears* Dream shudder, and knows he's heading in the right direction. His grin turns slightly predatory.

"God, George I- do you... Do you mind if I-?"

He doesn't *need* to hear the rest of the question really, he knows what he's trying to ask, but he can't stop from teasing him just a little bit more. "Do I mind if you... What, Dream? What exactly are you asking me here?"

There's an annoyed whine and he can hear Dream shifting in his chair uncomfortably. "You're so annoying, making me say it..." he says quietly, then takes a small breath, "do you mind if I... Touch myself? While you talk?"

He lets out a pleased hum, feeling himself go warm all over just from those simple words. "Go ahead, Dream, I bet you're pretty desperate for it already, right?" he asks, and receives a small noise of acknowledgement in return, "you sounded like you were already pretty close when I messaged you. God, you were so loud, so pretty."

Dream whines, and he can hear his hand sliding against slick skin in the background again. "If I had've known you were listening-"

"What?" George cuts him off, "you would have put on a good show for me, Dream? Would've moaned like a whore for me?"

"Y-yeah," Dream says softly, and George just about loses his mind at the way his voice breaks off into a whimper, clearly enjoying something he'd done to himself, "woulda' made real pretty noises, however you like."

George sucks in a breath, leans back in his chair for a moment as he listens to the way Dream breathes, all shuddering and strained like every moment is a constant struggle. Then, he hears Dream's hand stop moving, hears something wet as Dream's moans become muffled, and he realises he's got his fingers in his mouth.

He presses a hand between his own legs, palming himself through his sweats as he hears a wet *pop* and then Dream's hand returning to his cock, the sliding noises sounding much more slick now, wet from his spit.

"You sound good with something in your mouth, you know," George sighs, continuing to palm himself through the material only briefly before he grows impatient, "I'd love to give you something better than fingers, something that'll really make you work for it."

He shoves his sweatpants down his thighs as Dream moans, his chair squeaking as he starts to squirm in it more and more. He's clearly getting close already.

George takes a moment to lick a few stripes along the length of his palm before he wraps his hand around his own cock, annoyed at the fact that his lube is so far away, all the way across his room in his bedside table drawer. He could go and get it, but he doesn't want to interrupt this, doesn't want to give Dream a single chance to be alone with his thoughts, start regretting it.

"I'd really-" Dream gasps and the chair squeaks loudly as he rocks in it, "I'd really like that, *fuck*. Wanna get my mouth on you, wanna know what you taste like, Georgie. Wanna know what you *feel* like."

He moans and grinds into his own hand, his own chair starting to squeak along with Dream's. "Yeah? I bet you've got a real pretty mouth, perfect for me. Bet your lips would look *great* wrapped around my cock. I'd put you on your knees, finally in your place. Always so cocky, but listen to you now; so needy, just like I said."

Dream whines and he laughs a little derisively, his hand squeezing a little tighter around himself. "I'm *not* needy," Dream denies, just like he had earlier, "I just-"

Whatever thought he'd had doesn't get finished as he cuts himself off with a gasp and George hears the chair squeak loudly again a few times in the background.

"Fuck, George, I'm-" Dream sighs lowly, and he doesn't need to hear the rest of it to know, "please. Keep talking? I'm so close."

"Yeah?" he asks, surprised at how strangled his own voice comes out as he speaks, "god, you sound like it. Sound *ruined*, darling, so pretty. Bet I could make you sound even worse if I was there, if I could touch you. Get my hands on your cock, my lips on your neck."

He pushes his hips into his own hand, struggling not to stutter as he speaks while he feels himself climbing closer to the edge along with Dream. It's almost embarrassing how little this is taking, but to be fair it's been *months* of wanting him, of wanting *this*, of imagining it.

It's just as good as he'd always pictured, better even, if that's even possible. Hearing Dream's actual moans, his actual voice- It's a lot.

"I'd love to get my fingers in you too, if I can, love to watch you fall apart underneath me. I'd love to watch you come unraveled while I stretch you open and then keep going. It's so much it almost hurts, you know? I've made people cry just by fingering them. I bet you'd sound pretty begging for me, telling me it's too much, you can't take it, and then-"

Dream's moans are becoming erratic, unrestrained and breathless, and it's all George can do just to keep talking, knowing that he's the one doing this.

"And then it starts feeling good again and you start begging for more, start begging for my cock," Dream whines out something that sounds like 'please' and George matches the noise with a moan of his own, feeling himself starting to leak against his fingers, "god, you'd look so good. I'd spread you out so it's nice and easy for you, then push in real slow, make sure it doesn't hurt."

The chair underneath him creaks again as he thrusts weakly into his hand, his body tensing up all over as he tries to push his way through and keep talking, despite how wrecked his voice has become.

"Maybe I'd make you beg for me to move," George says breathily, listening to Dream's weak moans in the background, "get you so desperate you can't stand it before I finally give you what you want. And then I won't relent; I'll pin you to the mattress and fuck you till you see stars, till

your brains fried and all you can think is my name.”

“ *George-*” Dream whines immediately, his voice cracking with strain.

“Yeah, baby, just like that. Keep saying my name, fuck,” George gasps softly as he swipes his thumb over the tip of his cock and through the slit, rocking into the motion and imagining what it’d be like if it were Dream’s hands on him, “sounds so good when you say it, *everything* sounds so good when you say it, you’re so pretty Dream.”

For a moment the only thing that can be heard from either side of the call is panting, small groans and the sound of their hands working themselves over faster and faster with each passing moment.

“George I-” Dream whimpers, voice so incredibly soft and quiet he almost doesn’t hear it, “please I- I can’t take it, I’m so...” He trails off into a whine and George throws his head back against the headrest of his chair, his toes curling into the carpet as he shudders and twitches in his hand.

“Yeah,” he breathes, “me too, fuck, it’s okay Dream. It’s okay, you can cum, you’ve done so well, been so good for me, so patient,” he starts babbling praise at this point, listening to Dream’s frenzied moans and muttered curses, “god, your voice is so pretty, could listen to you for hours. Wanna keep you in bed all day just to hear you moan, wanna make you feel good so I can hear you scream my name over and over again- *fuck* .”

Dream lets out a long, loud moan while George is mid-sentence, and he can hear the chair squeaking loudly in the background despite the volume of his voice. God, he can picture just how desperate Dream must be right now, fucking his hand through his orgasm with no restraint. It pushes George over the edge too, just thinking about it, and he cums straight into his hand, all over his fingers.

He strokes himself through it, shuddering and panting like he’d just had sex or something, fuck. It hasn’t felt so good to touch himself... Ever, actually.

“Oh my *god* George.” Dream breathes, still coming down. He hums his agreement, his head still fuzzy with the post-orgasm high and making it hard to think, let alone talk.

They sit there panting for a few minutes, the silence tense but not exactly uncomfortable, filled with unspoken questions.

“So. That was a thing we just did.”

Day 11 - Quickie (Dreamnap)

Chapter Notes

god this is,,, very short I'm sorry guys fjdngf I had plans to make this a lot longer with some other scenes, but I actually had to take today off from work bc I wasn't feeling well, so!! I could only manage to do around 2.5k

I don't think its as bad as some of the other stuff I've written tho, so there's that! Hope you enjoy! Hopefully I'll have a much longer chap for you on friday!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As soon as Dream makes it through the door, Sapnap has him slammed up against it, their lips pressed together in a searing kiss as the keys slip from surprised fingers and clatter onto the floor.

“Sap-” Dream says as he grips wildly at the front of his shirt, turning his head so Sapnap can’t bridge the gap to his lips again, “jeez, Sap, *wait* -”

He ignores him, moving to mouth at Dream’s jaw since he can’t access his lips, grabbing at his shirt as well and pulling it untucked before immediately diving his fingers underneath the fabric. Dream’s fingers release from his shirt and instead move to curl into the still-damp hair at the base of his neck.

“I only have ten minutes before I have to leave for work,” Sapnap breathes against warm skin, pushing his fingers higher underneath his shirt until they catch on Dream’s nipples, “I didn’t know if you were gonna be back in time, didn’t wanna shower if we were just gonna make a mess again.”

Holding back a desperate moan as Sapnap’s fingers drag and pull along his chest, Dream leans his head back to thump against the wood of the door, squeezing his eyes shut tightly when a thigh presses between his legs, firm, insistent. He can’t help but grind back against it, feeling the familiar warmth curling through him as his blood starts to rush south.

“But-” and his voice is slightly huskier as he rolls their hips together, “it got too late. So I guess I’ll just have to settle for this.”

And then he swoops down, pushes his head underneath Dream’s shirt to briefly catch a nipple in his mouth, between his teeth. He’s ever so careful, only applying enough pressure for him to *feel* it, and then he starts swiping his tongue back and forth, making him squirm underneath the hands that slide to his hips to keep him in place.

“Oh *god* , Sapnap,” Dream whines as he feels lips move to suck a mark into his sternum, the thigh between his legs rolling a few more times, “fuck, I think this is the fastest I’ve ever gotten hard.”

They both giggle a little breathlessly, and Sapnap pulls his head out of his shirt to stand on his tiptoes and bring their lips together again. It’s still a hurried kiss, but it’s a lot softer than the first, a reassurance.

I’m here. I’ll take care of you.

“Well that was the point,” Sapnap simply says, grinning as he pulls back from his mouth to give

him a brief once-over, taking him in with hungry eyes, “god I wish I could take my time with you, look so good when you dress up, businessman.”

Dream finds himself laughing even as Sapnap brings his lips to his collarbone, threading his fingers back into sweaty, brunette locks. He’s not even dressed that fancy, just a simply button-down shirt and nice slacks for the meeting he’s just come back from, but it seems to do the job well enough for Sapnap.

Although maybe that’s just because they’d been literal minutes away from fucking when he’d been called out earlier that afternoon. It’d been unexpected, last minute, and needless to say they’d *both* been frustrated at the interruption, especially since they’d been planning to use that afternoon to catch up after a couple weeks of nothing more than heated makeouts and rushed handjobs.

They’re just so fucking *busy*, now, and it’s disappointing to know that tonight will end up the same way; quick, dirty and unsatisfying.

“Speak for yourself,” Dream says eventually when Sapnap pulls up his shirt to kiss his way down his chest, slowly sinking to his knees before him, “it should be illegal for you to go to work looking that hot.”

Sapnap grins up at him as his fingers pull at the belt looped around his hips, unbuckling it quickly before sliding it out and unzipping his pants. They dive into his boxers immediately, stroking along his length with careful, deft fingers for a few moments before pulling him out and exposing him to the cool air around them.

“The whole *point* is to look sexy,” he says distractedly as he stares at the leaking tip of Dream’s cock, “get more tips that way, you know?”

He hums, forcing away the jealousy that coils deep in his gut at the idea of other people looking at his boyfriend, *appreciating* him, giving him fucking money in the hopes of catching his eye. He doesn’t blame them, of course, Sapnap’s utterly gorgeous and he knows it, oozing confidence in every flirtatious comment, every lingering touch and every sway of his hips.

But they don’t know the Sapnap underneath like he does, the nervous little thing that stares into the mirror with dead eyes and pulls at his skin hard enough to bruise, the one that needs soothing hands and kisses to his hair and a stable body to hold onto when he feels like his whole world is crashing down around him.

The one that has the goofiest laugh that always makes him smile, no matter what mood he’s in, the one that likes to crawl into his lap and bury his head in Dream’s sweater just to breathe in his scent. That shy, hesitant boy that kissed him with shaking lips when they were just 15, that held his hand so tight he thought it’d bruise.

God, maybe now’s not exactly the *best* time to be reminiscing on their past, making himself almost tear up from the yearning need to touch, to kiss and hold, but he can’t help it. He gets emotional when they fuck anyway, but he’s even more on edge from going so long without proper intimacy that even thinking about the jealousy that would usually make him act out for Sapnap’s attention just makes him think about how he hasn’t had it in so long.

They don’t even appreciate him, but they get him for 6 hours a night? It doesn’t seem fair.

“Hey,” Sapnap’s soft voice breaks him from his thoughts, and he realises he’s just been staring off into space for a while now, “still with me? We can stop if you need, still got a few minutes left to just kiss if you want.”

God, it's a fucking hard choice, but he makes it quickly anyway, shaking his head and tugging Sapnap closer by his hair. "I'm good, I'm good," he reassures, "sorry, I'm just- I just miss you."

Sapnap's smile softens to the point it looks almost sad, and he knows that he understands what he means. "Yeah." Is all he says in return, pushing up on his knees and leaning his head up to press a tender kiss to the v of his hips before settling himself back down lower, between his legs. It's so sweet Dream almost changes his mind, almost pulls him up so they can share a messy, tearful kiss.

But they don't have time for that now, like Sapnap had said, they only have a few more minutes left and his boyfriend seems intent on making use of every single one of them to their fullest extent.

He doesn't waste time teasing, only pausing briefly to clean off the small amount of pre-cum gathered on his tip with his tongue, before he parts his lips wide and starts taking him into his mouth. Dream can't hold back the long, low moan he lets out at the feeling, rolling his hips gently until Sapnap's got him about two thirds of the way down and petting through his hair with unsteady fingers.

Yeah, he's definitely not going to last with the way Sapnap's using his tongue right now.

He knows that's the point though, so he makes no complaints about the way Sapnap immediately starts bobbing his head, one hand pushing back up along his stomach while the other wraps fingers around the base and strokes what he can't fit into his mouth.

"Fuck, Sap," he groans when he feels a tongue teasing his slit, Sapnap catching his breath, "so good, oh my god." He scrambles for some sort of purchase on the door behind him while his other squeezes in Sapnap's hair, tight enough he can feel him moan from the pain.

He starts to sink back onto him again and it takes everything Dream's got to keep his knees from buckling underneath him when he curls his tongue and follows a vein down the shaft, pausing to suck and swallow around him greedily before the bobbing resumes. It gets faster with each time he returns to him, Sapnap pulling out all the stops to get him to cum.

Nails drag slowly down his chest and Dream whimpers loudly, his fingers curling desperately around the doorframe to steady himself. His knees are definitely shaking now, and he can tell how amused Sapnap is by it, lips stretched into a smug smile around him as he hums and moves his hand from his chest to behind his thighs.

It's a lot easier with Sapnap supporting some of his weight, but Dream still feels like he's about to collapse at any second, especially with the way Sapnap's taking him deep into his throat, moaning softly so he can feel the vibrations run straight through his core.

"God, I'm not gonna last if you keep this up, Sap." He says, voice choked and weak already.

Sapnap pulls off him to breathe again and a chain of saliva follows briefly before he licks his lips and breaks it off. "That's the point, Dream," he chuckles breathlessly, panting softly as he swipes his tongue back out to lick at his tip, "I need to leave in like... Well, a minute ago."

And then he dives back in, taking Dream deep and bobbing his head quickly like he's on a mission, digging his fingers into Dream's thighs and massaging the soft skin there as he sucks him dry. It doesn't take him long to get to the edge, the tension in him building higher and higher as Sapnap moans and chokes around him when he starts to roll his hips into his mouth.

His knees start to shake worse than ever, buckling a little so that Sapnap has to grab him by both thighs to hold him up. He chokes slightly from the motion, Dream's cock roughly shoved down his

throat all at once and he struggles to take it, but somehow manages to push through without vomiting all over his dick. Dream is eternally grateful to whatever god is out there for giving him a boyfriend with such a well-trained gag reflex.

“Fuck, sorry.” Dream gasps, feeling himself throb in his mouth when Sap hums around him and gives him a slightly annoyed, slightly amused glare before returning to his work. His eyes flutter closed and Dream watches in awe how he focuses on taking him down his throat each time, obviously concentrating closely on not letting his gag reflex win out.

It’s amazing how focused he can be sometimes, when he really wants something.

He feels his orgasm about to crest just watching him, seeing the way his eyes start to water, how his brows furrow together and how he’s fucking *drooling* all over himself and Dream’s cock. It’s gorgeous.

“Sap,” Dream whimpers, trying to steady his voice enough to speak as he paws weakly at his hair, “Sap I’m close, gonna cum. Feels so good, I- I can’t-”

Sapnap gives a long, stretched out hum in response, dark eyes flickering up to him briefly before he focuses all his energy into sucking and swallowing around him, pushing him over the edge with a skillful tongue that flicks and curls around him. It feels so good that Dream can’t help rolling his hips, forcing Sapnap’s head down and making him take it as his orgasm washes over him in waves.

The hands on his thighs squeeze and pull at his slacks, but Sapnap doesn’t tap out, choking down his cum as a couple of tears slip down his cheeks from the effort.

Eventually, Dream’s grip loosens and he lets Sapnap retreat. He pulls his mouth from him the second he’s allowed and starts coughing and panting wildly, completely out of breath. He drops Dream’s thighs so he’s back on his feet, but his knees immediately buckle beneath him and he falls to the floor on them with Sapnap.

“Ow, fuck, sorry,” he apologises immediately, tries to push himself back up despite his protesting muscles, but Sapnap stops him with a hand curled into his shirt, “Sap-?”

Their lips are smashed together suddenly, and Dream is pushed back roughly until he hits the door again, the muscles in his thighs burning from the stretch of the angle as Sapnap spares him no mercy. His tongue pushes past lips that part in surprise, taking what he wants as he licks into Dream’s mouth, making him taste himself in the kiss.

They both moan into it, and Dream reaches desperately to grab onto Sapnap again, to find purchase, pull him closer and reciprocate what he’d done for him. But as soon as the kiss starts, it stops, Sapnap pushing him away and breathing heavily as he stares at him, dark eyes blown wide with hunger.

“If I didn’t have to go to work right now I’d fuck you so hard you wouldn’t be able to walk properly for a *week*.” He says, and Dream bites his lip to stop himself whimpering desperately. God, he wants that too.

“Fuck work?” He suggests, with a voice so raw one would think *he’d* been the one that just got his throat fucked, and Sapnap smiles ruefully at him as he shakes his head.

“You know I can’t, sorry.” He says, leans forward to give Dream a much softer kiss before pulling away to fiddle with his own hair and smooth it back down from where Dream had thoroughly mussed it up earlier.

“I know,” Dream says, pushing Sappnap’s hands out of the way gently before brushing his hair back from his eyes himself, and smoothing away all the bumps and tangles, “I know, later.” And then he kisses him, soft again but longer, holding him there with hands cupping his cheeks like they’re made of glass.

Sappnap hums softly, pulls away after a long moment and grabs the keys Dream dropped to the floor earlier, pressing them into his hand before pulling them both up onto their feet. He stays standing this time, barely managing it, but still, his legs don’t buckle no matter how hard they shake.

“I’m gonna be *so* late.” Sappnap laughs softly, scrubbing a hand over his sweaty face and looking at him through his fingers, expression softer now, tender and full of longing that Dream knows will only make him spiral if he lets it. Later. Later they’ll get to kiss each other, hold each other, do it *properly* . But for now-

“Think we set the fastest world record for a blowjob speedrun?” He grins wide and Sappnap smacks at him with an exasperated eye roll, both of them falling into childish giggles before eventually, *eventually* Sappnap kisses him one last time, and they say goodbye.

Later, he tells himself.

Later.

Chapter End Notes

Edit: Listen I know I said I was gonna do a chap every other day but this next prompt is,,, a bit hard and getting very long lmao so pls bare with me!!! I'll be posting it tomorrow night, but like I said it should be pretty long so that should make up for it <3333

Day 12 - Getting Caught (Dreamnotnap)

Chapter Notes

Hi hello SO! this is severely late, I know, but tbh I struggled quite a lot with this. Partially because I've never done top Dream or bottom George (like properly, that size different fic doesn't really count lmao) but also bc I've had a lot of stress in my personal life at work this weekend, so!! Hopefully this isn't horrible! It's only 5k so like. I know its not as much as it could be with how long I took, but maybe I'll be able to post a few chaps daily this week to make up for it!

Anyways pls leave a comment if u enjoyed, they feed me <333

He should have expected something like this to happen sooner or later.

Honestly, George is just surprised Sapnap held out for this long, he's relentlessly flirtatious and constantly horny by his own admission, so really it's amazing that him and Dream had never done anything in their apartment before, or at the very least not while George was there.

It'd actually sort of touched him, that Sapnap respected his boundaries enough to keep his PDA with Dream to a minimum. The farthest he'd ever seen them go was that one time he'd caught them in the hallway, where Dream had had Sap pinned against the wall, lips planted firmly together in a heated kiss and Sapnap's fingers pushed casually into the back pockets of Dream's jeans.

He still remembers it clearly, still remembers the way they'd broken apart, flustered, lips red and shiny, slick with saliva. And then, the way they'd looked at him.

Embarrassed, but unabashed, Sapnap in particular never breaking eye contact as he laughed and mumbled out an apology that had *almost* sounded genuine.

Maybe he should've gotten the hint then, that something was going on, but to be fair that'd been *weeks* ago, George had *finally* gotten back to normal around them, had stopped averting his gaze whenever he found themselves in the same room, had stopped making excuses to leave the room whenever they kissed and had even gone back to cracking jokes about it.

Now -

Well, now there's definitely no going back to normal, is there? Not when he's just walked in on his best friend pinning his other best friend to the mattress and slamming their hips together so hard it looks enough to hurt.

“*God*, Dream, right fucking there-” Sapnap moans, cut off by a whimper as Dream slides a hand between his legs, presumably to start jacking him off, though George can't exactly see from this angle, Sapnap's legs around Dream's hips are blocking the view.

Not that he wants the view, he *definitely* doesn't want it, he doesn't think he'd be able to get the image out of his brain if he had to see his best friend's hand around his roommate's cock. And yet, here he stands, hand still shaking on the doorknob where he'd pushed it open, not even registering that he hadn't even needed to turn it for the door to swing with his touch, too distracted by

something on his phone.

He doesn't even remember what it was now, something he needed to show Sapnap that didn't really seem to matter anymore.

"Fuck, yeah, like that, c'mon Dream just like-" Sapnap whines and breaks off into a gasp, eyes rolling into the back of his head as George stands there, willing himself to say something, to move, to apologise, *something*, "so good, fuck, feels so- *ah!* Dre- Drea- *George!*"

Their eyes connect and George goes even more rigid if it's possible, caught like a deer in headlights underneath Sapnap's wide, panicked eyes.

"Quiet," Dream hisses, slapping a hand over Sapnap's mouth like George isn't literally standing right there, "don't fucking- don't fucking *do* that, not *here*, Sap, what if he comes home and hears you?"

George's mouth falls open and Sapnap turns his gaze to Dream, even more panicked and a little pissed off. The cogs in George's head start to turn as Sapnap slaps the hand off his mouth and he starts putting the pieces together.

Don't do that *here*.

Don't do that *here*? As in, the only reason Sapnap isn't allowed to moan George's name is because the man in question might overhear them?

"You idiot, he's right *there!*" Sapnap says quickly, using the leg hooked around Dream to force him still, and then suddenly both pairs of eyes are on him, wide with shock and embarrassment, not at all the same as it had been in the hallway. The energy then had almost been playful, from Sapnap, the way he'd laughed had been casual and nonchalant, now-

"I- I was just-" George doesn't know what to say really, doesn't know how to explain himself when he doesn't even know himself why he'd just stood there and watched them for nearly 20 seconds like some pervert getting off to watching his friends fuck.

"Fucking hell, George-" Dream says, dropping the hand holding up Sapnap's thigh and turning bright red at the same time Sapnap says, "I'm so sorry, we thought you were out-"

"Yeah, we'd never-"

"Not while you were *here*-"

George's head spins but he still can't seem to break his eyes away from the pair of them, even though he *knows* he should, even though he knows how embarrassing it must be to have him staring at them like this. It's just-

He's never really thought about it before, but god, his friends are actually really fucking hot, aren't they?

It's never been something he's paid attention to, Dream and Sapnap have *always* been together, so even if he'd noticed that his two best friends were very good looking guys, he'd never thought about what they would look like doing *this*.

"Um, George," Sapnap tries again, voice softer, hesitant as Dream gently drags the blanket up to cover their hips and offer them some semblance of privacy, "I'm *really* sorry, it's not- well it *is* what it sounds like, but that wasn't- I don't want this to be weird, okay?"

George swallows nervously, nods his head and feels his throat constrict around the words he wants to say, and all that comes out is a soft sort of whimper. Dream immediately ducks his head, mutters something under his breath the same time as Sapnap's eyes widen just a fraction and he snags his lip between his teeth.

He watches the movement carefully, hears his heart pounding in his ears as Sapnap's mouth falls slightly open in surprise. He needs to hold down another whimper when he watches Sapnap curl his lips into a smirk, then dart out his tongue to wet them.

"George," Sapnap says, still careful but a lot less hesitant, "c'mere."

He moves his hand from Dream's bicep to hold it out to him, beckoning him closer as Dream snaps his head up to stare back and forth between them wildly. "Sapnap-"

"Shut up," he responds easily, eyes never leaving George's, "you want this... Don't you?" It's not really a question.

George isn't sure what he wants, he'd never even thought this was an option. Is he really about to have a threesome with his two best friends? His two very in love, very happily committed to each other, in a *fucking relationship* best friends?

"I... Can I?" He asks slowly, and now Dream's eyes are glued to him too. They're both watching him.

"Yes," Sapnap says, quiet, "if you want."

He wants to tell them he doesn't want a threesome, wants to tell them that he can't just do a one night stand, but the words don't even make it to his throat before he's choking them down. He's never even thought of them this way before tonight, he can't exactly go around asking for a serious commitment when he's not even sure of his own feelings.

"Yeah," George says instead, "I think I do."

And then Sapnap is reaching out again, gentle, giving him every opportunity to back out as he slowly takes a few steps forward, crossing the threshold into Sapnap's room and making his way toward them until he's about an inch from the bed. Dream shuffles back a little so Sapnap can sit up, and it's slightly awkward with them still (literally) attached at the hip, but neither of them seem to pay it much mind.

"Were you having fun watching us, Georgie?" Sapnap asks him in a slightly teasing voice as he reaches out to lay his palm on George's cheek, pressing his thumb lightly to his bottom lip, "didn't Dream look gorgeous blowing my back out? He's really good at it, you know."

George takes a small breath, leaning into Sapnap's touch, maintaining eye contact as he wraps his lips slightly around his finger, giving it a feather-light kiss. "You both looked good." He says, smiling just a little at the way Sapnap's eyes go wide and dark, the way Dream looks away almost nervously and covers his mouth with his hand like he's trying to stop himself from outright moaning.

"Dream," Sapnap says suddenly, barely even sparing a glance toward his boyfriend, "I think George might be wearing too many layers right now, what do you think?"

The man in question hums, turning to look at George properly now, his cheeks tinged with pink and sweat still rolling down his forehead. He bets if he reaches out and places his hand against Dream's chest, he'd probably still be able to feel his heartbeat racing.

“Yeah,” Dream says after a moment, voice low as he reaches out with one hand to grab George by his belt loops until his knees hit the bed, “I think you’re right, Sap, we should help him out.” And then suddenly there’s hands all over him, Sapnap moving from cupping his cheek to use both his hands to unbutton his jeans while Dream dips his fingers underneath the hem of his shirt and pulls it off and above his head in one swift motion.

Sapnap finally gets the zipper down, then Dream helps him push the fabric down to below George’s knees, where he then shuffles to kick them off, leaving him just in his boxers. There’s a hand on his hip, a hand in his hair, and Sapnap exchanges a quick kiss with Dream before tugging George closer, leaning up and tilting his head close enough for them to share air.

For a moment, he wonders if they’re going to stay like this, if Sapnap is going to tease him all day, but then he sees him quirk his eyebrow questioningly, hears Dream snicker and realises that he’s waiting for George to make the first move.

Still making sure he wants this?

Feeling a little more confident, George raises his hand to Sapnap’s cheek, dips his thumb to drag across slightly damp lips, grinning a little at the shiver the small touch produces before he finally leans in. He presses their lips together gently at first, thumb dragging along Sapnap’s cheek as he tilts his head to get a better angle.

Then Sapnap grows impatient. He presses into him with a little more urgency and George chuckles against his lips before giving him what he clearly wants, parting his lips to slide his tongue into Sapnap’s mouth.

They kiss for a while like that, licking into each other’s mouths, George’s fingers curling into the back of Sapnap’s hair as they chase each other, breathing heavily but not wanting to part for air. He feels like he could do this forever.

But then Dream makes a sort of whining noise beside them, and he comes back to reality.

“*Sapnap*.” He says, and when George pulls back to look at him, slightly flustered at just how into that he’d gotten, he notices Dream’s lips are pulled into a pout.

“Yeah, yeah,” Sapnap says with a slight roll of his eyes, leaning back to rest his weight on his hand on the mattress behind him, making room for Dream, “your turn.”

Dream lights up like a puppy with a new toy, and George feels himself go warm all over in a way that’s different from how Sapnap made him feel, but still just as nice. Then, he leans into the space Sapnap had just occupied, bringing his hand to the side of George’s neck and smirking when he shivers slightly from the touch.

He doesn’t bother waiting for George to make the first move, closing the distance between their lips in one fell swoop and immediately melting into the kiss. They start off with Dream dominating the kiss, exploring his mouth with a skilled tongue and an endless hunger, but after a while he starts to soften, letting George take just as much as he gives.

“He’s sad ‘cause I got you first,” Sapnap says after a long moment of silence and George blinks his eyes open to stare at him as Dream moves to mouth at his jaw, “but fair’s fair, isn’t that right Dreamie? After all, I’ve wanted you from the day I met you, George.”

Dream presses a kiss to his pulse point at the exact same time and he can’t help the gasp he lets out, tilting his head back to give him better access as his eyes slip shut from pleasure. He can’t

really believe it, Sapnap hadn't even been *dating* Dream when they'd met, so-

"Hey," Dream says suddenly, curling his fingers round George's chin and tilting his head down to look at him, "don't look away. Sapnap's talking to you."

And then he dips his head back down, kissing his way to George's collarbones while Sapnap smirks smugly at him, reaching to pet his fingers through Dream's hair as he works.

"That's right," Sapnap says, voice innocent, laced with mock offense, "I can't believe you won't even look at me while I'm trying to give you a compliment, George." He can't help but whimper, Dream's teeth nipping along the hollow of his neck and Sapnap's words still settling somewhere low in his stomach.

His throat closes up around an apology before he can get it out, and Sapnap's smirk grows wider as he watches George's struggle.

"Does it surprise you?" Sapnap asks, instead of teasing him more, "I can't believe you didn't notice, we both thought you were straight you know, with the way you acted. When we first met you'd jump away like you were burned every time I touched you, so we both gave up on our little crushes pretty quickly and decided to just get together, right Dream?"

He hums in agreement, the fingers on George's chin sliding to lay gently against his neck as he moves to kiss along the length of his shoulders. "I didn't meet you till after, so that's why Sap got first dibs, but now that I have you I'm gonna make it *good* ." Dream says against his skin, gently nipping his skin and making him shiver.

Sapnap rolls his eyes again, fingers tightening in Dream's hair before yanking him back from George's shoulder. Before Dream can even say anything, Sapnap has their lips pressed together in a searing kiss and George watches in wonder as he easily pulls him back to heel. He gets Dream melting into the kiss and whimpering in under 30 seconds.

"Who has him, exactly?" Sapnap asks as he pulls back from the kiss, a trail of saliva connecting their lips as he holds Dream back from following him by his hair.

"Both of us, not just me." Dream pants, looking a little dazed as he stares hungrily at Sapnap's mouth. It curls into another smirk before Sapnap turns back to face George, looking more smug than ever at his accomplishments.

"Dream might be a top, but I can still get him all weak and needy for me like this, isn't that right?" he spares a glance to Dream, who simply nods his head dazedly, "see? If you're nice to me maybe I'll help convince him to do whatever you want, Georgie. He can be very agreeable when you know the right buttons to press."

At this, Dream huffs, his eyes losing some of their haze as he shakes his head free of Sapnap's grip and leans down to bite meanly at his neck. "Don't test me *too* much, now, Bratnap. I might be in a good mood for George, but I'll remember this later."

Sapnap moans long and low as Dream pulls back from his neck, leaving indents in his skin in his wake, and George feels the urge to plant his mouth right on top of it, run his tongue along the ridges.

He doesn't, he has *some* self control. But he can't seem to tear his eyes away from it.

"Good," Sapnap smiles, then shifts and reaches to push some hair away from George's eyes, "see? Buttons."

Dream doesn't look happy at being walked into a trap, but he doesn't say anything, probably knowing from experience that he can't win when Sapnap can still run his mouth. George doesn't even know what to say, he's pretty far out of his depth here, cornered between two people who clearly know each other inside out, can read each other like a book while George can only speculate about the intent behind their eyes.

"You'll have to show me some of them sometime," he says after a long moment, breaking the tense quiet that had started to form in his hesitation and making them both break into smiles, "I'd love to be able to get him to do *that*."

He presses his fingers lightly into the bite mark and feels the breath in his throat catch as Sapnap's eyes flutter shut and he leans into the touch. Then, before he can talk himself out of it, he presses forward and leans down to replace his finger with his mouth, making Sapnap gasp as he swipes his tongue over the indents, pressing his teeth into them for just a moment, enough to feel.

"Fuck," it's Dream that moans, and George tilts his head to stare at him with an amused smile, "just ask. Literally, just ask and I'll do it whenever George." He breathes, and Sapnap hums his agreement. Clearly they both think what he just did was hot.

"But that kinda takes the fun out of it, doesn't it?" George tilts his head innocently, grinning wider at the way Dream stares, "isn't the whole point making you *take* what you want? That's why you like it so much, right Sap?"

He tilts his head again and is met with dark eyes staring back at him hungrily. It makes him shiver and he straightens up, moving back from Sapnap's chest as they both eye him over, feeling a lot less playful with the new tension in both of their gazes.

"I've got first dibs," Sapnap says suddenly, turning to face Dream and seemingly having a silent conversation for a few moments as they stare at each other, before eventually Dream rolls his eyes and backs down, "c'mere, Georgie, get on the bed and make yourself comfy."

Dream and Sapnap shift again, this time disentangling completely so George can climb onto the back and settle against the pillows while Sapnap flips around to face him. He wonders briefly how they'd managed to stay almost nonchalant through that whole ordeal, teasing each other and joking like Sapnap didn't have Dream's cock inside him that entire time.

But then he's distracted pretty quickly as Sapnap's hands run over his thighs and start to spread them slowly. His touch is so warm and nice that George finds it hard to be embarrassed at how clearly hard he is in his boxers, finds it hard to fucking *breathe*.

And then Dream is shifting behind him, one of his hands curling around Sapnap's hip as his other goes between his legs, presumably lining himself up before slowly pushing back into him. He *definitely* can't breathe, god, Dream's really just... Fucking Sapnap right in front of him like it doesn't even matter that George is inches away from his boyfriend's face.

"I can't wait for you to feel him, Georgie," Sapnap says, sounding like he's barely holding off a moan so he can talk, "I don't know if you've been fucked before, but it's *really* good. Kinda wanna do it myself, but-"

He breaks off into a whine as Dream snakes a hand between his legs to curl around his length, flushed red and neglected.

"But- fuck, tonight I really just wanna get my mouth on you," he pants softly, grinding his hips back against Dream when he refuses to move any faster, "that okay?"

George just nods, letting Sapnap do whatever he pleases as long as he gets *something* because fuck, he's really, really hard right now.

Dream groans behind him softly like Sapnap's doing something he likes, and the man in question smirks up at George, pushing forward to catch him in the briefest of kisses before settling himself back down between his legs.

Almost on instinct, George finds himself spreading his thighs a little more as Sapnap makes himself cozy, resting his cheek against his inner thigh while his hand delves into George's boxers. His hips stutter, pushing up into the touch while he whines, and Sapnap nips lightly at the skin of his thigh before smiling and pulling the fabric down just enough to release him.

"Damn, Georgie," Sapnap says a little breathlessly as he gets his first proper look, "fuck, if I had've known you were packing *this* I would've begged you to let me suck you off at least once, straight or not."

He feels himself flush at the words, squirming slightly under both of their gazes. It's not like he's even that big, he's literally just average, but he supposes he can understand where Sapnap's coming from. That sort of stuff doesn't really matter when you like someone, right? That's what he thinks, anyway.

"Yeah I bet," Dream laughs from behind him, fingers squeezing harshly into Sapnap's hip to make him gasp, "little cockslut, you would have fucked him the second he asked, even if I wasn't here, right?"

George is almost about to say that he would *never*, even if he'd known he was attracted to them he never would have tried to break them up like that just for a quick fuck. But then Sapnap smiles, sends a wink up at him.

"You know it," he purrs, then darts his tongue out to run it across the length of George's cock, cutting off all thought process immediately, "don't worry, Georgie. We both agreed, it wouldn't have been cheating if it was you."

He barely has enough brain power to process that, especially as Sapnap curls his fingers around him, pulls back the foreskin and lays his tongue flat against the head, but eventually it registers. They really have wanted him this whole time.

"Yeah, just you," Dream agrees, throwing him a genuine smile before leaning down and grabbing the back of George's head to pull him in for a kiss, "we really like you, George, seriously. I think we're both glad that the feeling seems mutual, but we were prepared for it to never happen, or for it to only be one of us."

He only pulls back enough so they can look each other in the eyes as he speaks, and he can feel Dream's breath hot on his lips, making him feel dizzy and weak. He doesn't even know what to say to that.

Sapnap pulls his mouth from him and lays a gentle kiss on his thigh, forcing George to look down at him as he smiles the same as Dream, genuine and soft in a way that makes his toes curl and his stomach do backflips. "We'll have a proper talk later, okay?" he asks, smiling wider when George gives him a shaky nod in return, "good."

And then Sapnap's mouth is on him again, taking him in earnest now as Dream pulls back to start grinding their hips together again, picking right back up where he'd left off.

It feels like too much at the same time it's not enough, Sapnap's mouth is heaven around him, but he's only teasing, only taking him in halfway as he bobs his head with slow, long strokes. It doesn't help to hear the way Dream moans, to see the way Sapnap's skin comes away white from the force of Dream's grip on his hip when he adjusts his fingers.

He's going to go crazy.

"Sapnap, Dream," he whines, throwing his head back against the bedpost, "stop *teasing*."

Sapnap looks at him with dark, amused eyes, then Dream reaches over, carefully sliding his hand down the length of Sapnap's back and making him shudder, something akin to anticipation in his eyes now as fingers curl into his hair. "You heard him," Dream says quietly, then pushes Sapnap's head down until his nose hits skin, "stop teasing, Sap, *take it*."

Even George has to moan at that, the words alone sending a shock through him, but the vibrations from the noises Sapnap makes are even better.

Dream doesn't let his grip on Sapnap's hair go as he fucks into him, forcing him up and down at the same brutal pace. He can hear muffled choking, can feel the drool starting to build up and slide past his lips, making a mess all over George as Dream continues, unrelenting.

"His mouth feels good, right?" Dream asks him after a few moments, pulling Sapnap back to breathe for a moment before diving right back in, "you're lucky I trained him so well, he's such a little cockslut but his gag reflex used to be horrible. He wanted it so bad but he couldn't even take two thirds. Now look at him, drooling all over you and begging for more."

All George can do is moan, reaching out to curl his fingers desperately around the wrist in Sapnap's hair, his other hand clawing at the sheets. He doesn't know how he's going to last, especially with the way Sapnap's moaning from those words. He definitely seems to have a bit of a degradation thing going on.

Honestly, he can't blame him, with the way Dream's talking, he doesn't think he'd mind being a cockslut all that much either.

"Please!" Sapnap whines the next time Dream lets him come up for air, panting and trying to lick the spit from his mouth, "I'm so fucking close, Dream, wanna make George cum first, will you let me?"

Dream hums like he's thinking it over, giving Sapnap just enough time to recover his breath before forcing his mouth back onto George's cock and making them both moan from the feeling. "Only if you're good and you take it. However George wants. On the face or in his mouth?" He asks, and George is so busy seeing stars he doesn't hear the question at first.

He swallows, licks his lips and squeezes Dream's wrist lightly, taking a few shuddering breaths so his voice won't crack as he speaks. "Either, anything, I don't care Dream, just wanna cum."

His hips stutter as they slam into Sapnap, and Dream groans, ducking his head for just a moment before looking back up at him with dark, hungry eyes.

"You heard him Sapnap," he says, leaning down to speak next to his ear, "be a good boy and make him cum, okay? Then we'll see about helping you out."

George feels the vibrations of the moan Sapnap makes more than he hears it, and then suddenly Dream's hand disappears, pulling from George's grip to return to Sapnap's hips. He starts up a faster pace this time, slamming in hard enough to make an audible slap with each thrust.

The movement forces Sapnap back down on his cock so quickly that if he wanted to pull up for air, he'd have some difficulty, and that idea alone is nearly enough to send him over the edge. But that's not what does it.

"Fuck, Sapnap, *George*, feels so good." Dream moans and he goes warm all over, feeling the tension coiling tighter and tighter until he looks down and sees Sapnap staring up at him, pupils blown wide, glossed over and dazed, completely fucked out.

He looks so good like that.

That's the last coherent thought he has before he's reaching to grab Sapnap's hair, thrusting his hips into his mouth as quickly as Dream moves inside of him and forcing him to take every last inch even as he starts to choke again. A hand lands on his thigh, but he doesn't tap out, instead Sapnap looks up at him, blinks slowly and pats against his leg just once. Giving him the go ahead.

It's like a dam breaks, the tense coil inside him snap and it all comes rushing out as he fucks Sapnap's throat raw, Dream following not that far behind him as he pulls out of Sapnap's mouth to make sure he coats his face at least a little. It's only really a slight dribble down his cheek, but when Dream pulls him up so Sapnap's on his knees, back pressed to chest, he hungrily licks it away, taking all that he can get.

And then they're kissing, hungry and messy and desperate, Dream searching for more as he licks into Sapnap's mouth, chasing his tongue. All George can do is watch, limbs feeling so weak and wobbly that all he can do is place his hand gingerly on Sapnap's hip, fingers brushing against Dream's.

When Dream cums, Sapnap follows quickly after, not even having to touch himself to be pushed over the edge, and he watches them both in awe. The way their faces twist in ecstasy, the way they grab at each other wildly, moaning each other's names - *and George's* - it's enough that he's sure if he could get hard again, he would.

After a few long moments, they seem to start to slow down, grinding against each other to ride the last waves of their orgasm as their kiss turns gentle, lingering. For a moment he almost feels awkward, starts to pull away, but then Dream catches his hand, places it back on Sapnap's skin, then covers it with his own palm, holding him there.

Eventually they break apart and instead of pausing for air, Sapnap immediately descends on him, pulling him into a lazy, messy kiss and curling a hand at the back of his neck, just slightly pushing into his hair. It lasts for a long time, long enough for Dream to grow impatient and start whining again, tugging at Sapnap and complaining about him hogging George all night and-

And they'll definitely be talking about this later, but for right now he's happy to just enjoy this moment.

Day 13 - Morning Sex (Georgenap)

Chapter Notes

hi guys! If you follow my twitter, you probably know why this took a little longer again, so I'm sorry about that <33

anyways I really hope you enjoyed bc it did take a while but I worked really hard to get this done, and to do it right!! Also I've decided to post this as it's own separate oneshot once the month is over, because I have a lot more I'd like to add to the scene when I get the chance, so if you see it pop up, don't worry!! It's gonna have a LOT more content, and probably a healthy amount of editing since a lot of this was written at like 2 am every night lmao

ok lemme know what u think in the comments! enjoy!! I'm gonna go pass out now
kdfjgfds

He's the first to wake, as is usual for them. George isn't exactly a morning person, per-se, but Sapnap's the kind of person that could sleep for 12 hours if you just left him. Luckily, George is here to coax him from his slumber, a much nicer wake up call than the alarm he's got set on his phone.

It only takes him a few moments to blink the sleep from his eyes before he starts becoming aware enough to notice the light streaming through the gap in the blind, hitting the exact spot where he assumes Sapnap's head had been before he'd buried it in George's chest to escape. He lifts his hand before he's even aware he's doing it, carding his fingers through soft, dark hair.

There's an arm slung over his waist, Sapnap's feet intertwined with his, and George thinks he could really get used to this. He could really, *really* get used to this, fuck, he needs a stupid green card already.

He reaches over, paws at the mattress behind Sapnap for a moment until his fingers land on his phone. He grabs it, carefully pulling the charger out to bring it closer to himself, and unlocking the screen to a blinding light. He quickly lowers the brightness after squinting at the screen like it's the surface of the sun or something, his eyes slowly, slowly adjusting to the new brightness in the room.

Sapnap makes a small sort of whine from all the movement, burying his face deeper into George's chest and dragging his hand further up his back, squeezing him tight. George hums softly, a small apology as he tilts his head to press a light kiss at the top of Sapnap's hair, feeling warm and loose and like he could slip back into sleep at any moment.

He doesn't do much more than turn off his alarms for the morning, only briefly stopping to text back Dream, who'd sent him a few messages last night making sure his plane landed safely.

sorry

all good, got distracted w Sap last night

He sends it and doesn't wait for a response before turning his phone onto silent and pushing it underneath the pillows so it's out of the way.

Then it's just him and Sapnap, no plans for the day other than catch up and he considers letting him sleep a little longer, he definitely deserves it after the night they've had. But then Sapnap's hand shifts, seeking George's warmth as it dips underneath the back of his shirt and splays against his shoulder blades, soft even as it squeezes him closer.

His heart melts.

He brings his hand back to Sapnap's hair again, easily pushing his fingers through it and smiling when he makes a small noise of appreciation, digging his nails in just slightly every once in a while, chasing those sweet whines and sleepy mumbles Sapnap lets out whenever he gets his fingers somewhere he likes.

It's addictive, being like this, and it hurts a lot, too, knowing that in two weeks time he'll have to go again and they'll be back to how it was before, messaging every day, calling when they can, wishing they weren't oceans apart from each other.

Soon, he has to remind himself before he lets his emotions overtake him completely, *soon you'll get a job here, you'll have savings, you'll get a visa.*

He doesn't know when 'soon' is, but it's enough to distract him for now, he doesn't want to spend all his time here wallowing after all, he wants to appreciate every last second they have together. He doesn't want to waste a single one.

After a while he lets his hand drop from Sapnap's hair, shuffling a little bit to move the arm that's currently trapped underneath his head to try and get some blood flow back to his fingers. He settles back down when he's more comfortable, and Sapnap presses back into him immediately, mumbling something incoherent under his breath as his fingers press into George's spine insistently, like he wants to drag him even closer, crawl into his skin.

George understands the feeling, he'd had the same urge last night when he'd pulled Sapnap on top of him after they'd gotten ready for bed, cradled his head against his chest and wrapped their legs together. It still hadn't been enough.

Will it ever be?

Sapnap lets out a small sigh as George runs his hand down the back of his neck, over his shoulders and down his back, and he follows the overwhelming to press a kiss to the top of his head, letting his lips linger as he traces random patterns into his shoulder blades. He lets his palm settle for a moment, closes his eyes and breathes deeply for a long moment, letting himself sink into the moment, trying to memorise it.

It's so warm and Sapnap is so soft, he almost finds himself dozing off again, lulled into a trance by their matched, deep breathing. But Sapnap shifts before he can, pressing his lips to the front of his shirt and squeezing his fingers into his back, the movement only just being enough to keep him awake for a little longer.

He wishes he hadn't put on his shirt last night, it'd be nice to feel Sapnap's lips on bare skin, but oh well, too late for that now, isn't it? He can't take it off, either, he looks too cute to disturb.

This time George lets his eyes slipped closed, but refuses the pull of sleep, focusing instead on the warm body in his arms, on Sapnap, on how he needs to savor this moment, how he *wants* to. It

feels like hours that they lay there, but it could be minutes honestly, George can't tell anymore.

It's nice to just... Hold him. He'd almost forgotten what it was like, to be honest, how big Sapnap is, how soft his skin feels under George's touch, how sweet his hair smells, apple and peach from the conditioner George had bought him as a joke once and he'd refused to stop using since.

He doesn't want to forget. He really, really doesn't want to forget, he wants to spend forever with him just like this, memorising the feeling, trying to sear it into his brain even though he knows it won't work. It never does.

But they can't spend forever like this, least of all because he much prefers Sapnap when he's awake and they can touch properly, and only partly because his arm is really starting to tingle under Sapnap's weight. He moves them gently, not enough to wake Sapnap up yet because that's not how he wants it to happen, making sure to cradle Sapnap's head as gently as possible as he flips him onto his back and lays him down there.

He's not awake yet, but he still whines in protest as George's warmth briefly disappears, head tilting to press into the wrist that's still holding his head, and his hands pulling his back, trying to drag them chest to chest. He laughs softly, let's himself fall into the touch as he settles on Sapnap's chest, then leans up to press a light kiss to his jaw.

Sapnap sighs in contentment, hand dragging up and down George's back slowly and making him smile at how cute it is, how cute he *looks*, all soft and warm in the dim light. He can't help but give his jaw another kiss, then another, moving to press his palm to Sapnap's chest just so he can feel his heartbeat underneath his fingers and then ducking his head a little lower to place a kiss on his neck.

It's fun, hearing the incoherent mumbles he makes, the soft breaths he takes, the way he tilts his head, unconsciously baring his neck for easy access. His neck has always been pretty sensitive, like most of the spots on Sapnap's body, so he takes advantage of it immediately, kissing over the many marks he left there the previous night, apologising, but also appreciating them. They're beautiful, *Sapnap's* beautiful, and he knows it's probably inconvenient having so many visible hickeys on your neck for the whole world to see, but he can't seem to bring himself to care.

They both like it like this anyway, having Sapnap marked all over, claimed as George's.

With a soft hum, Sapnap drags his hand down George's back again, his nails pressed flat against skin as he does and making him shiver slightly from pleasure. He can still feel the scratch marks healing from last night, but it doesn't hurt enough to bother, only enough to remind him.

He likes being reminded.

For a few moments, he lets it stay like that, Sapnap's hand warm on his back, George's lips damp against his neck, trailing along the skin light enough to make him shiver. Then Sapnap makes a small sort of whine, shifts underneath him and George's lips curl into a smile before pressing firmly to his neck again, sucking light enough to leave just one more small mark.

Maybe it's overkill, but he'd leave marks on every inch of Sapnap's body if he could, make his body a canvas and turn him into his finest masterpiece.

Sapnap shifts underneath him again, making more small noises as George dips his fingers underneath the hem of his shirt, dancing along the skin of his stomach and he knows he's slowly starting to stir from sleep. He's always been a pretty heavy sleeper though, so George feels comfortable playing with him a bit longer like this.

“You’re so pretty.” He murmurs, pulling back briefly just enough to look down at him, fingers still tangled in dark locks from when he turned them over. It’s a stark contrast to his pale skin, and to the white pillowcase it splays out onto underneath, dark enough in this light he could almost be convinced it’s black.

He pulls his hand from Sapnap’s chest, lifting it to trace his fingers along his stubbled jaw, soft cheeks, before laying his palm flat against the side of his face and reaching to swipe his thumb across his bottom lip. Mesmerized, George watches the soft pull, feels Sapnap make something between a gasp and a sigh against his skin, and the urge to kiss him properly overtakes him.

He closes the small gap between them, pushing his thumb just slightly underneath his lips to be out of the way, but using it to stroke small circles into tender skin. Their lips brush together softly and he feels Sapnap take a small breath, his lips just barely moving against George’s, still not quite fully awake yet but enjoying the sensation.

Unable to stop himself from smiling, George hums as Sapnap’s fingers dig into his back slightly, shifting to press his thigh between his legs softly, but firm enough to hear him gasp. Shifting again, George moves off to the side slightly to give himself more leverage, his other leg falling back down onto the mattress so he can crook his knee and grind his thigh down.

“Mmh?” Sapnap gasps softly against his lips, and George opens his eyes just enough to see his eyelashes flutter prettily, on the verge of blinking open. He slides his hand on Sapnap’s cheek down, resting it on the curve of his jaw briefly before trailing his fingers down his neck, over his collarbones, then along his chest.

He dips his fingers back up underneath the hem of his shirt again, stroking his soft, slightly fuzzy stomach, then slides upwards to rest his palm to one of Sapnap’s pecs. Rolling his thigh to a slow, consistent rhythm now, George tilts his head to deepen their kiss, swiping his tongue along the seam of Sapnap’s lips until they part in a small gasp, and he takes the opportunity to delve into his mouth.

Sapnap makes a strangled sort of whine, and George can’t help laugh a little as he rolls their tongues together, still watching Sapnap’s eyelashes fluttering until they slowly, slowly start to open. It’s almost not enough to not be noticed, he only cracks them open just enough for their eyes to meet for barely a second before closing them again, but George knows he’s still awake by the way he sinks into the kiss, hips grinding back against the thigh pressing into him.

“Georgie?” Sapnap mumbles after a few long moments, voice croaky and thick with sleep. It makes George want to hold him tight and never let him go.

“Good morning, sleep well?” He asks, only disconnecting their lips long enough for him to speak before swooping right back in, licking into Sapnap’s warm and pliant mouth with ease.

His fingers stroke along Sapnap’s chest until he gasps as one of them brushes one of his nipples, and suddenly the fingernails on his back once more dig into the tender, broken flesh. George winces, pulls back from the kiss to lay his forehead on Sapnap’s cheek and takes a shaky breath, his brain nearly short-circuiting from the small touch.

Maybe his body is still just in the middle of booting up, but everything feels more sensitive like this, his nerve endings firing under the tiniest of movements. Maybe it’s just that they’ve been apart for so long; it felt just like this last night, too.

“Sorry.” Sapnap says softly as he presses a kiss into the side of George’s hair, immediately smoothing his fingers over the spot soothingly.

“Don’t be,” George replies immediately, pressing wet, open-mouthed kisses along his jaw until he reaches his lips again, “it’s a good pain. I like it.”

Sapnap exhales shakily into his mouth and George grins, taking his lip between his teeth and tugging gently before letting it snap back into place and pressing in. “You can’t just *say* that.”

He giggles, pecks Sapnap’s lips one last time before pulling back to stare down at him, still slowly dragging his thigh between his legs. “Oh?” he asks innocently, enjoying the flush to Sapnap’s face, the way his eyes struggle to stay open as sleep threatens to take him back at any moment, “why not?”

The pout Sapnap gives him is enough to make him properly laugh, and he leans to rest his forehead against the side of his neck. “Don’t laugh at me, Georgie!” He whines, only succeeding in making George giggle *more* .

“I’m not laughing at you,” he promises, despite barely muffling his laughter in Sapnap’s skin, “I just think it’s cute how flustered you get sometimes.” He presses one small kiss to Sapnap’s neck, then pulls back again to look down at him.

He really is cute like this, flushed pink and eyes hazy, soft lips pulled into a pout while his body betrays just how much he’s enjoying this against George’s thigh. It’s barely been two minutes and still, he’s almost completely hard. He’s probably having too much fun making Sapnap come undone underneath him like this, but sue him, it’s been too *long* .

“I’ve missed you,” Sapnap says suddenly, mirroring George’s thoughts exactly, “it’s better when you’re here. Y’know, like, really here, where I can touch you.” He punctuates the words by dragging his hands along George’s back again, sliding one of them around to glide up his chest until he’s got it curled around the side of his neck.

George tilts his head, lets his eyes slip closed as he takes in the touch, takes in a long, slow breath and hums. “Yeah.” He says.

I’ve missed you too, he doesn’t say, *I love you, I want to touch you all the time*.

Words he only has the bravery to speak behind the protection of a screen.

Sapnap seems to understand though, smiling as George opens his eyes again to look at him. He tugs him by the neck gently and suddenly they’re kissing again, warm and soft, unhurried. They still, only moving their lips as they enjoy the slow push and pull of the kiss, just appreciating the intimacy for a brief moment.

“We can just do this,” Sapnap murmurs into his lips after a few minutes, his fingers toying with the tips of George’s hair at the base of his neck, “I don’t need- *you* don’t need to, if you don’t want to. I don’t want you to feel like just because you’re only here for-”

He kisses him again, firmer, demanding. Sapnap sinks into it so easily and he feels *proud* .

“Don’t be stupid,” George says, only pulling back once he’s satisfied he’s gotten Sapnap all nice and pliant again, warm and loose-limbed, “I *want* to. Let me take care of you, it’s been so long, you deserve it.” He hopes his voice doesn’t sound as desperate as he feels.

If it does, Sapnap clearly doesn’t notice, looking up at him with hooded eyes and breathing slow and deep as George brushes a few stray strands of hair from his eyes.

“Okay.”

George grins, pulls him into one last, lingering kiss, then shuffles his way down Sapnap's body, trailing his lips across slightly tanned skin as he goes. He rucks up Sapnap's shirt once he gets to his collarbone, briefly pushing his head underneath it to nip at tender flesh, to curl his lips around one of his nipples just to hear the soft whine it produces.

The way Sapnap arches beneath him, the way he paws at George's back and his hair like he's trying to pull him back up despite clearly enjoying everything he's doing, it's- It does things to him. He feels warm all over, still a bit too tired from last night to think about doing anything more than this, but that's okay. He's sure Sapnap is much worse off than him after all the moving, the pulling, the *stretching* George put him through, so they're okay to keep it just like this.

He wants more, but he always does, when it's Sapnap. Only when it's Sapnap.

George can wait.

"You're always so warm," he sighs in contentment as he trails his hands up and down Sapnap's stomach, over his sides, "so, so warm." He lays kiss upon kiss to his sternum, traveling south as he pushes his hands underneath the shirt to settle against his pecs. His lips brush just above Sapnap's belly button and he smiles up at him, amused by the way he shivers and whines when he gets fingers around nipples and rolls them back and forth.

"George-" Sapnap gasps, moving the hand that had slipped from George's back to grab at the pillow beneath his head and tilting to press his cheek into it, staring at him with dark, hungry eyes, half-lidded and barely even open, "*Georgie*, please."

He grins, smug, and presses a small, apologetic kiss to his stomach before retracting his hands, trailing them down his torso until they reach his hips. No more teasing, not that he'd done much in the first place but, still. He hooks his thumbs into the waistband of Sapnap's pyjama bottoms, stares up at him with an affectionate smile as he kisses the dip of his hips.

Sapnap whines softly, strained, and swallows visibly as George toys with the elastic briefly. It makes him pause, and he ducks his head to press his forehead flat against the bottom of Sapnap's stomach, taking a long, drawn out breath, forcing his fingers not to tremble.

When he dares look back up, their eyes meet immediately, George's dark with want and full of hunger.

He thinks he might like to break him after all.

But, no, that was last night, it's morning now and Sapnap's tired, they *both* are, he can be patient, take his time, take Sapnap apart piece by piece rather than all at once. They have two weeks, plenty of time to *take*, plenty of time to bleed Sapnap dry.

For now, this is... A reward? An apology? Maybe it's just a simple revision. Maybe it's all of them at once.

It's like that a lot with Sapnap, feelings with him always come in pairs, all tangled together like wires and hard to decipher which ends belong to which. There's multiple things he's feeling, multiple things he wants to do.

He wants Sapnap to feel good, wants to reward him for being so patient and lavish attention on him all hours of the day, keep him trapped between the sheets, right here, putty in George's hands. He wants to soothe the ache of longing, wants to mold himself to Sapnap's curves and edges, fit himself completely to him so they never have to be apart again, so they fit like puzzle pieces.

So he never again has to hear those late night phone calls where they pretend they don't hear the sniffles, the trembles in each other's voices. Or see that look on Sapnap's face when they finally meet again; the one that makes his heart break, the one that makes him want to kiss Sapnap, right there, in the airport and in front of everybody because he doesn't *fucking* care who's watching anymore.

He wants to remember what it feels like to touch him, to be like *this*, wrapped up in each other like there's no one else in the world. He doesn't want to keep forgetting, to have to study him each time like something fragile, something that'll break the minute he turns his back and all he'll have left is his memories.

Memories that fade all too quickly from the moment he steps foot on that stupid plane back home.

"George?" Sapnap's voice is soft and hesitant as it cuts through his thoughts. He's looking down at him like *George* is the fragile, precious thing, fingers still tangled loosely into his hair, holding him.

He hums in response, letting Sapnap know he's okay with a light kiss to his hip before he gives him a warm smile, using his thumbs to tug at the waistband of his bottoms slowly until he gets them below his knees. They'll be okay. He'll *make* it okay.

"How are you holding up from last night?" George asks, voice quiet as he helps Sapnap kick his pyjamas off, laying his palms flat against smooth, lightly tanned thighs and grinning at the way he shivers.

"M'sore," Sapnap mumbles, moaning softly when George slides one of the hands up till he's got it pressed up against his boxers, "but... I'm good. Real good, George, slept better last night than I have in *months*."

George grins wider and starts palming him through his boxers, eagerly watching the adorable reactions Sapnap provides as he grinds into the touch and pants softly, struggling to keep his eyes open even still. "Who knew the cure for insomnia was just getting railed by your boyfriend every night." He teases, and they both laugh.

Sapnap breaks off when George delves his hand underneath the material and gets his fingers curled around him and George can't help giggling just a little more, shifting to press his lips against the growing wet spot, mouthing at Sapnap's tip through the fabric.

"God, George," he moans, rolling his hips into the touch, "I want- fuck, please, I want-"

He cuts himself off with a whine as George uses his other hand to knead at his thigh while the one curled around his cock begins a steady pace, stroking him base to tip while he licks and wraps his mouth around him through the boxers. The wet spot is growing very, very quickly now and he knows what he's doing to Sapnap with this, knows what it looks like from the other end when he's seen his boyfriend's perfect, pretty mouth do the exact same.

"What do you want, Sap?" he asks innocently as he moves down further to kiss at his thighs, licking stripes across the fresh hickeys that are there from last night, "I won't know unless you say it."

"*Please*, I want-" Sapnap whines, gasps when George scrapes his teeth over a particularly tender spot, "I want you to like- fuck George, please, want you to suck me off or fuck me or *something*, please."

George grins at his babbling, kissing one of the hickeys on his thigh as an apology before deciding to give him what he wants. “*There* you are,” he purrs, tugging Sapnap’s boxers down to rest halfway down his thighs and grabbing him without hesitation, “there’s my pretty boy, so good for me, I knew you could do it. Always beg so nice for me.”

Sapnap melts under the praise, panting lightly as he throws his hand over his face, thighs twitching like he’s trying not to grind up into the air, probably because he knows George would only laugh at him if he did. He wants to see his face, how flustered and frazzled he is, how cute he looks when he looks down at him, eyes unfocused.

But he’ll be nice, he’ll let Sapnap hide for now.

“Relax,” he hushes, laying his palm flat to Sapnap’s stomach when he sees the way his hands are shaking, “relax, Sap, let me take care of you, yeah? I’ll make you feel so good, just lay back and enjoy yourself okay? I’ve got you.”

Peeking through his shaking fingers, Sapnap stares down at him dazedly, pupils dilating like they’re trying to focus on something but unable to manage it. “Yeah,” he says, swallowing nervously as his hands start to slowly settle, “yeah, okay.”

There’s still a slight tremble to every movement now, but it’s good; anticipation rather than nerves.

“Good boy.” George praises, smiling as he strokes his hand across Sapnap’s soft stomach, toying with the light patch of hair there as he shifts, tilting his head down to press his lips to the tip of his cock.

Sapnap shudders underneath him, the muscles in his thighs jumping with the need to buck his hips in search of friction and George has to hold back a laugh, laying his tongue flat against the head to give him something a little more. Then, he kitten licks at the slit, watching Sapnap squeeze his eyes shut and bite on his fingers to muffle the needy whines tumbling out from him, unbidden.

“Don’t do that, Sap,” he says suddenly, pulling away from him entirely to reach up and grab at his wrist, “wanna hear you, you make such pretty noises, don’t you? All for me.” Sapnap lets out a whine the moment George pries his fingers from clenched teeth and he grins. Much better.

“Please, Georgie, I can’t-”

George hushes him, presses up to meet their lips in a soft kiss before quickly climbing back down and settling himself between Sapnap’s legs once more. He settles in, makes himself nice and comfortable with one hand curled into Sapnap’s thigh, the other back against his stomach, a comforting, grounding weight as he lowers his head once more and slowly wraps his lips around his cock.

He gets to work, using Sapnap’s moans as a guide, following the path laid by his strung out whines, his breathy whimpers, chasing down his pleasure with a newfound fervor. He’s done toying, moving his mouth around him to a consistent rhythm, hollowing his cheeks, curling his tongue and tracing it along a vein.

Everything he can think of, all for Sapnap. He even takes him down to the base, having to squeeze his eyes shut at the burn in his throat, swallowing the urge to choke as he drools all over them both.

“Georgie,” Sapnap breathes, and he just manages to blink his watering eyes open again to see the blissed out look on his face, “so good, please.”

He can’t deny him when he sounds like *that*. It’d just be cruel.

He strokes whatever skin he can reach with his fingers, smoothing his thumb over one of the love bites he left on Sapnap's thigh last night and smiling when the muscles twitch underneath it. It's cute, the way Sapnap shudders and whines for him, voice soft and sweet, still dripping with sleep.

George can't get enough of it, chasing down every movement, every hum and sigh, every soft moan and strained whine, pressing his fingers into supple flesh just to watch Sapnap twitch and shake underneath the touch. It's intoxicating.

"Please," Sapnap continues to whine, starting to babble as George bobs his head quicker and works him over like he's on a mission, "please, George, please." He hums around him, lips stretching into a smile as he watches Sapnap slowly coming apart. His eyes flutter rapidly, like they want to stay open and watch while his body tries to squeeze them shut in pleasure, and George has to restrain himself from pulling off just to kiss him as he watches Sapnap catch his soft, pretty bottom lip between teeth.

Instead he only moves his mouth off just enough to speak, sliding his hand from Sapnap's thigh to curl around his cock, replacing his mouth as he recovers some of his breath and swallows the saliva and pre-cum that had started spilling past his lips and onto his chin.

"You can cum whenever you like, okay?" George tells him, leaning to kiss along his hip bones, "I'll tap out if I need to."

And then he's back before Sapnap can formulate a response, taking him back into his mouth, all the way till his nose bumps into the curls of hair at the bottom and he can feel Sapnap hit the back of his throat. His eyes water and he has to force back a choke, but it's worth it for how Sapnap takes his hand away from his face to tangle his fingers in George's hair. Now he gets a perfect view to watch Sapnap crumble.

"Ge-George-" he gasps, and George moans heavily around him, forcing himself to focus on Sapnap despite his own arousal begging to be addressed, "god, you're so-" He doesn't finish the thought, but George thinks he gets what he means anyway.

Could say the same about you.

"Feels so good, fuck! Holy shit George," he whines, keening as George swallows around him then hums, long and low, letting him feel the vibrations before bobbing his head again at a faster pace, "I'm not gonna last if you keep that up."

He grins and hums again, reaching up to gently grab at the wrist in his hair, stroking his thumb along the tender skin in encouragement. Sapnap takes it and runs with it, using his grip to guide George gently how he wants him, lifting his hips ever so slightly as he chases his orgasm. It's not quite throat fucking, Sapnap's too tired and weak for that, but it's enough for him, apparently.

"Georgie, I'm gonna-" Sapnap chokes into a whimper, hand shaking in his hair and his hips stuttering slightly, "I'm gonna cum down your throat, okay? Is that- am I-"

George hums when Sapnap can't seem to find his voice anymore, tapping his thigh once and locking their eyes together so he gets the picture. It's fine, he's not going to choke, he *wants* this. He wants to make Sapnap feel good.

That's all Sapnap needs. He continues the same pace, thrusting softly into George's mouth, unhurried and weak from sore muscles, but still creating enough friction to slowly inch him closer and closer to the edge. George does his best to relax his throat, to curl and press his tongue, to hollow his cheeks and suck, creating the perfect amount of friction.

It's not the best blowjob he's given, mind, not in the least because Sapnap's erratic but gentle thrusts make it hard to go along with the rhythm, but it does the job well enough. He gets to watch Sapnap come undone from his mouth and it's all he really wants.

It doesn't take long at all before Sapnap's hips shudder weakly and George has to take over again, letting him rest and setting a much quicker, rougher rhythm, letting the other grind up against him occasionally, too weak to do much more. He hums around him, feeling bad for making him so sore and tired, but also feeling just a hint of pride knowing he fucked Sapnap so good he might not be able to walk properly all day.

He kind of wants to do the same tonight. Every night really; he wants that fucked out, soft and pliant Sapnap he only gets after fucking him good whenever he can get it and if he's only here for two weeks anyway, it shouldn't be too much for him to handle, right?

Maybe he's just trying to justify it to himself, but still, he's sure if he actually asks Sapnap, he'll get the same answer. He'd let George keep him trapped between the sheets all day if he only asked.

"Please, please, please," Sapnap starts to babble, muttering indiscernible nonsense as he twists his face into the pillow and whines, "George, fuck, *please*."

Those are the only words he seems to be able to say, 'please' and 'George', he repeats them over and over as George licks away more and more pre-cum, forcing himself down on his cock repeatedly despite the burn in his lungs and the tightness locking into his jaw. He pushes through it, keeps going until Sapnap whines, high-pitched and breathy, fingers squeezing tightly in his hair as his hips push upwards, shoving his cock deep into George's throat.

He cums, and George drinks down every single last drop as he does, swallowing around him, then licking over his length even as he begins to soften in his mouth.

"George, *please*." Sapnap begs, for an entirely different reason as George continues mouthing at him once he's all twitchy and sensitive. But he relents, and Sapnap breathes a sigh of relief, his hand releasing from dark locks to fly back to his face, covering his flustered expression as he tries to regain his breath.

He can't help himself, crawling back up Sapnap's body quickly just to press their mouths together in a warm, soft kiss, sliding his tongue past lips that part so easily, letting Sapnap taste himself as he licks into his mouth. He ignores the need that coils low in his own stomach for now, they have plenty of time for that still and he focuses on Sapnap.

"Did so good for me," George says against his lips, surprised at how his voice rasps, the way it catches in his throat and he swallows, tries again, "so pretty, so perfect. You looked so good cumming into my mouth, wanted to stay there all day."

Sapnap whimpers, presses his trembling lips to George's again and again, seeking affection and he laughs, but grants his silent request immediately.

Just like he wanted, Sapnap is all warm and soft post-orgasm, he's all pawing, needy hands that demand proximity, lips that chase him, pull him back in until next thing he knows, they've been wrapped up in each other and making out for nearly an hour, still sweaty and dirty and in dire need of a shower. It's perfect.

"George," Sapnap pulls away from the kiss surprisingly soon, and George quirks an eyebrow curiously at him as he watches how his eyes stare back, still filled with want, "George, I want you to fuck me."

All the air rushes out of his lungs and George is left dizzy, the warmth in his gut turning molten as he barely restrains himself from letting the hunger overtake him. “Okay,” he says, “yeah, okay, we can do that.”

And then he kisses him, grabs at his cheeks almost desperately like he doesn’t want him to slip away, before he pulls back, sits on his heels just to look at him for a moment, then slides off to reach into Sapnap’s nightstand. He grabs the bottle of lube haphazardly thrown inside last night and immediately returns, crawling over and settling himself into position between his legs once more.

He has a feeling he’s not going to be leaving it any time soon.

Day 14 - Choking (Dreamnap)

Chapter Notes

ok yeah this. Is both late AND short, sorry kdfjgf I'm just trying to take better care of my mental health atm, so I'm sorry if I'm not as consistent for a bit, trying to get back on track!

Anyways I hope you enjoy this omg, top Dream is... Not something I'm as familiar with lmao so hopefully it doesn't suck.

It'd been an accident really, finding out Sapnap's little secret.

They've been dating for a few months now, and the sex has definitely been great, Dream hasn't had any complaints, but it'd always been on the tame side. Before he found out *this*, all he knew of Sapnap's tastes was that he likes to be fucked rough, likes having his face shoved into the mattress and maybe earning himself some bruises on his hips. That's it.

That had been *fine*, Dream had been more than happy just to get to touch Sapnap after all those years of pining over an assumed-straight best friend, but-

Well, he's not exactly complaining when he accidentally presses his fingers a little too hard around Sapnap's throat and instead of shoving him off, his boyfriend *moans*. His eyes actually roll into the back of his head, for fuck's sake.

All he'd meant to do was hold him while he kissed along his shoulder and maybe left a hickey or two along the way, but his grip holding Sapnap's knee to his chest (spreading him to give Dream easier access between his legs) had slipped, and he'd ended up squeezing Sapnap's throat while trying to right himself.

"Holy fuck," Dream says as soon as it happens, his brain struggling to catch up with all the things happening at once, "Sapnap, shit, I'm sorry-"

And then it clicks, the moan, the way Sapnap had thrown his head back and squeezed his eyes shut in ecstasy, the embarrassed look and beautiful flush adorning his soft, tanned cheeks.

"Oh god," he says before he can help himself and he watches Sapnap cover his face as soon as he realises he's been caught, "no, in a good way!" He quickly reassures, before Sapnap can even start down that path of guilt and shame he knows he'll end up on if Dream leaves any room for doubt.

"In-" Sapnap starts, shifting his hands from his face to look at Dream, licking his lips, "in a good way, huh?"

It's not exactly *shy*, not exactly hesitant, either, but there's a tension there, like he's unsure if Dream is actually being serious or if he's about to get laughed at. He can't exactly blame him for that, it's a *little* funny that Sapnap, of all people, is into some kinky shit. He wonders how many of those stupid jokes they've made over the years have been real for him.

He's going to have to do a few little 'experiments' later.

“In a very good way, god,” Dream huffs a laugh, bites his lip as he stares down at Sapnap, hunger gnawing at his insides just *looking* at his disheveled state, “I can’t believe you’ve been holding out on me dude, could’ve been doing this for *ages* .”

Ever so slightly, Dream squeezes his fingers against soft skin, just to hear the way Sapnap gasps and watch how his eyelashes flutter prettily, struggling to stay open. He grins as Sapnap bites his lip and looks away, still slightly embarrassed by the entire situation despite Dream clearly being into it.

“I thought you said you didn’t want to hurt me?”

Dream’s grin softens into a smile and he rubs his thumb gently along Sapnap’s Adam’s apple, watching it bob as he swallows. “I don’t. I don’t wanna- I don’t wanna, like, hit you or cut you or anything, but-” he slides his hand up enough to get his fingers round Sap’s chin, tilting his head so he can’t look away, “but you look really pretty when you go all red, when you’re struggling to gasp my name. I wanna see more.”

There’s a visible shudder that runs through Sapnap’s body, and Dream can’t help smirking a little smugly at this development. It’s not just about being rough anymore, he can go further now, he can test Sapnap’s limits of relinquishing control. And he can test his own in taking it; after all, he’s not exactly experienced in the kink department, everything he’s done has been with Sapnap.

“Fuck, Dream,” he sighs, “you’re gonna make me act up if you keep saying shit like that.”

He laughs, leans down to quickly press their lips together, enjoying how pliant Sapnap goes under his touch, the way he gasps when Dream’s fingers slide back from his chin to his neck and how easy it makes it for him to slide his tongue past parted lips. “Isn’t that the point?” He asks softly, only pulling back from the kiss just enough to speak against Sapnap’s lips.

“God,” Sapnap groans, before he can stop himself, “you really *are* into this, huh? You wanna fuck me till I scream, then wrap your hands around my pretty throat so I’ll finally be quiet? Choke me till my brain melts and all I can think about is you?”

His breath catches in his throat, and he has to lean his forehead against Sapnap’s cheek as he struggles to process what he just said, his hips twitching involuntarily and burying his cock just a little deeper inside him. Sapnap hums appreciatively, and Dream can tell how smug he is from the sound alone.

Well, that just won’t do.

“You’re a little brat,” Dream says, squeezing his fingers at Sapnap’s throat to hear him gasp, then sinking his nails into his thigh where he’s still got his hand curled at his knee, “but don’t worry, like you said, I’m gonna *make* you shut up, and I’m gonna fuck you so good you won’t be able to think properly for *hours* .”

Then he rocks his hips once, smooth and slow, just enough to tease him as he shifts his grip on Sapnap’s leg, pulling at his calf until he’s got his ankle slung over Dream’s shoulder.

“I’m gonna need both my hands if I wanna do this properly,” he says by way of explanation, ignoring the confused whining as he takes his hand from Sapnap’s throat to pull at his other leg, “and you’re pretty flexible, right, Sap? I think you can manage.” He pulls until his other knee hits his chest and Sapnap whines at the feeling of being spread, then he adjusts his calf until he’s got his other ankle hooked over his shoulders too.

“Holy *shit*,” Sapnap moans as both of Dream’s hands move to wrap around the base of his throat, his hips pressing forward a few times, rocking into him, “I’m flexible, but not *this* flexible, fuck!”

He pauses, watches the way Sapnap’s face contorts in pain and feels a little bad for pushing so hard. “Shit, sorry, too much? Want me to stop?”

Dream starts to pull back, moving a hand to help bring down Sapnap’s thigh before a desperate hand grips at his wrist, tugging his hand back. “Don’t even *think* about it. Feels so good Dream,” Sapnap glares at him for just a moment before his eyes slip shut again, the pained expression he had before twisting into something he now recognizes as pleasure as Dream slides his fingers back into place, “hurts. But good.”

He’s slurring his words, and Dream doesn’t think Sapnap’s ever looked better than he does right now, eyes hazy and unfocused as he clings to Dream’s wrist, holding him there with a grip so tight he can’t even think about moving again.

“Yeah?” Dream asks, giving an experimental roll of his hips and swallowing thickly when Sapnap whines, digs his nails into his wrist.

He definitely likes being stretched past his limits, then. That’s something he’s going to file away for use later.

“You’re really enjoying yourself, huh?” Sapnap rolls his eyes, annoyed at how smugly Dream’s grinning now that he’s got him like this, figured out an easy way to get him to stop running that mouth of his.

“Maybe,” Dream teases, leaning down to press kisses along Sapnap’s jaw, up his cheeks, “I mean, who wouldn’t? I have you exactly where I want you, Sappy, all stretched open and desperate, holding onto me like if I don’t choke you to the brink of passing out you’ll *die* or something dramatic like that. It’s cute.”

Sapnap scoffs at being called ‘cute’ but doesn’t respond, letting his grip fall from Dream’s wrist once he’s sure he’s not going to let go of his throat, and moving to tangle his fingers into the back of Dream’s hair instead, pulling hard enough to make him wince. Sapnap grins triumphantly, but Dream makes him regret it, tilting his head down to press their lips together, forcing his tongue against his lips until Sapnap parts them to gasp for air.

He doesn’t let him. His fingers squeeze tightly on Sapnap’s pulse point, cutting off the blood flow as he presses his palm into his throat enough to make him feel like he’s choking without damaging the windpipe. The effect is immediate; Sapnap turns to putty in his hands, whining and choking as Dream delves his tongue deeper into his mouth until the chances of him getting any air become pretty slim.

Maybe he’s enjoying it a *little* too much for someone who’s only just realised their secret thing for choking, but he can’t help the power trip he’s on right now, not when Sapnap’s so *cute*, so easy and perfect for him. His fingers dig into Dream’s scalp, definitely enough to hurt but not in a way that’s teasing this time, in a way that tells Dream it’s all he *can* do.

Dream rolls his hips a few times, trying not to smile at the muffled noises Sapnap’s making so he can keep the kiss as deep as possible and squeezing his fingers a little tighter around his throat. For a few moments it stays like that, Dream grinding their hips together, Sapnap clinging to him desperately as he struggles for air, then releasing his grip on Dream’s hair to tap at the back of his neck.

He pulls back from the kiss immediately, but leans down to bite a mark into his jaw as he releases his hold on Sapnap's throat enough to let him breathe again. "Fucking brat," he hisses, moaning softly at the way Sapnap whines, coughing and choking down air as fast as his lungs will allow, "that's what you get, you're not the one in control here so don't go thinking you can just do what you want and get away with it."

"M'sorry-" Sapnap mumbles, getting cut off as Dream's fingers tighten once more. If he has enough air to talk, he should be fine getting choked again, right?

"You're not," Dream growls, slamming their hips together in a particularly mean thrust as Sapnap whimpers, chokes on nothing, "you're such a little bitch, you know? Always teasing, always disobeying just to get me to shove your face into the floor and fuck you till you can't walk. My pathetic little slut, what am I gonna do with you?"

Sapnap's lips tremble and he taps at Dream's neck again. He releases enough to let him breathe.

He gasps for air for a few moments, then when Dream's satisfied he has enough, he squeezes his airway shut once more.

He really looks like he's enjoying this.

"Look at you, getting off on being called pathetic, huh? You like being put in your place, brat?" Dream asks, Sapnap nodding immediately as he brings his hands from his hair to grab weakly at both his wrists, just holding on as Dream rolls his hips at a merciless pace.

Another few taps, he releases but keeps rocking his hips, tilting his head to the side to press his lips to the calf slung over his left shoulder. He makes eye contact with Sapnap as he does, smirking just a little at the unfocused look in his dark eyes, the hunger underneath. He's close.

"Such a slut," he teases, before trapping Sapnap's airway once more, then leaning down to press their lips together in a searing kiss, "my little slut. Just listen to yourself, you sound so desperate."

Then he deepens it again, pushing his tongue deep into Sapnap's mouth and swallowing all the whimpers and choked noises he's making, replacing them with his own hums and low moans as he feels himself climbing closer to his orgasm with every thrust. Normally by this point he'd get a hand curled around Sapnap's cock, too, help him along since he looks so desperate, but that would mean moving one of his hands off his throat.

Sapnap wouldn't want that, right?

"Tap out if you need to," Dream pants against his lips once he feels like he's about one thread away from coming undone completely, releasing his grip just enough to let Sap catch his breath "I'm gonna choke you till I cum, okay?"

Sapnap doesn't even take a moment to think, nodding immediately as he gasps in lungfuls of air until Dream cuts off his supply and brings them together for another kiss.

He wastes no time, thrusts becoming erratic as he desperately chases his release, his fingers starting to cramp from holding on so tight and his legs starting to burn from the constant movement, but not enough to stop him. He doesn't relent no matter how much his muscles burn, no matter how much his own lungs burn with the need for air as he slides his tongue so far into Sapnap's mouth that he has trouble breathing, too.

The tension in him builds and builds and *builds*, Sapnap's muffled chokes and weak fingers trembling on his wrists spurring him on until he's right on the brink, dizzy and breathless as well.

Everything hurts, but it doesn't stop the tension inside him snapping, warmth rushing through every inch of his body as he grinds his hips a little slower, riding his high until he feels Sapnap clench tightly around him and shake through his own orgasm, unusually silent.

It's probably because he *can't* make noise with Dream's hands still at his throat, but that doesn't stop it from being weird, so he releases his grip almost immediately, instead moving to grab Sapnap's hands, threading their fingers together and pushing them into the mattress as he thrusts a few last times until they're both panting and weak.

He stops just shy of overstimulating himself, hips slowing to a halt as Sapnap whimpers pathetically and pushes his cheek into the pillow underneath his head, still trying to catch his breath.

"You did so good," Dream whispers as he slowly pulls out, moving to pepper Sapnap's cheeks with soft kisses as he squeezes their fingers together and rubs circles into his hands with his thumbs, "so, so good Sap, look at you."

He releases his hands gently so he can grab his calves, unhook them from Dream's shoulders to help make him more comfortable and Sapnap continues struggling for breath, staring up at him with hooded eyes that still look mostly dazed, though a little clearer than they had been earlier.

"Fu-" Sapnap coughs, licks his lips and swallows a few times, "fucking *christ* , Dream."

He can't help laughing, agreeing completely. That was... Unexpected, but honestly amazing; the way Sapnap's voice sounds makes him wish they could go again right now so he can ruin his throat a little more, keep him warm and dazed and fucked-out for *hours* .

"Yeah," he says instead, sliding off and rolling onto his side so he can pull Sapnap into a hug, "that was like. A lot. You good, dude?"

Sapnap grins lazily, shuffling straight into Dream's arms and curling up snugly against his chest. "I'm very, very, *very* good right now," he says, then coughs a few times as his throat catches, "but I think you might have left some bruises."

Day 15 - Oral Sex (Dreamnap)

Chapter Notes

HI HELLO I'VE RISEN FROM THE DEAD GHJASDFGFDS SORRY!!

If u follow either of my twitters u know I've been struggling. Honestly, this chap is NOT worth the wait fjsdf but thats ok. I needed some time for personal reasons and hopefully!!! I will be able to get back on track again and post more consistently because I do NOT want another week long wait for a chap again. Sorry guys <333

“There’s no way,” Dream’s smug voice laughs gloatingly at him through the comms after finally landing the killing blow on him after about an hour of chase, “there’s literally no way, I’m *so* far away, you’re not going to catch me, I already have the pearls. You’re *done*.”

Sapnap grits his teeth and forces himself not to snap back at him, remaining silent as he reaches into his emergency provisions chest.

Luckily he thought to make a bed a while ago, otherwise Dream would have the satisfaction of being proven right.

“You know it,” he can hear how hard Dream is grinning, “you won’t say it, but you *know it*.” He sings the last few words, absolutely giddy as he snickers at Sapnap’s misfortune, clearly unaware he’d made a mini-base not too far away from their fight, over-confident.

Oh well, as much as it makes Sapnap want to grind his bones into dust, he knows that the gloating will only make it even sweeter when he finally does catch Dream and show him just how wrong he is. He can’t wait to shut that stupidly cocky mouth up for *good*; he’ll make it so Dream never lives this down.

“I can’t believe I won, after that shit I pulled in the Nether?” Dream laughs, his breathing slowly starting to even out, probably taking his sweet time now that he thinks he’s in the clear, “you’re losing your touch, Sappy.”

He wants to fucking strangle him.

Not today. Not *yet*. Today he’s going to find another way to occupy Dream’s obnoxious, bratty little mouth.

“Yeah, yeah, laugh it up, asshole,” Sapnap growls, closing the chest once he’s gotten everything he needs into his inventory, “I *could* still beat you. I could catch up.” He tries his best to make it as convincingly unconvincing as possible.

Dream takes it hook, line and sinker.

“Oh I’m *sure* you could, Sap,” he snickers, “if you just try hard enough, maybe you’ll get to the portal by the time I’ve got the dragon down to a one-hit. Maybe I’ll wait till you come through so you can see my victory.”

Sapnap scoffs, not having to try very hard to make it sound annoyed and unconvinced.

“You’re such a sore winner, you know that?” Sarnap listens to Dream laugh, pulling out his compass to track him quickly before breaking off into a sprint in the direction the needle points. He doesn’t have much: a shield, a stone axe and a gold chest plate, but more than enough food. Half a stack of steak and a stack of bread from the various villages he’d raided across their journey.

“I think *you’re* just a sore *loser*, Sap. You should be happy for me!”

He scoffs again, rolling his eyes as he checks the compass, turning on his heel as it points to his right. That means Dream is *close*. Closer than he’d thought. The eye probably led him backward.

Sarnap has to mute his comms to hide the giddy laugh he lets out upon that realisation. Dream is *dead*, he’s going to make sure of it. He’d already exhausted most of his food with the last fight, Sarnap saw how frustrated he was getting, he heard his voice when Sarnap’s body hit the floor and the death notification went out. It’d been filled with desperate relief.

He’s low.

He’s gotta be, he’s *gotta* be. If Sarnap can just *get* to him-

He drops on a dime the second he spots Dream’s nametag in the distance, crouching low as he listens to Dream babble on obliviously into his ear.

“C’mon, Sap,” Dream sighs after a minute, and he almost thinks he’s been caught or something from the way he says his name, “it’s no fun if there’s no one to listen to my gloating, come off mute already.”

Sarnap rolls his eyes, then smirks as he switches his comms back on. “Sorry, your Highness, that better?”

“Hm,” Dream hums, and Sarnap watches him slowly coming into view through the treeline, making his way, unknowingly, right into Sarnap’s lap, “you know, for King’s it’s actually your Maj-AH!”

He strikes as soon as Dream is within reach, leaping out from behind a tree as soon as he takes that final step. “Hello Dream!” Sarnap giggles maniacally as he brings his axe down onto Dream’s bicep, just below where the chest plate ends, relishing the panicked scream it pulls from him as he scrambles backward, blood pouring from the fresh wound.

Sarnap blocks with his shield as Dream makes a wild attempt to catch him back with his own iron axe, giggling gleefully as it bounces off the wood and Dream stumbles in his haste to retreat.

“HOW?!” Dream shouts, crawling backwards frantically and trying to push himself back up into a standing position before Sarnap stops him, planting his heel directly into Dream’s sternum and giving a hard kick. He falls from his hands flat onto his back and Sarnap keeps his foot firmly in place as he wrestles Dream for his shield, throwing his own off to the wayside so it doesn’t get in the way.

In a pure contest of strength like this, Sarnap will always win, so it’s not surprising when he gets the battered piece of wood wrenched from Dream’s desperate clutches, the iron axe quickly following suit. He embeds it in a nearby tree with a carefree throw, and relishes the way Dream looks at it mournfully.

He knows he’s done.

“You really thought, huh Dream?” Sarnap grins, holding the edge of his axe to Dream’s throat as

he kneels over him, moving his foot from his chest to sit directly on his stomach instead, putting his entire body weight onto him.

“But- you- but *how*?” All the cockiness from earlier is stripped from Dream’s voice, now replaced with confusion, disbelief, slight panic. It’s not as much as it used to be, they’ve been doing these manhunts for too long for Dream to be *truly* scared anymore, not when all Sapnap can really do is cut him down with his axe.

Now if he had *lava* on the other hand, he could probably get Dream to do anything to avoid such a horrible death. Burning is probably their least favourite way to go.

“Aw, is widdle Dream confused? You need me to spell it out for you, little baby?” Sapnap coos teasingly, pressing the blade flat against Dream’s skin when he rolls his eyes as a warning, “I obviously had a bed, idiot. You didn’t know? I mean, that *was* kind of the point.”

The way Dream stares up at him is intoxicating, eyes filled with fear, dread, but... There’s still a little spark of defiance in them, letting Sapnap know that if he gives him just one inch, he’ll take a mile and run with it.

“When did you get a bed? I already broke it, didn’t I?” Dream’s eyes dart between the axe at his throat and Sapnap’s eyes, and he tilts his head, grinning lazily back at him.

“What, you thought that decoy was my *real* bed, Dream? Please, it was right out in the open, so easy for you to find! You guys really need to stop thinking I’m so dumb, George fell for that exact same trick you know,” Sapnap gloats, then leans down until their faces are close enough that their noses brush, breaths mingling together from proximity, “I took him for a real *ride* when I caught him. He wasn’t happy, but I got exactly what I wanted.”

He watches Dream shiver slightly at the dark tone in his voice, grinning even wider as he brushes their noses together again, leaning down just slightly like he’s going to connect their lips, then full-on laughing as Dream whines when he pulls away.

“Are you gonna give me what I want, too, Dreamie?” Sapnap asks, tilting his head innocently as he stares down at the flush spreading across freckled cheeks, “you gonna be good and take what I give you? I don’t want to have to use this.” He tilts the handle of the axe slightly in explanation.

Dream doesn’t speak for a long moment, eyes flickering back between the axe and Sapnap’s dark, patient eyes, clearly turning over his options in his head as that flicker of defiance only grows. It’s cute that he still thinks he has a chance at getting out of this.

“Depends on what you’re giving, I need to know before I decide if I want it.” Dream says, choosing his words carefully and clearly just barely holding back a smirk when Sapnap’s grip tightens on the handle of his axe, feeling a little too comfortable in this position, in Sapnap’s opinion.

“Oh darlin’, it doesn’t work like that and you *know* it. We’re not doing what *you* want,” he says, smiling cruelly as he reaches out to trace a finger along Dream’s cheek, gentle, light enough to make him shiver, “I make the rules here. So tell me Dream: Am I going to have to put you in your place right now? Or are you going to accept that you’ve lost and let me make it fun for you?”

He knows before he finishes what Dream’s answer is.

“Fuck you,” he spits, grabbing at the handle of the axe quicker than he’d expected to be honest, almost managing to pull it from him before Sapnap tilts his hand, baring the blade into Dream’s

throat as he reaches into light brown locks and pulls *hard*, “Sapnap-”

“Oh Dream,” he sighs, watching the boy underneath him go limp as he presses the axe down hard enough to cut, “if you make me kill you, I’ll tell George when we get home. Do you really think he’ll be as nice as me?”

At that, Dream shivers and falls silent, going easy and pliant under Sapnap’s weight. He smiles.

“There we go,” he purrs, pulling on Dream’s hair to tilt his head to the side, “that made you shut up, didn’t it? Not so cocky now, are you, *brat*? Not surprising, really, we both know what George is like when you piss him off and you already started shit this morning before we left. I really don’t think it would take much at all for me to convince him to give you the punishment you deserve.”

Dream’s breath stutters a little and Sapnap giggles, finally letting go of his hair when he starts pouting, his hands falling from the front of Sapnap’s shirt where they’d grabbed him during the struggle. “You’re so annoying,” he whines, and Sapnap lets him have it, just this once, “it’s not my fault he tripped over my pack, he blew it *way* out of proportion and you know it.”

Sapnap rolls his eyes and shifts to grab Dream’s hands, pulling them together and holding them above his head with his left while his right still levels the axe at his throat. It’s mostly there for show at this point, both of them knowing that Dream is doomed to his fate.

“You ever consider that it was maybe the fact that he’s been telling you to move it for the past week? For that exact reason?” Sapnap asks, raising an eyebrow at him as he huffs, “or that he’s *always* asking you to clean up after yourself and you never do? I really just think it’s the straw that broke the camel’s back, Dream. Can’t brat forever and not expect a punishment at *some* point.”

“I wasn’t-” Dream splutters, hands twitching under Sapnap’s grip, “I wasn’t *bratting*, Sapnap, it’s just hard, okay? I forgot! There was barely any other mess around, he just happened to trip on the *one* thing I left out.”

Sapnap laughs, digs his nails ever so slightly into the tender skin of Dream’s wrist, watching the way his lips twitch. “Alright, so what was last night then, hm?”

It has an immediate effect, Dream’s freckled cheeks going an even darker pink as he struggles to explain himself.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought,” he says when all Dream can do is stutter, “I bet that’s why you got so pissy today, huh? That’s why you started gloating before you even won, you *wanted* me to do this, didn’t you? All because George told you no last night. Little baby can’t stand when he doesn’t get what he wants.”

Dream can’t even look at him, and that tells him all he needs to know.

He knows exactly what punishment he needs after today, but that doesn’t mean Sapnap can’t have a little fun with him first, right?

“Alright, tell you what,” he says, consideringly, “if you’re a good boy and suck me off right now, put your bratty mouth to use, maybe I’ll be nice to you later, forget about that little escape attempt you just tried to pull and help you out. Been a few days, right?”

Dream looks at him suspiciously, like he doesn’t believe Sapnap for a second. Not that he has much choice either way, there *is* an axe still at his throat after all, and a threat worse than a gruesome death behind it to force him in line.

“George can be so mean,” Sapnap coos, releasing the grip on his wrists to stroke his fingers through Dream’s hair, his touch almost soothing, “I still remember that time he made me wait *two weeks*, it was horrible. Maybe he’ll let you off after only one, if you apologise, if you beg for forgiveness and do something deserving of it. I can think of a few things that might help convince him. But-”

And he drags his fingers from Dream’s hair to glide along his cheek, cupping it with his hand before brushing his thumb against his lips. He watches them part as Dream takes it into his mouth, holds back a shiver at the way his eyes go half-lidded, the way his tongue lathes against his skin like an all consuming fire.

“-only if you do something for me *first*.” His voice comes out a little rougher as he presses his thumb further into the warm wetness of Dream’s mouth, arousal pooling low in his gut as he watches him close his eyes completely, feels him sucking on the finger almost absentmindedly. He probably doesn’t even really realise what he’s doing.

Dream’s got a *thing*, you see, something that’s extremely helpful in situations like these, something he hadn’t even noticed until George pointed it out to him, showed him how easily he lost himself as long as there was something in his mouth to keep him occupied.

Oral fixation.

Or, that’s what George had called it anyway, Sapnap’s not exactly the expert here.

“Yeah,” he hums when Dream’s eyes slowly flutter back open, “that’s exactly what I was thinking, good boy, Dream.” He pulls his thumb out slowly, rubs it gently along Dream’s bottom lip just to make it nice and shiny before he pulls his hand back completely.

Dream doesn’t say anything, turning to press his cheek into the cool earth beneath him, taking shuddering breaths as Sapnap moves to undo his belt, chucking the axe aside, out of reach. He won’t be needing it anymore; he’s got Dream exactly where he wants him.

It only takes a moment of fumbling before the belt is off and chucked to the wayside as well, then Dream slowly pushes himself up onto his elbows, batting Sapnap’s hands away so he himself can unzip him and dip his hand into his pants.

He gasps softly as Dream’s slightly cold fingers brush against his skin and slowly curl around him, then forces his hips to still, not willing to give Dream the satisfaction of making him lose control like this. Still, he lets him have his fun for a few moments. He dips his head down to mouth along the curve of Dream’s neck, grinning against his skin when he hears him gasp or whimper, the small noises only serving to make him want to press more kisses to whatever exposed skin he can.

But Dream’s fingers have grown steady in their movements, confident as he picks up the pace, almost like he’s trying to get Sapnap off or something.

It’s like he *wants* Sapnap to do it.

“I think that’s enough, don’t you?” He asks when he feels Dream’s thumb swipe over his tip, reaching down to grab his wrist and pulling his hand back out from his pants, consequently pulling himself along with, seeing as Dream doesn’t release his grip, “wouldn’t wanna *rush* things, now would we?”

The way Dream licks his lips, the way his cheeks flush that pretty pink and the way his eyes go wide like a kid caught with their hand in the cookie jar- Well. It makes his intentions pretty clear.

Maybe a few months ago Sapnap would have been confused by Dream's contradictory behaviour, back when he himself didn't understand how much fun it is to fight tooth and nail like he won't give in instantly to either of his boyfriend's demands as long as they ask. But now, he gets that it's just *better*, having Sapnap grab his jaw and force it open rather than just opening it for him, having him grab his hair to get him to look where he wants rather than behaving.

It's better to try and get him off with his hand just to piss him off, play innocent like he'd just been impatient to get home instead of eager to have Sapnap bare his teeth against his throat and fuck him till he can't stand anymore.

It's like a game, it's not fun if there's not at least a little fight- a few calculated moves, underhanded tactics.

"Sapnap-" Dream says, voice thick before it breaks off as Sapnap curls fingers around his chin. He forces his mouth open, then drops his grip on Dream's wrist and pushes his fingers into his mouth without further warning, humming when Dream gags, then moans around him.

"There you go," he says warmly, "there you go, good little brat, *take it*." He shoves his fingers in and out with no sympathy, biting his lip to stop himself from moaning at the sight beneath him as Dream's eyes start to water every time he gags on Sapnap's fingers.

It's beautiful, the way his eyelashes flutter, glistening with unshed tears, the way his mouth stretches to accommodate his fingers, still trying to keep his teeth out of the way, even if it doesn't particularly matter like it would with more sensitive parts of himself. He clutches at the front of Sapnap's shirt desperately

"Look at you," Sapnap sighs, because he really can't stop himself with the way Dream's looking at him, pupils blown wide and heaving in air through his nose every time Sapnap moves his fingers back on his tongue, "so pretty, you know that? So, so pretty Dream. Wish you could always stay like this, wish I could keep you all nice and quiet, keep your mouth preoccupied with more important things so I didn't have to deal with your attitude."

Dream whimpers, presses his eyes shut briefly like he's trying to focus before they flutter open again and he connects their eyes, making Sapnap watch as he flicks his tongue against his fingers, then swallows around them, only gagging a little when the tips brush against the back of his throat.

Sapnap sighs. "But I still have to deal with your attitude regardless," he says, looking down at Dream, almost disappointed, "don't I?"

He pulls his fingers from Dream's mouth without warning, ignoring the way he chokes around them and frowns at the rough, unexpected movement and quickly wiping his fingers on Dream's cheek before shuffling forward. Dream groans and starts to whine about the spit drying on his cheek, but Sapnap quickly shuts him up, laying a hand almost gently on his throat.

It's enough to make him shut his mouth, but not much more than that; he still looks at Sapnap with that same flicker of defiance he always makes so difficult to snuff out.

"Stay still," he says softly, smiling as he feels Dream swallow underneath his palm, "be a good boy," he shifts to get Dream's arms behind the backs of his legs, shuffling forward again until he's got his knees pressed into the dirt beside his shoulders, "take what I give you, and then maybe we'll see if I can forgive you for being such a brat today."

Dream opens his mouth to say something, and Sapnap takes that as his opportunity, raising himself up on his knees slightly so he can easily guide himself right past Dream's lips and into his mouth.

“There we go, look!” Sapnap grins, pressing in further despite Dream’s flustered choking noises, “that wasn’t so hard, was it Dream? You take my cock so well, don’t you?”

Dream still has enough awareness left to glare up at him and Sapnap decides that just won’t do. He reaches down and grabs Dream’s hair with both fists, pulling hard as he rocks his hips into him and moaning at the vibrations Dream makes while he chokes around him. Tears spring to his eyes again and Sapnap takes that as invitation to push further, rolling his hips until he feels his tip brush against the back of his throat.

When the tears start falling past pretty, fluttering eyelashes, Sapnap almost wants to give him a break and let him breathe, but the way Dream desperately clutches onto the bunched fabric at the back of his legs tells him that he’s pulling him closer, not trying to get away. Sapnap will never not be amazed at Dream’s tolerance (and love in some cases) for pain. *He* certainly could never choke on someone’s dick like this and love it enough to keep coming back for more.

He does eventually tap out, the need for air overriding whatever pleasure he’s getting from this as he slaps his fingers against the back of Sapnap’s thigh. He only gives him a moment.

If he didn’t know how much Dream loved it, maybe he wouldn’t be so rough, but as it is? He’s more than happy to work out some of his stress like this, get some payback for how bitchy Dream’s been as of late.

“God, look at you,” Sapnap groans when he notices spit dribbling from the corners of Dream’s mouth, his eyes tracking the movements of tears running down his flushed cheeks as Dream struggles to hang on, “not such a brat now, are we? You’re just sitting there, taking it, letting me do whatever I want to you. My good little slut, aren’t you?”

It’s starting to become more babbling than anything at this point, Dream’s mouth is so warm and wet and *perfect* he’s having trouble staying focused on the task at hand here.

Dream taps out once more and Sapnap gives him just a little bit longer this time; only partly so he can recover a bit himself.

“Ple-Please, Sap I- *fuck*, please,” Dream starts coughing as soon as he’s got enough air to speak, “I’m yours, I’m yours, I’m sorry for being a brat, *please*, please fuck my-”

He can’t exactly deny such a wonderful request, now can he? Not when Dream’s begging so pretty for him.

“You’re only saying sorry ‘cause you’re desperate for it. You want me to cum down your throat so bad you’ll say anything, won’t you?” Sapnap asks, voice gravelly and breathless as he rolls his hips back against Dream’s mouth, moving straight into the fast pace he’d been using before, “such a little *slut*, Dream, can’t wait to watch George wreck you later when I tell him what you did.”

He giggles breathily when Dream’s eyes snap open, too close to the edge to worry about him fighting back or kicking him off or something, there’s not enough time for Dream to process. He watches it happen, watches the cogs turning behind dazed, dark, green eyes and when he finally has the realisation, seeing it is what pushes Sap over the edge.

He grips Dream’s hair tight and holds him in place, rocking his hips through his orgasm and moaning long and low while hands smack at his legs, ignoring Dream entirely and instead waiting to feel him swallow.

Eventually, he does, and Sapnap finally pulls free from his mouth, letting his hair go and shuffling

back until he's sitting on his chest, then smiling as he watches Dream turn his head and cough violently, gasping for air as he drips leftover cum onto the grass below him.

"Sap-" Dream gasps, snuffles, then looks at him with wide, dazed eyes, "Sap, ple- please don't tell George. I was- was good. I was *good*."

Sapnap giggles and reaches down to pet Dream's hair soothingly, pushing it back from his eyes and cooing when he still leans up into the touch, despite how mean he's been. "It's okay, Dream, don't cry," he says, leaning down to press their lips together in a soft, sweet kiss, bitter salt on his tongue, "I know you were. But I never *said* I wouldn't tell George, did I? Only that I might help convince him to go easy on you."

Dream's eyes widen just slightly in realisation.

Sapnap grins and kisses him one last time, brushing a stray tear from his cheek. "We're all gonna have *so much fun*."

Day 16 - Shock Collar (Georgenap)

Chapter Notes

HI HELLO I'M BACK IT'S BEEN OVER A WEEK I KNOW IM SORRY.

ok. so yeah. I'm finally back with a new chap. It's also not what you guys were expecting and I'm sorry, but I realised some of my requests were made by someone I didn't want to do them for, so I ended up taking that prompt out and switching it in for this oneshot!! Which was really meant to be like a quick 2-3k thing for twitter but. Here we are. over 7k.

I'm like. Actually a little proud of this so pls tell me your thoughts in the comments guys. I hope its ok <333

Anyways one final thing! I'm actually going to be taking an entire week off after I post this. I think I just need the time to get my motivation back, so I'm going to force myself not to write a single word until next sunday!!! I hope you guys can understand, it's been really difficult for me lately and I think I just need a total break so I can come back fresh with more inspiration! Thank you guys so much your support means everything to me <33333

“You nervous?” George asks him suddenly, and Sapnap blinks at the screen in front of him slowly, watches the way he tilts his head and lounges back in his chair, casual and calm like watching your friend getting an electric shock from a video game is something normal friends do all the time.

To be fair, the stream with Dream hadn't been awkward at all, but that was because his pain was all for show, for the entertainment of paying subscribers, not a private performance for his friend who seems to be a little too eager to watch it happen.

Sapnap's the one that suggested it in the first place, when the shock collar first came and he ran to the group chat to let the others know. The minute he'd sent the message, he'd switched over to his private with George, fingers moving across the screen almost faster than the words can form themselves into a proper sentence.

u wanna test it out w me before i go on stream?

He doesn't know what he'd expected, but it certainly hadn't been what he got.

code's ready to go, video chat in 15?

And now here he is, turning over the collar in his hands in a daze, trying to think of how to respond without turning into a rambling mess and making things weird. He just can't help it, being able to see George's face, having his own on display. It feels oddly... Intimate.

“A little,” Sapnap says, wrenching his eyes which had been glued to George's face on the screen to look back down at the collar between his fingers as he steels himself, “I mean, what if it hurts too much? It's on my neck, what if I just- like- pass out or something, y'know?”

He really doesn't want George to see him make an idiot of himself. He almost wants to back out of

this entire thing, test the collar on his own and be done with it. But then again, that means if he *does* pass out, he'd be completely alone, and he really doesn't want that.

"I don't think it's going to make you pass out, Sap," George laughs slightly, rolling his eyes in fond exasperation, "it'll *hurt* , sure, but it doesn't have the voltage to do any real damage. I don't think so anyway."

Sapnap eyes him suspiciously. Not the best way to reassure someone who's worried about seriously injuring themselves with a shock collar.

"Look," George says quickly, sitting up in his chair and holding his hands up, "I just mean- you'll be fine, okay? I'll be here anyway, I'll make sure if something *does* happen, I can call for help. You're not gonna *die* or something Sapnap, don't be dramatic."

"I never-" Sapnap huffs, going back to fiddling with the collar as he frowns a little petulantly, "I never said I'd *die* . Just- what if I pass out? Or what if I make a weird face or if I-" He stops himself just short of *definitely* making things weird, halting a joke that would be about half serious in it's tracks so George doesn't think he's some weird sex freak for the rest of his life.

What if I like it?

Sapnap's pretty sure he won't. Like 99% sure. Okay maybe 90%. 85% definitely.

75% at the *very* least.

He's just not into pain, he knows he isn't, so this isn't going to be an issue- it *can't* be an issue-

George is staring at him. "Or if you... What?" He asks, raising an eyebrow and making Sapnap squirm in only the way *George* seems to be able to.

"Well," Sapnap stutters a little, deciding to just go ahead and humiliate himself and make the joke when the moment stretches on awkwardly and he can't think of another way out of this, "what if I like it?" He asks, exaggerating the flirty tone to his voice so it's obviously a joke.

Only George doesn't sigh and rolls his eyes like he normally would, doesn't flush and burst into nervous giggles, or even let out a confused 'what?' like Sapnap had expected. "Is that why you asked me to come test it with you first?" George asks, seemingly continuing the joke, but *his* flirtatious tone doesn't sound like Sapnap's.

Maybe it's the smirk that pairs with it, the way George casually leans back in his chair, resting his chin on the back of his hand as he leans his elbow on the armrest. It seems... Knowing.

"What?" Sapnap blinks slowly at him, barely managing to find his voice, "I- no, I was- I was just joking, George-"

"I know, idiot," George laughs at him, the tension of the moment falling away as quickly as it had come as he sits back up in his chair, reaching over for his keyboard and beginning to click away with his mouse, "you coming into the server or what, Sap? We need to get the code running."

He snaps back into himself in an instant. "Oh," he clears his throat, fiddling with the collar for a moment until he's got the adapter plugged into his computer, "yeah, one sec."

Once it's in, Sapnap quickly clicks onto minecraft, looking back down at the collar in his fingers as it loads. The strap is made of a nice leather, soft and supple to touch, a bit too expensive looking for what is essentially a gag gift, making him nervous about how much Dream actually spent

getting it.

Without thinking, he unhooks the buckle, playing with the strap only briefly before holding the collar up to his neck, just feeling it for now, seeing how the leather fits against his skin. It's oddly nice, despite knowing what it is, what it's for. He traces the edges of the leather idly, slowly feeling along each stitch, trying to memorise it by touch.

"You good, Sap?" George asks him after a few moments of silence, and he realises he'd lost himself in the motions for nearly a full minute, touching the collar and blinking at nothing like some sort of weirdo.

"Yeah," he says, voice thick with *something* he can't place, his head too fuzzy to focus, "I'm good. Sorry, just-" He pauses, takes the collar from his neck briefly to look down at it one last time.

Something pulls in his chest when he watches his own thumb brush against the cool metal of the buckle, and he hurriedly pulls the collar back to his neck before he can think further on it. This time, instead of just holding it against his skin, he slides the end of the strap through the buckle, pulling it tight so it's snug against his skin before fumbling to get the buckle in place.

When he looks back at his monitor, he's surprised to find how unfocused his eyes are, how flushed his cheeks are and-

And how good the collar looks around his neck.

"Take your time." George says after another moment of silence, unusually soft and genuine, especially for what they're about to do. He feels like he should be getting bullied pretty hard right now for how flustered he's acting, like George should be cracking a joke about how maybe he *is* going to enjoy this or something.

He's glad he's not. He doesn't think he could handle it if he did, though he's not entirely sure he can handle George like *this*, either.

Maybe he just can't handle George at all right now. Maybe he just can't handle *anything*, right now he just feels- weird.

"I'm good," Sapnap repeats, voice still as thick as earlier, but a lot clearer, "it's on. Plugged in. Coming on now." He can't seem to speak in anything besides short sentences, but George doesn't make a comment, only weirding him out further with how *normal* he's acting. Like Sapnap isn't being incredibly awkward right now, giving him every opportunity to poke fun at him.

"Good."

The way George says it makes him shiver for some reason.

He notices the curious glance George gives him for it and is annoyed that it picked up on camera, that he was paying enough attention to notice. He hates it, but he can't seem to tear his eyes away from George's on the screen, carefully watching his focused expression as George types something on his keyboard, holding back another shiver when brown eyes slide back to where he knows his picture is on the screen.

And then not being able to hold it back when George darts his tongue out to wet his lips, eyes darting down somewhere on the screen to look at something Sapnap can't see.

He can't look at him after that, unsure if George caught the second shiver or not since he tears his eyes away before George can look back, turning his head so he doesn't have the temptation and

looking at his floor like it's something interesting, something worth captivating his attention so he doesn't have to think about more interesting things he could be looking at.

Now that he doesn't have anything interesting to preoccupy him, Sapnap's thoughts trail back to the thick leather snug against his neck. It's perhaps one level too tight; he can feel the edges of the collar digging into his throat with each slightly ragged breath he drags in through his nose and for some reason, he doesn't find himself minding.

"Sapnap," George says, sounding a little distant in Sapnap's headphones as his train of thought starts to go a little off the rails, "*Sapnap*," he repeats, and this time he turns back to the screen in an instant, immediately pulled by the commanding tone in his voice, "...I thought you said you were coming on?"

"Oh," is all he says, "sorry- right, yeah I-"

George waits patiently until the server loads and Sapnap logs into their world, looking oddly calm about the entire thing, like he's not surprised by how distracted and disoriented Sapnap is right now. Maybe he's just used to it, maybe he and Dream both get distracted too much of the time for George to think anything of it anymore.

But still, usually he'd at least make a joke.

"Sorry," Sapnap says as soon as George's character runs up to him in the game, feeling the sudden need to explain himself, "I'm sorry, I don't know why I'm-"

"It's okay," George says, voice so stupidly casual and soft that it's almost infuriating, setting every nerve on fire with each syllable, "don't think about it too much, you're fine."

Sapnap tears his eyes away again, feeling the heat rising steadily to his face but also starting to slowly pool low in his stomach, settling around his core, making him feel like his thighs would shake too much to stand right now if he tried and his arms would be too weak to catch himself if he fell.

"Okay." He says softly, bringing his eyes back to the screen and feeling his breath catch in his throat when they land on George's.

It's slightly off because that's just the nature of video calling, but he knows George's eyes are on his right now, knows that he's looking at him, *seeing* him. It's so intense he almost backs out and ends the call right then and there so he can rip the stupid collar off and go sort out what's going on his head.

But he doesn't.

George's breathing keeps him rooted to the spot, slow and quiet in his ears, a little ragged, just like Sapnap's. He's sitting right up on the microphone so it comes through as clear as it can through video call, and Sapnap can't help but be lulled into a slight trance by it.

"I'm gonna run the command." He barely registers George speaking, his brain seeming to lag a few seconds behind before he can actually process. The little notification pops up and Sapnap doesn't react until George's chair squeaks underneath him as he shuffles a little closer to his desk, the noise pulling him back into himself just slightly.

"So it's on?" Sapnap asks, clearing his throat when it comes out scratchy and raw, only now realising just how tense he's been, "I can- I mean, should I just start going?"

He hesitates slightly, waiting for direction, waiting for *George's* direction, before the other hums absentmindedly and Sapnap glances back over to the video to see George staring at (presumably) him yet again. His chest goes tight, something pulling at him from inside, enough to hurt. He squirms under the attention, fingers twitching on his mouse.

This is the part where he starts playing, starts trying to avoid taking damage, but-

“We should- like- test it, right? I mean like, before. Make sure the collar is actually working before I waste ten minutes running around just to find out it won't shock me.” He's surprised at how even his voice comes out, only cracking twice over his words.

“Oh,” George says lightly, turning glancing back at his screen to bring his character closer to Sapnap's, “you want me to hit you? So you can see.”

For some reason the words make Sapnap gasp, hopefully quiet enough that the mic doesn't pick it up, but still. Something about hearing George ask him if he wants to be hit makes his heart stop for a moment, something about the *way* he says it makes him feel like cotton is being stuffed into his brain, like everything's fuzzier, quieter.

“Go-” Sapnap's voice barely comes out as a whisper, he clears his throat, “go ahead.”

There's a brief moment where something passes over George's face, something he can't pinpoint, and he's about to ask if something's wrong, if *he* did something wrong, when his eyes shift over to look directly at the camera. It makes him choke on another gasp, and he barely registers the small twitch of George's lips before he hears his mouse click, sees his character get punched on screen, then feels it.

It's nothing like what he'd imagined. It's so much *stronger* than he thought it'd be, the pain sharp and vibrant, pin-pricking at the spot the collar rests before blossoming outward, electricity flowing along his neck, down his chest until it reaches his toes. It only lasts maybe 2 whole seconds, but it feels like an eternity that he's stuck there, stuck in the feeling, stuck in limbo while he waits for his brain to reset and his body to start responding again.

“F-fuck,” Sapnap whimpers when he's got enough control to do so, still tense even after the electricity has stopped, “George-”

He blinks his eyes open, not having realised he'd squeezed them shut through the entire ordeal, then licks his dry lips when he sees the way George is looking at him. His gaze is intent, watching Sapnap's every move in a way that makes him nervous again, uncomfortable under the attention. There's something dark in it, in *him*.

It's magnetizing.

“How was it?” George asks slowly, his voice surprisingly normal for the extremely out of character look on his face right now, not even a hint of teasing despite how Sapnap looks.

This is weird, right? George should be laughing, should be making fun of him. Is this a new way of messing with him? Is that what this is?

Sapnap's not sure if it's better or worse. It's different.

“I-” Sapnap shivers slightly, bringing his fingers up to toy with the leather of the strap around his neck again, “I, um- I don't-”

George waits patiently for him to finish the thought and he squirms more, wishing he'd just crack

already, stop whatever this bit is that he's doing and just make fun of Sapnap like he's sure he wants to because this-

This isn't funny. This feels like a mean joke, stringing Sapnap along, making him feel all weird then laughing at him behind his back. He's fine when he can see it, when he can join in and pile on with George, make light of how nervous he is, poke fun at how flushed his cheeks are, how he almost looks *turned on* right now, but like this? It feels cruel.

"George," he says, ripping his fingers away from the collar like it burns his skin, feeling the sudden need to get it off him as fast as he possibly can, "this isn't-"

"Hey," George cuts him off the moment his hands fly up to reach for the buckle, "don't, Sap. You're okay."

His breath stutters, fingers pausing about a millimeter from the metal.

George tilts his head, the dark look in his eyes fading just slightly as he frowns in slight concern.

"Aren't you?"

Sapnap doesn't know what to say to that. He knows George wouldn't make a joke so cruel, wouldn't tease him about something like this, not the way he's doing right now, but he can't help feeling like all of this has been purposeful ever since he made that *stupid joke*.

"I'm-" Sapnap's lips twist downward without his permission, and he knows he can't lie, "I just- I want you to stop making fun of me. I don't- I don't think this is very funny, George." He looks away, looks down at his keyboard, tries to lose himself in the pattern of the colour changing lights underneath the keys. It's definitely more interesting than watching George's every movement, carefully examining his expression.

Definitely.

"Do you hear me laughing?" George asks, pulling his gaze back up to the screen with his careful voice, his eyebrows raised at Sapnap through the screen, "I'm not making fun of you Sapnap, do you really think I'd do that?"

He squirms under George's gaze, pressing his lips together tightly and glancing away when the guilt starts eating away at him. "No," he says, almost quiet enough that his mic doesn't pick it up, "you wouldn't- I mean, you're not *like* that."

"I'm not," George confirms, his voice a little quieter too, then pauses while he waits until Sapnap's eyes are on his again, "I wouldn't make fun of you, not for something like this. The opposite, actually."

Sapnap's breath stutters and he finds himself unable to tear his eyes from the screen, unable to look away as George studies him, clearly gauging his reaction before he eventually leans back in his chair again, a slight smile slowly starting to tug on his lips. He feels caught out, like George can see him laid completely bare in front of him, like he knows exactly what Sapnap's been thinking, what he's been feeling, this entire time.

There's a lot of different questions he wants to ask, a lot of different things he wants to say, but they all seem to get caught in his throat before he has a chance to speak them.

"So," George says after a long moment of Sapnap failing to make his mouth work, "do you want to keep going? I can just leave right now, I won't make fun of you, like I said. We don't have to talk

about it.”

A strangled sort of whine rips its way from his throat without Sapnap’s permission and he immediately ducks his head, burying his face in his hands while George laughs softly in the background. It doesn’t sound as mean as it should. “Don’t.” Sapnap says, eventually managing to pull himself together enough to look back at the screen, “George- please, don’t leave.”

George looks at him for a moment, seeming to consider him.

“Alright.” He says eventually, and that’s it.

There’s some clicking, a bit of typing and Sapnap wonders if he’s supposed to be doing something, wonders if George is even paying attention anymore. “Um,” Sapnap drums his fingers on his desk nervously, “George, should I-”

“Quiet,” George interrupts him, waving a hand dismissively and making him shut his mouth faster than he can even process, “be good and sit still for a moment, will you? Or I’ll have to punish you.”

The way he says it so casually -not a threat, a promise- makes the hairs on the back of his arms stand up on end and he just barely holds back another shiver. He sits perfectly still, obediently waiting for George to return his attention to him, hoping it doesn’t take too much longer so he can stop feeling like his heart’s going to give out on him at any moment.

Luckily for him, George doesn’t make him wait too long, returning his attention to Sapnap after a few minutes, once he’s started trembling from how tense he’s holding himself, once he’s barely holding himself back from whining like a baby and begging George to do *something*, already. Probably one of the last coherent thoughts he’s going to have for the rest of the night is how maybe that’s exactly how George had wanted him, why he’d been made to wait.

“There we go, everything’s set up, thank you for being so patient. You did so good for me, Sap.”

He swears his heart just fucking stops right then and there.

“Y-yeah?” His voice comes out small and raspy, his tongue feels heavy in his mouth. George smiles.

“Yeah,” he says, then presses his lips into a thin line, drums his fingers on his on the arm of his chair, “I should probably set the ground rules before we start, feel free to add anything if there’s something I miss.”

Sapnap tilts his head, still a little fuzzy from the praise, the collar warm and heavy around his neck.

“Firstly, we can make a safeword if you want, but saying stop will work just fine as well, at least for tonight. We can talk about it later, if you want,” George starts, sounding so formal, straight down to business, “secondly... Well, my rules are pretty simple. I give you an order, you listen. You obey, understand?”

Sapnap nods, then realises George wants him to say it when he quirks an eyebrow at him. “Yes,” he hesitates slightly, “George.”

Calling him sir would be kind of weird, right?

“Such a good boy for me,” George praises him, lips immediately curling into a pleased smile the moment he hears his own name, “now, you have to agree to say stop if you ever feel like you need

to, that's non-negotiable. You need to have some way of showing me when I do something you don't like, so I'll ask you any time before we start, okay?"

Sapnap blinks at him slowly. "Any time?" he asks, "like... We'll be doing this more than once?"

George pauses, the pleased smile from before starting to slip a little, turning into something closed-off, something unreadable as he says, "If it's *not* going to be a more than once thing, then..." he takes a slight breath and Sapnap notices his fingers curled tight enough around the arm rests of his chair that his knuckles go white, "I'd rather we just stop here, if that's alright. We don't need to-"

"No!" Sapnap nearly shouts, surprising himself at his own volume, before clearing his throat and shuffling back in his chair, "I just- I mean, I don't want it to be a one time thing, either. Definitely not."

A brief moment of silence. George sighs, trailing off into small giggles at the end nervous and relieved. "Okay, good. I thought-" George clears his throat, releasing his death grip on the arm rests of his chair, "but you just meant- you were just glad I wanted it too."

Sapnap ducks his head, laughing along quietly as well, unable to hold back the grin that forces itself on his face when he looks back at the screen. "If I'm being honest," he says, warmth blossoming in his chest, "I never thought you would. I've wanted- wanted *this* , for so long, but you... I don't know, you didn't seem interested, so I sorta gave up."

"Really?" George scoffs, "I've probably been into you just as long. You didn't seem interested either, I mean I *tried*-"

"When!" Sapnap interrupts, laughing in disbelief, "Actually, don't answer that, we can talk about this later. We *will* talk about this later, but right now-"

"You wanna get fucked so hard you can't think. Got it," George says, voice casual despite the shit-eating grin he's wearing as Sapnap splutters and buries his face in his hands, "well, I suppose we can talk about limits later, too. I'll go easy on you for now and you'll say stop if you need to, right Sapnap?"

He's surprised at how easily George switches from being an annoying idiot to... Whatever this is. It nearly gives him whiplash to watch the grin fall back into a calm, composed facade, eyes dark and all too knowing as they regard Sapnap with cool indifference.

"Yes, George," he finds himself answering almost immediately, "I don't think I'll need to, but I will."

George raises an eyebrow at that, sucks in a long breath before bringing his hand up to his chin, tapping it lightly as he thinks. "I didn't ask for your opinion," he says after a while, seeming to choose his words carefully, "'Yes' or 'no' responses only from now on unless I say otherwise, got it? Or I'll have to punish you."

The commanding tone in his voice is enough to make Sapnap shiver, so he nods. "Yes," he says, and then, when George narrows his eyes slightly, "George." He sits up straighter in his chair, forcing himself not to shiver *again* , wondering how George can make him feel so weak without even touching him, without even saying anything.

"Good boy, that wasn't so hard," George praises him, expression melting back into that satisfied smile easily, "now, are you going to start?"

Sapnap tilts his head, blinks slowly and tries to think of what exactly he's supposed to be doing

here, George is the one in charge after all. “I-I thought you- I mean, what do you want me to do, George?”

“I thought,” George says, an amused glint in his eyes, “you wanted to test out the collar?”

It’s completely unexpected, Sapnap’s not really sure what he’d thought George was going to do with him, but it certainly hadn’t been trying to get him off by making him play minecraft. He pouts before he can think about it, shifting in his seat. “But-”

He doesn’t even manage to get the word out before another shock slams into his neck, electricity frying his nerves and making him spasm, throwing his head back involuntarily. Although maybe that’s just because it feels so good. Oh, it *hurts* , but knowing George is watching, knowing George *did it* , knowing he *deserved it* -

The arousal that’s slowly been pooling in his gut spikes and he’s almost overwhelmed by it before the collar clicks off again and the aftershocks start to fade. For a moment there it’d almost felt like he could come from being shocked alone; he knows he probably couldn’t even if he wanted to, but just thinking about how it had felt makes him want to try.

“George.” Sapnap whines, slowly coming back to himself and returning his eyes to the screen, only to force back a whimper when he sees the way he’s looking at him.

He feels small, like *prey* . George looks starved.

“What the hell was that?” He asks before George can intimidate him back into silence, bringing shaky fingers up to rub at his neck, “I didn’t even take any damage!”

“Well,” George laughs softly, eyes dark and mean, “what did you think I was doing while I made you wait? I was setting up a new code, just for you.”

He goes to speak again, but as soon as he opens his mouth another shock rocks through him. He spasms again, barely holding back a moan as he throws his head back against his chair, fingers digging desperately into his own thighs. It’s the same length as the others, he’s sure, but it still seems to go on forever, it still feels like he’s caught in it, pulled under into the sensations with no escape in sight. It’s intoxicating.

“What did I tell you?” George asks him once the shock has faded, clearly barely restraining a sadistic smile, “don’t speak out of turn, brat, or I’ll show you your place. Maybe you actually want that, though, I mean, you clearly seem to be enjoying yourself.”

There’s a soft giggle and Sapnap barely has the energy to look back up at the screen. He sees himself, his chair pushed back just enough that his legs are barely visible in the shot. George can see very clearly how much he’s getting off on this.

He can’t look anymore.

“You’re so cute,” George grins, snickering at him when he has to squeeze his eyes shut to stop himself from moaning, “who knew you were such a slut, Sapnap? For *pain* , too. Never would have pegged you for a little masochist.”

Sapnap can’t help the soft moan he lets out hearing that, his fingers starting to hurt from how tightly he’s gripping onto his own legs. He desperately wants to move them somewhere a little higher, put them to some actual use, but he knows George wouldn’t like that at all.

As much as the pain is turning him on, George’s praise is so much better, so much more

rewarding. He wants to be good for him.

“But,” George says after studying him for a moment, “you’ll behave for me still, won’t you, pretty boy?”

It produces a full body shiver and he has to turn his head, pressing his cheek into the headrest of his chair and taking a few shaky breaths as he tries to ground himself again. Everything George is doing just keeps unraveling him a little more, piece by piece.

“Yes, George.” Sapnap manages after a long moment of silence, voice soft and croaky. He blinks back at the screen, barely forcing himself to look, only because he knows George wants him to.

He nearly chokes at the sight.

George has pushed his chair back a little too, making it easier for Sapnap to see his hand between his legs, pushed underneath pyjama bottoms as he strokes himself, languid and unhurried in his movements. He could nearly drool at the sight.

“You’re so pretty like that, you know?” George asks him, voice thick and slightly hoarse. He can hear the strain in it when his fingers flick upwards. “I wish I could kiss you, wish I was there so I could do everything I want.”

There’s a small gasp. Sapnap’s not sure who it’s from.

He watches George snag his lip between teeth, watches his eyes flutter shut briefly as he strokes himself a little faster, stomach dropping when they snap back open to stare directly into the camera.

“I’d devour you.”

Sapnap doesn’t even bother holding back the desperate moan it rips from him, letting himself fall into it head first.

His fingers flex against his thighs, twitching involuntarily like they’re trying to fight him. His self restraint is waning by the second.

“God, you don’t even know what you do, do you Sap?” George sighs, breath hitching slightly, “I don’t know what to do with you. I don’t know what to do with *myself*.”

He can barely focus on George’s words anymore. He’s slipping, falling into unfamiliar territory where his brain goes fuzzy and his body struggles to comply.

“George I feel- I don’t- George-” Sapnap stutters, his words slurring just slightly as he forces them to come. He doesn’t think he could actually string together a sentence right now.

“You’re okay, hey,” George cuts him off, voice softer, still commanding but in a way that grounds him, “let it happen, Sap. Is this- is this your first time in sub space?”

Even if he wasn’t struggling to form coherent thought, Sapnap’s sure he wouldn’t be able to understand what George’s talking about right now. He feels himself shake his head before he even makes the decision to do it, mind lagging by a few seconds.

“Oh, okay,” George says, taking a breath then humming like he’s thinking, “I- we can talk about it after, I’ll explain it to you, yeah? Basically what you need to know now is that I’m here. I’m taking care of you, don’t worry about anything else, okay? Let me take care of you, let me think for you, I’ll keep you safe. Just focus on me, think you can do that, pretty boy?”

Sapnap takes a breath, then slowly nods his head. “Yes, George.” His voice sounds *wrecked*. The only time it’s ever sounded like this was that one time him and Dream stayed up screaming lyrics at each other on a Discord call all night long. He’d woken up without his voice the next day; it’d sounded just like this.

“Jesus,” George breathes, and Sapnap watches as he drags his tongue across his dry lips, “so good for me Sap, aren’t you? You deserve a reward I think. You’ve been patient for me, haven’t touched yourself at all, have you? Even though you need it. I think I’ll let you, now. Go ahead, you deserve it.”

He doesn’t need to be told twice, ripping his hands from his thighs to pull at his sweatpants, pushing them down to his mid-thighs before licking his hand to get it as moist as he can before wrapping it around himself. It nearly hurts from how good it feels to finally give himself some attention, to finally get some relief. He hadn’t realised how hard he was getting that entire time.

Sapnap hadn’t even though he *could* be this turned on.

“Oh fuck, *thank you*, George. Thank-”

Another shock hits him and he could almost cry, cutting himself off with a choked sob as his muscles tense uncomfortable. He rides it, waits it out for the 2 longest seconds of his life. Every time seems to be longer, seems to stretch on for an infinity.

He wants it to *end*.

He never wants it to stop.

“As much as I appreciate your manners, Sapnap,” George starts, his tone a little disappointed and Sapnap’s stomach rolls in guilt, “I don’t remember telling you to speak.”

“Sor-” He doesn’t make it through half the word before George is sending another shock to the collar. He feels it in his fingertips.

This time, he’s good. He’s silent. He won’t apologise, he’ll be a good boy and obey, make it up to him instead.

“There we go,” George says after a few moments, clearly waiting to see if Sapnap will push him any further, before smiling when he simply blinks back at the screen at him, obedient and patient, “*there’s* my good boy. You can do it if you try. Now I don’t remember telling you to stop, did I?”

Sapnap shudders a breath, shakes his head. “No, George.” He answers, then starts moving his hand again, trying to match George’s slow, careful pace on himself, but struggling to hold himself back. He probably doesn’t have half his restraint. That’s going to be fun for later.

“Faster.” George demands, though he keeps his own hand moving lazily against his skin. Sapnap obeys.

He’s not sure how much faster George means, so he tries to find a middle ground, picking up his pace but not desperately chasing his own release like he wishes he could.

It seems good enough for George, who makes no comment beyond his erratic breathing and small moans, so Sapnap lets himself feel a small amount of pride. He thinks he’d probably do anything as long as it made George happy right now. It’s a strange feeling, like he’s given himself over to him completely.

He thinks he likes it.

“Tell me what you’re thinking about, Sap.” George says once his moans start getting breathier, start getting all high pitched and whiny as he climbs closer to the edge. It’s not a request; it’s an order.

“You,” he babbles immediately, unable to stop himself, “thinking about you touching me. Kissing me. Holding me down or pulling me close, grabbing the collar and using it to move me however you want. I wanna be so good for you, George, I’ll do anything, *please*, I’m getting close, please.”

George doesn’t hesitate. He almost expects the shock this time, welcomes it. Moans like a whore as the electricity courses through him.

“If I want you to beg, I’ll ask you to beg, slut.”

Sapnap feels tears brim in his eyes, his hand stuttering as he forces himself back from the edge, going a little slower so he doesn’t push himself over the edge before George gives him permission. He can’t stand this anymore; the shock only made it worse, he *needs* to cum.

“Don’t you dare slow down,” George says threateningly when he notices Sapnap’s struggle, leaning into the mic and obscuring Sapnap’s view of his lap, “I want you to keep going. Don’t you dare stop, you understand? I wanna see you cum, pretty boy. I’m not feeling very patient tonight.”

Sapnap gasps softly, squeezes his eyes shut for the briefest of moments, imagines what it would feel like to have George’s lips on his. “Yes, George.” He whispers, only knowing it picks up on the mic when George’s lips curl into a satisfied smile.

He leans back in his chair, giving Sapnap the perfect view of the hand curling around his cock once more. He wants to know what it feels like, what it tastes like, how warm it would be under his touch.

“Good boy,” George praises him as he starts to really pick up his pace again, watching his thighs flex and his fingers shake against himself with dark, hungry eyes, “keep going, doing so well, Sap. You look so fucking good right now, I can’t wait to get my hands on you, *fuck-*”

Sapnap moans along with him as George tilts his head back, missing the attention on him when he squeezes his eyes shut to focus.

He barely manages to stop himself from begging once he really starts to get close, barely hanging on by a thread, the only thing he’s able to focus on is being good for George, being silent apart from all the moaning and whimpering.

“Okay,” George breathes after a few long moments, Sapnap barely holding himself together by this point, twitching and shuddering all over, thighs flushed bright red from the effort, “okay, yeah. I think I want to hear you beg now, Sap. You sound so pretty, so good for me. Say whatever you want, beg for me.”

It’s difficult to think, so Sapnap ends up letting out a choked sob, eyes wet with unshed tears as he throbs between his fingers almost painfully. “George,” he croaks, then licks his lips, “George, *please*. Want you so bad, want you to touch me, hold me, do whatever you want with me I’m *yours*. I’m yours I- oh, please George, I’m yours, please, *please-*”

It’s almost incoherent, but George seems to get the picture well enough, cracking his eyes open just enough to watch Sapnap’s face as he moves his hand to his pace, both of them chasing their high now, neither holding back.

“I want-” Sapnap snuffles softly, toes curling into the carpet beneath his chair, “I want to touch you. I wanna get my mouth on you, let you use me how you like, I don’t care, *please*- I just- I just want you. Only you.”

George brings a hand up to his own face, resting shaky fingers over his lips as he heaves in lungfuls of air like a fish out of water. “Fucking hell, Sap,” he groans, “beg so pretty pretty for me, god. Don’t stop, okay? You can cum, you’ve been so good for me, my pretty boy.”

It’s all he really needs to hear. Something about those words, something about being called *good*, being called *pretty boy* - it makes his heart stop every time George says it.

“Thank you, George,” he whines, squeezing his eyes shut as he feels pre cum dribble from his tip, gathering it on his thumb and smearing it along his length, “thank you, thank you, thank you-”

He keeps babbling, not able to think of anything else to say as his thoughts go fuzzy, everything becoming quiet, the only sound he can pick out among the static is of George’s moaning, his breathing. He lets it guide him back to reality as he twitches against his hand, making a mess all over his stomach and thighs, his orgasm hitting him in waves.

He doesn’t even realise George had turned on the shock collar until it switches off.

It’s probably the best orgasm he’s had in his life. “George-” he gasps, blinking his eyes open dazedly just in time to watch George rock against his own hand, spewing out curses along with Sapnap’s name, praise following behind it. He’s never seen something so hot.

He’s never been so in love.

There’s a few moments after where it’s nearly silent, where it’s just the two of them, breathing together. They stare at each other’s eyes through the screen, but it doesn’t become awkward, it’s just... Quiet.

Sapnap really wishes he could kiss him right now.

“God, I wanna kiss you,” George says immediately, mimicking his thoughts, “I really, *really* wanna kiss you right now.”

Sapnap takes in a shaky breath and laughs a little nervously, bringing his clean hand up to cover his face, then dipping down to drag along his neck, running over the smooth leather of his collar. It feels weird to have it on now. Not exactly wrong, but like it doesn’t sit right anymore. It doesn’t seem to have the same weight as it did earlier.

“I want to too,” he says, in response to George, “I get real cuddly after, y’know. I just wanna cling.”

George laughs quietly, his eyes so soft it nearly winds him just seeing it. He doesn’t think he’s ever seen him look so... Happy? Adoring?

~~In~~ love?

“That’s okay,” he says, voice thick from exertion, soft and warm like he could fall asleep right here at any moment, “I do too.”

They only take a few more moments to themselves before the mess starts to get to him, and Sapnap has to excuse himself to the bathroom to go clean himself up and grab a new pair of pants, since he somehow managed to get some of it on his sweatpants. That’s what he gets for not taking them off

properly.

“I’ll be back in a minute, okay?” Sappap says before he leaves, unable to hold back the goofy grin on his face when George smiles back just as sweet and waves him off, telling him to hurry back. He’s seriously never been in a better mood.

It’s not even ruined when he gets into the bathroom, when he undoes the buckle and pulls at the strap until the collar slides off his neck and he sees the mark it left behind. Two pink lines that run right around his throat, a clear imprint from the collar being left on too long.

It’s annoying, sure, and he’s going to have to find a way to hide it if it hangs around for more than a day because he really doesn’t want to have to answer stupid questions about it on stream, but-

He can’t find it in him to be *truly* annoyed at it, not when it feels like being marked by George. When it feels like a brand, a *claim* .

He wants it to fade as quickly as possible.

He wishes it could stay.

Day 17 - Spanking (Dreamnotfound)

Chapter Notes

holy shit ok so. It's been. Longer than a week. LMAO

sorry for the wait y'all but I really did need the time. Idk how regularly this is gonna get updated anymore but rest assured, even if it takes me till NEXT kinktober I WILL be finishing all the prompts. I just want to make sure I'm actually enjoying every single one and taking my time, rather than rushing and making myself anxious about it.

My mental health is doing a LOT better now though so. I don't think we'll have anymore 3 week hiatus' at the very least. anyways thank you all for the support!! (especially those on the discord. You know who you are!) I love you all and hope you enjoy this chapter <3

oh and follow me @ahwuum on twitter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You just don’t know when to quit,” George sighs, placing his laptop off to the side, finally relenting to his constant pestering as he curls his fingers around the back of Dream’s bare thigh and tugs him closer, “do you Dream?”

It’s a fair point, Dream’s pretty well known for pushing his boundaries, especially with George. He can’t help himself, not when George makes it so much fun to break him.

“I’ve been known to push my luck,” Dream hums, grinning down at the firm hand on his thigh, “on occasion.”

George raises an unimpressed eyebrow at him and Dream tilts his head innocently like he doesn’t know exactly where this is about to go. Like he doesn’t know *exactly* what he’s doing.

“Only on occasion, huh?” George repeats, squeezing his fingers on Dream’s thigh briefly, then pulling away to watch the blood rush back to the surface. He can tell by the look in George’s eyes that he’s not going to come out of tonight without getting covered in marks. Good; exactly how he likes it.

“Yep,” Dream chirps and, feeling brave, reaches out to brush the backs of his fingers down George’s cheek, “you know I’m a good boy, Georgie. I’m only bad when I want to be.”

“When you want to be,” George repeats again, pressing his lips into a thin line, “so what you’re telling me is you’re practically *begging* me to punish you right now? Because I told you I was going to be busy all night, yet here you are.”

Dream holds back a shiver as George slowly tugs at his thigh until he’s crawling into his lap, having to bite his lip to stop himself from humiliating himself and whimpering at the way his nails dig into the sensitive skin.

“You’re not even wearing underwear, god,” George tuts at him as he runs his hands up Dream’s

thighs and underneath the oversized jumper that just barely covered everything important, “you’re such a slut. Are you really that desperate?”

“I-” Dream’s voice breaks off into a whine as George digs his nails harshly into the tender flesh of his inner thigh.

“Couldn’t even go an hour without bugging me for attention, even after I told you *so many times* to leave me alone,” he sighs in disappointment, letting his grip fall from Dream’s thigh, “you know what I have to do, don’t you, darling?”

He really tries not to grin like a kid on Christmas, really, he does. But- well, knowing George is about to give him everything he’s been waiting for this entire night makes it a little bit hard to suppress his excitement. So he grins wide in satisfaction, then almost immediately feels it fall from his face as George reaches up to viciously grab at his hair.

“I’m not going to *fuck* you, if that’s what you’re thinking, brat,” he spits at him, pulling at Dream’s hair so he has to follow along until he’s got him maneuvered into the exact position he wants, “you don’t deserve it. I think you’ve gotten just a little too comfortable breaking my rules, sweetheart. It’s my fault, really, I’ve been too nice, too *soft* -”

Dream yelps as George maneuvers his legs off to the side, pushing his face into the cushions with the merciless grip on his hair. He has the sudden, awful realisation that he’s slung over George’s lap when a hand pushes up the bottom of his jumper, then lays to rest on his upper thigh.

“-but don’t worry, Dream,” he feels George’s thumb rub a few soft, soothing circles into his skin like he almost feels bad for what he’s about to do, “I won’t make that mistake anymore.”

He hears the smack before he feels it, terrifying in its piercing volume, and it’s like his brain freezes for a moment, processing.

It fucking hurts.

Of course it does, that’s the entire *point*, but fuck, he didn’t think it was going to be *this* bad. But maybe that’s just the unrelenting nature of his boyfriend shining through. George never does things in half measures, after all. If they’re doing this—if *he’s* doing this, then he’s going to do it right.

“Fucking hell, George, what-” He moves to turn his head and the fingers curled tightly in his hair shove roughly at him until his face is pressed hard enough into the cushions to shut him up. George raises his hand.

“You think I can’t feel you twitching against my thigh?” He scoffs derisively, then brings his palm down hard against his other cheek, at least giving him some symmetry, “don’t act like you don’t love this, Dream, you’re such a masochistic little slut, aren’t you?”

He whimpers, brings his hands up to clutch at the fabric underneath his face, needing something to hold onto while he lets George’s words sink in.

It’s true, he’s always loved having his hair pulled, being bitten, pinched, but George has never *slapped* him before. Not that he’d ever taken it off the table like he’d done with so many things before this, but it’d still surprised him. Not in the least because of how *easy* it seems to be coming to him.

Dream wonders how long he’s been thinking about this.

“Answer me,” George voice breaks him from his thoughts, hard and cold, leaving no room for

disobedience, “*aren’t you?*”

His fingers squeeze his abused flesh, digging into the sensitive nerves and dragging a pathetic whimper from deep in his chest. He shivers, swallows. “Yes,” Dream whispers, tilting his head back slightly to make eye contact with George again and holding back another shiver when he gets a raised eyebrow in response, “I’m a masochistic slut. *Your* masochistic slut, all yours George-”

His voice breaks off into a moan when George’s hand comes down on his skin yet again.

“Good boy,” George says approvingly, rubbing his thumb on the tender skin in a way he might consider soothing if not for the tone of his voice, “that’s right, you’re all *mine*, my stupid brat who doesn’t know how to behave, isn’t that right?” It takes him a moment, but he eventually nods in answer, brain struggling to keep up as the problem between his legs only becomes worse each second.

It’s slightly embarrassing how easily George gets him like this, even for Dream who has little to no shame when it comes to sex. He’s not one to normally be bothered by being overeager, not worried about coming across as ‘too much’ because he knows how much George wants him too, knows how much he likes it when Dream gets on his knees and begs for his attention.

So there’s normally no need to be shy about this sort of thing, it’s just hard to feel good about getting off to being smacked around like a little bitch, getting so hard it *hurts* when George calls him a dirty slut and pulls his hair. It’s not exactly something he should be proudly shouting from the rooftops, not like how it is with their regular sex.

There’s *shame* to this, a whole other level from George’s usual verbal degrading. Something about being held down, spanked and called a filthy slut for enjoying it just cuts straight to the core.

It hurts, but he doesn’t want it to stop.

“What am I going to do with you, Dreamie?” George muses after a long moment, massaging the sore skin, then letting his hand trail down Dream’s thigh only briefly before returning it to its place, teasing him.

He surprises himself by wishing George would just hit him again already, maybe give him a few slaps to his thighs, pinch them, dig his nails in, squeeze the soft flesh until he left bruises in the shape of his fingerprints. He’s only been hit three times, but he’s already addicted to the feeling, already wants *more*.

He leans into the pit of shame deep inside his stomach, let’s himself sink into it, cock twitching against George’s thigh as he licks his lip, tilts his head back again so their eyes are locked. “Punish me until I learn my lesson?” He asks softly, voice cracking halfway through as he blinks through his eyelashes up at George.

Dream winces at the way his fingers flex against his skin instinctively, nerves on fire and begging for a break while his mind screams to beg George for more.

“Yeah?” George’s voice is equally soft, hoarse and gravelly like it almost hurts him to speak like this, “You really do like getting slapped like a little bitch, don’t you?”

He tries to duck his head, not really wanting to admit it, sure, but also wanting to provoke George more than anything, give him a reason.

It’s so easy to get him to take the bait.

“C’mon now,” George sighs, fingers tugging at his hair until Dream is forced to look back at him, tears pricking his eyes, “good boys answer when they’re asked a question, isn’t that right Dream? You know better.”

He takes a shaky breath, nibbles on his lip in thought for just a moment. “Don’t wanna.” He eventually settles on, unable to stop himself from grinning at the way George’s lips twitch, his fingers adjusting in his hair.

“Is that so?” He asks, but before Dream can think of another way to goad him into it, George shoves his head down until his cheek is pressed into the couch cushions again, raises his hand and slams it down hard.

He doesn’t have time to recover from the sting before another slap is laid into the exact same spot, the burst of pain intense enough that he almost sees stars. Sometimes he forgets how deceptively strong George is; he may be a twink, but his boyfriend is certainly no pushover, despite sitting at a computer all day for a living.

“You don’t want to answer me?” George repeats, digging his nails into the top of Dream’s thigh, “you don’t want to admit how much of a slut you are for this? Don’t play coy with me, Dreamie, after all...”

He feels George’s hand snake between his legs, press underneath until he feels his fingers slide against his leaking cock. It takes everything he’s got not to give into the urge to grind his hips into the touch and beg for George to fuck him; that won’t get him anywhere.

“Your body isn’t as good at hiding it as you are,” George finishes, lulling Dream into a false sense of security when he wraps his fingers around him properly and starts jerking him off, “it talks. It’s always telling me how desperate you are, how much you need to be fucked. You can never get enough, can you? So greedy.”

Dream can only whine, pulling at the couch cushions, clawing into them as he forces himself not to fuck George’s hand like he desperately wants to, practically shaking like a leaf as his concentration just barely hangs on by a thread. He’s not sure how much longer he can last with the way George’s fingers are working him, already feeling the tension in his stomach coiling to an unbearable tightness.

“Please, Georgie,” Dream gasps as George uses his other hand to lift his hips slightly, giving him more leverage to jerk him off, “I’m so close, George, please, I’m- fuck, please can I-”

Just as quickly as it came, George’s touch is gone, ripped away from him the moment his voice wobbled in that tell-tale warning. “Answer my question, slut, then maybe I’ll consider letting you cum tonight.” His words are paired with another slap to abused flesh, so Dream has a little trouble concentrating, a little trouble forcing the words to make sense so he can understand what George needs him to do.

“I-” Dream stutters, voice muffled where George is still pressing him into the cushions, “I like... Getting slapped around... like a little bitch.” He says slowly, voice thick and quiet. He has trouble hearing what George says next, blood pounding in his ears as his heart struggles to recover, still a little unfocused, slightly dizzy with need. He needs to make sure George doesn’t do that again, he doesn’t think he could stand a night of edging.

Not that he’s ever been particularly good at handling that particular brand of punishment, but tonight especially—everything about this scene has him on edge.

“-knew you could do it, you just need a firm hand, don’t you? Keep you in line, give you something to focus on.” He only manages to start listening around halfway through his sentence, nodding his head along despite only catching fragments of whatever George was saying.

“Please, George.” He says for lack of anything better, not entirely sure what George wants from him and just needing him to give Dream *something* . Anything.

“Oh darling,” George coos, fingers becoming gentle in his hair as he strokes through the sweaty strands, “you really that desperate? Need me that bad? Maybe you should have thought about that before annoying me all night. If you’d have been a good boy and *waited*, I might have fucked you properly when I was done, but you know that’s not happening tonight, now don’t you?”

Dream whines pitifully, clawing at the fabric and curling his toes, just barely holding himself back from sitting up and shoving George back into the cushions and riding him right then and there. He knows he wouldn’t be able to accomplish it anyway, but just the act of *trying* would get him at least two weeks of no sex.

But the urge to try is *strong* , desperation clawing at his frayed edges, clouding his judgement. He thinks it might almost be worth it on the off chance George would let him. If he can get fucked good and proper tonight, maybe he could manage the two weeks of torture after.

He reminds himself again and again that that’s just the desperation talking, barely clinging onto his sanity as George pets his hair and reaches between him to start touching him again. He can feel himself dribbling all over George’s fingers, the tension building and building as Dream simultaneously begs him to stop and to keep going.

He can’t take being edged again, but it feels so *good* , it’s almost enough.

“No... Tonight,” George says, flicking his wrist and squeezing his fingers in *just* the right way to make Dream shake and moan weakly, “you’re going to take what I give you, aren’t you?”

Dream whines, his voice breaking pitifully in the middle. He doesn’t miss the soft groan George gives him in return, though it takes him a moment to register. “Yes.” He simply whispers, knowing George will make him regret it if he doesn’t give him an answer.

“Good boy,” George praises almost immediately, making Dream whimper when he lets go, pulls his hand from between his legs again and lets it rest on his thigh, “so good now, aren’t you? You just need a little attention, don’t you? So needy.”

He keeps petting Dream’s hair so softly it makes him want to cry, feeling so frayed at the edges that he’s one good insult (or compliment) away from falling apart completely. “Please-” he rasps, leaning his head back into George’s touch when he hears him hum in response, “please, Georgie, I’m sorry. I’m sorry, I just wanted you, always want you. Please...”

It must do *something* to him, because George takes a long breath, steadying himself. He scratches his nails lightly over Dream’s scalp one last time, then lets his hand fall.

“God, you sound wrecked,” he laughs softly, Dream only able to whine in response, “alright, darling. Alright, how’s about this-”

The hand on his thigh travels upwards, moves to rest along the curve of his ass, thumb rubbing small circles into warm skin. Dream wonders where he’s going with this, doubtful that George will give in so easily just to a little begging.

“I’m going to give you... Let’s say ten slaps, yeah? And if you take it like a good boy, I might

consider fingering you, but that's it, I'm not going to reward bad behaviour with exactly what you want. But you're sorry, aren't you?"

"Yes," Dream sobs weakly, overwhelmed with relief and gratitude, "yes, I'm sorry Georgie, I'll be good. I'll take as much as you'll give me, *please*, I'd do *twenty* hits if you-"

George hushes him, reaching out to pet his hair again, touch lingering briefly before his hand moves to the small of Dream's back, pushing under the fabric of his hoodie and holding him firmly in place. Dream remains as still and as silent as possible, only trembling a little bit as he waits as patiently as he's able.

"I said ten, don't try and get more out of me, slut," George speaks, the tenderness in his voice earlier nowhere to be seen as he raises the hand on his ass and brings it down, hard, before Dream has time to react, "you'll take what I give you, won't you? Now count."

"Y-yes," Dream winces, thighs flexing as George raises his hand again, "o-one."

He brings it down on the same spot, searing pain blossoming underneath his hand as he lets it lay briefly, waiting for Dream to continue.

"T-two, fuck, George-"

Another slap, again on the exact same spot and tears spring to Dream's eyes as George rubs the skin, doing nothing to soothe the stinging and the uncomfortable heat radiating from him. If he keeps this up, he won't be able to sit down properly for days, holy *fuck*.

"I didn't tell you to speak, did I?" George asks him, voice calm in that scary way he gets sometimes, digging his nails mercilessly into Dream's ass and making him sob from the blooming pain under each finger, "I asked you to *count*, so fucking count. From the beginning."

George brings his hand down on the same spot *again*. Dream's head spins.

"B-But I-"

Thwack.

He sees stars.

"Don't speak unless I tell you to, brat," George hisses at him, displeased, moving his hand from Dream's back just to shove his head roughly back into the cushions, "stay fucking still and *count*. That's all you have to do, unless you *don't* want me to let you come tonight? Is that it Dream?"

"No- no I- George-" Dream babbles, gasping for breath as George digs his nails in further, "I'll be- I'll be good, I swear. Please-"

Another harsh slap cuts Dream off mid-sentence and he sobs, tears stinging his eyes until they start to spill over, big, fat droplets sliding down his cheek and soaking into the pillows while he curls his toes and forces himself still for George.

"I thought you said you were going to be good?" His voice interrupts Dream's gentle crying after waiting a few quiet moments for him to recover, "I told you to count, didn't I? I'm not stopping until you say ten, so you really shouldn't make this any worse on yourself, pretty boy."

He sobs weakly, snuffles once and turns his head just slightly underneath George's hand. "O-one." He says, voice barely above a hoarse whisper.

“There you go,” George hums approvingly, rubbing his thumb in large circles over the warm hand print seemingly branded into his ass, “good boy, keep going.” And then he brings his hand down again, thankfully —*mercifully*— on his other cheek, giving him some relief. He’s not sure if he could take any more hits to the same spot like that.

“Two-” Dream gasps, feeling George’s hand slip between his legs, a lone finger gently pressing against him, just enough for him to feel, enough to tease without going any further. Not that he’d exactly love to have George finger him dry like this, but his foggy subspace brain is screaming at him to beg for it.

“Finally being a good boy now, aren’t you? You wanna get fucked that badly, huh? You’ll do whatever I ask just to have my fingers,” George coos, sliding his finger back and forth against him and making Dream shiver, waves of fresh tears rolling onto his cheeks from desperation.

He doesn’t know if he can keep this up for much longer.

He claws at the cushions for support as George brings his hand down again and again, counting along to each strike and just barely managing not to rut against his leg like his body desperately wants. It gets harder and harder to focus every time George brings his hand down, the sting starting to overwhelm him as he leaks more and more onto George’s thighs.

His pants are *definitely* stained at this point.

It’ll be a lot funnier to him later when he’s not seconds away from losing his damn mind and constantly on the verge of coming against George’s leg, but for now he’s crossed between desperately wanting George to see what a mess he’s made out of him, and needing to hide it before he gets punished for making him have to wash more clothes.

“S-six.” Dream whines after what feels like an eternity of punishment, just barely over halfway done and feeling more and more like getting to 10 is going to be impossible.

At this point he’s completely devolved into open sobbing, his weak fingers barely holding onto the cushions anymore as he counts and waits and counts and *waits* . It seems to go on forever, George taking longer in between each hit, giving him more breathing room, time to recover before striking him again.

7, 8, 9...

Only one more hit to go and then he’ll be done, it’ll be over and George can fuck him on his fingers and make him cum hard enough to see stars. It’ll be so worth it.

But then again, even if George changes his mind and *doesn’t* let him cum tonight, he still thinks it might be worth it, because he’s never been so damn hard in his entire life. They’re definitely going to have to do this again.

Maybe not for like, at *least* a few weeks, though. Dream isn’t sure he’s going to be able to sit down for at least a few days after this.

“Just one more, pretty boy,” George coos at him a few moments after the last slap, his fingers gentle in Dream’s hair, petting the damp curls at the nape of his neck and letting his other hand rub soothingly over his thigh, “one more and then I’ll let you cum, yeah?”

He can only whimper in response, too broken and weak at this point to do much of anything else, too frazzled and worn out to even *beg* , which tells him they need to wrap this up soon before he starts crying for *real* .

It's over and done with quicker than the rest. George lets his hand linger on Dream's thigh briefly, gives it a small squeeze before he lifts it one last time, the slap coming before he can even register the sudden lack of warmth. It stings pretty bad, but it's so worth it for the way George coos at him sweetly, petting his hair and telling him how good he was, how pretty he is.

"Now comes the fun part, Dream," George starts only once he's stopped trembling like a leaf all over, "go get the lube, will you baby? And I'll fuck you with my fingers so good you'll never want to disobey me again."

He whines softly, pressing his thighs together and feeling himself leaking an almost steady stream of precum directly onto George's leg, brain barely registering the words spoken to him before George lifts his touch altogether, leaving him room to get up when he's ready. He's absolutely sure that George knows he isn't capable of walking properly right now. The sadistic bastard just wants to watch him stumble around half naked and hard enough to cut glass.

Even in his weak, frazzled state, he has enough presence of mind not to give in.

"Hold on," he mumbles, words slurred, and reaches between the cushions to fish around for something, "hold on, I think-" Dream's hands close around a small bottle after a few moments, and he pulls it out triumphantly, turning his head at an odd angle to smile at back at George as he hands it off.

"What- why do we even have lube here?" George asks in disbelief, inspecting the bottle like he's expecting it to disappear right out of his hands.

Dream shrugs, "You let me ride you on the couch like- last week, remember?" He asks, pushing himself up on his elbow slightly to get a more comfortable angle while they speak, "I didn't remember you grabbing the lube so I figured it got lost somewhere. And I was right."

The way he's able to string together his words again and smile like George hadn't just slapped the fuck out of him until he cried is a sign George seems to take as him getting too comfortable in their position, and he promptly corrects it. The hand that pushes his shoulder back down is far from gentle, so Dream lets himself go with it easily, lets his weight fall from his elbow back to his chest as George shoves him back into the cushions once more.

"You sound pretty happy with yourself for someone who still hasn't cum yet," George says lowly, leaning down to speak closer to Dream's ear while he pops the cap for the lube, "don't think just because I made a promise that that doesn't mean I won't change my mind if you misbehave, got it brat? I don't have to give you anything, slut. Not a single thing. You should feel lucky I'm letting you cum at *all* after everything you've done tonight."

He shivers, feels himself falling back into subspace easier than breathing, going pliant under George's touch as the hand moves from his shoulders to fiddle with the lube. He hears squirting noises, a few lewd squelches, then feels the soft thud of a bottle landing back against the cushions, George's hand sinking between his thighs.

This time, he doesn't waste time teasing, rubbing his finger over Dream only once before pressing in, making him wince slightly as he gets used to the stretch. It's been a few days since he last got fucked, which is most of the reason why he'd been so needy all day, finding it impossible to leave George alone to his work when he's been so wound up for so long.

"George-" Dream cuts off into a hoarse whine as George thrusts and crooks his finger, "George, *please*, I need-"

A hand returns to his hair almost immediately, fingers digging into sweaty, dirty blond locks and pressing down hard so Dream's cheek is squished against the cushions, his moans becoming muffled and drawn-out. It doesn't take long for George to give him what he wants, anyway, finger pressing into him incessantly, relentlessly, searching until the tip brushes up against a familiar bundle of nerves.

He can't help the way his hips jump at the feeling, rutting his cock into George's thigh as he whines, high-pitched and hoarse, begging incoherently into the pillows. The hand in his hair twists viciously, pressing him further into the couch while George slips a second finger inside, pushing straight for that same, familiar spot again and only needing a few thrusts before hitting it dead on.

"Georgie!" Dream keens, feeling fresh tears soak into the fabric of the couch before he even has time to register he's crying again, "Oh god, please, please, please—"

George lets him beg without much argument, still just as relentless in his movements as ever, pumping his fingers inside him in quick, harsh thrusts, still surprising him after all this time with how much muscle he has in those deceptively slender hands. It almost doesn't seem fair.

"Only two fingers in and you're begging like a whore, hm?" George hums, laughing cruelly when his fingers brush against his prostate again and have Dream drooling, rutting against his thigh out of reflex, "you're so fun to tease like this. You'd do anything just to get me to let you cum, wouldn't you darling?"

He nods without thinking, already knowing it's true. He *would* do anything for George if it meant he could cum. Right now, at least. All rational thought went out the window the moment he got George's fingers inside him, and it's certainly not coming back until he gets his release.

"It wouldn't take much at all," George sings, slipping a third finger in alongside the others, then stretching them out inside him, "just a few filthy words in your ear and that's all it takes, right? If you have my permission. If you *earn* it."

Dream whines, clawing at the cushions so hard it hurts his nails and rocking his hips back into George's hand with each movement. "Please, I'll do anything Georgie, please- please just let me- just let me cum, *please*, I—" He's cut off from his babbling by another rough shove to his hair, pushing him further into the cushions as the fingers inside him start a brutal pace.

Again, he has to admire the strength George has in his hands; every time he's tried to finger himself he's had to stop after maybe only a minute because his hand started to cramp up. He's not exactly sure how he does it, never giving Dream a break, a moment to breathe, to think. He's relentless and cruel and *Dream just eats it right up*.

"You think you've been good enough, darling? Think you deserve it?" George asks, twisting his fingers in his hair so it pulls while keeping his face shoved firmly into the couch, "teasing me all night, trying to distract me..."

Dream sobs weakly, his thighs shaking and clenching with each thrust of George's fingers, feeling the tension building up bit by bit in the pit of his stomach as his hips grind into George's thigh. "I've been- I've been good, George, please- I- please, I need to. Please, Georgie, it's been so long, I- I took the punishment please. Please, *please*."

He hears George moan softly above him and knows he's done his job, knows he's convinced him — not that George was going to deny him either way *anyway*— and sure enough, the fingers insider him go just the slightest bit faster, spreading inside him and aiming for that little bundle of nerves with each push.

“Fuck, you’re so good at begging, baby,” George sighs, “you don’t even know what you do to me, do you?”

He whimpers in response, having a general idea if it’s anything like what George does to *him* .

“Please... Please, George. Please.” Is all he says, voice softer with desperation, putting the final nail in the coffin more than anything else.

It works.

“Go ahead, Dream,” George purrs, digging his nails ever so slightly into his scalp and working him over with his fingers, moving his thigh underneath his hips to make it easier for Dream to grind against, “you’ve been a good boy, my good little slut, haven’t you? You’ve learnt your lesson, go ahead and cum baby, cum all over my thighs, just like this, and then you can be a good boy and lick it up, can’t you?”

Dream moans, losing himself in George’s touch and only needing to rut against his thigh maybe 2 or 3 times before he cums all over it, wave after wave of tears pouring down his cheeks and immediately soaking into the couch as his orgasm rocks through him. He rides it for as long as possible, fucking himself back on George’s fingers until he goes soft, starts twitching in overstimulation.

He squirms away from the touch and whines as it only leads to him rubbing against George’s thigh, making him shudder and sob from overworked nerves. “George-” he gasps, hips pulling away from the fingers still pressing insistently inside him, “Geo-orge, ple-please-”

Luckily for him, his boyfriend can be merciful. Eventually his movements slow down and Dream takes in large, shuddering breaths as the hand goes loose in his hair and the fingers slowly pull from him. His body still shakes with the aftershocks, with oversensitivity, but Dream feels more satisfied than he has in maybe *months*. It’s been a while since George made him cum so hard.

“There you go,” he says, petting Dream’s hair and sliding his hand along his back underneath the hoodie, “feel better now, baby?”

Dream takes a few moments, lets the silence hang between them as he catches his breath, let’s his heart settle back to a more normal pace and wills the shakiness from his limbs. He turns, slowly, and faces George, sucks in a small breath at his blown-out pupils, the hungry look in his eyes.

“Yeah,” he says, swallowing when his voice breaks, “thank you, Georgie.”

That gets him a hum of approval, fingers moving to drag gently along his jawline as George uses his other hand to lead Dream into a sitting position. “Of course. Don’t say I never do anything for you, Dreamie,” he says, pulling him in for a kiss once Dream has shuffled his thighs to straddle him, “I can be nice, can’t I?”

And because Dream’s senses have finally started coming back to him, he laughs, feeling lighter than he has in days, more like himself as his head starts to clear. “Yeah, sure, *you*, Georgenotfound. Nice.” He grins, only becoming more smug by the way George’s eyes narrow in warning.

He really *doesn’t* know when to quit, it seems.

“God, you’re annoying,” George huffs, yanking at the back of Dream’s hair and making him moan softly, though not forcing the grin from his face, “but you won’t be so happy when I fuck you till you can’t cum anymore, will you? Fucking brat.”

All he can do is laugh when George throws him back down on the couch, starts ripping off his pants, still stained and messy with his cum. He definitely won't learn his lesson, but that's not going to stop him from letting George try.

Chapter End Notes

edit: OH I FORGOT TO ADD TOYS. Uh. Well. It's,, a bit late now..... I'm sorry, I hope this is still good fshdfgh I genuinely cant tell anymore :')

Day 18 - Makeup Sex (Dreamnotnap)

Chapter Notes

Hi hello!! Just as a quick note, this chap got INSANELY LONG!! Somehow this spiralled into a 20k+ oneshot so I've decided to put in about 6k of smut here as a preview, and I'll put the link to the full fic in the end notes, bc half the fic is like. Purely angst LMAO. I'm pretty proud of this though, and I hope you guys enjoy <333

(sorry for the wait. But I think you can maybe understand why this took me so long lmao, back to normal posting soon!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“If you,” Sapnap gasps, whining as George chases his lips, swipes his tongue out to taste him, just barely managing to pull himself away from it as George huffs in frustration, “if you guys keep this up, I- you know I-”

Dream hums against his skin, his large hand slowly sliding down Sapnap’s stomach, the kissing at his neck only growing more intense by the second as George chases his lips until he has nowhere left to go.

“You want this?” Dream breathes against his shoulder as George licks into his mouth, “we can talk if you want, but I think you’d understand *much* better if we just showed you.”

Sapnap whines against George’s lips as the other sucks on his tongue, Dream’s hand slowly, slowly gliding further and further south along his stomach until he reaches Sapnap’s boxers, their fingers still laced together. For some reason, the thought sends a jolt through him, the idea of him getting to hold Dream’s hand while he jerks him off makes him feel sort of... Connected to him. Not that he normally isn’t, but there’s an extra element of intimacy that just drives Sapnap dizzy with want.

“I-” Sapnap breathes, cut off by George’s insistent lips, unable to help falling back into the kiss again and keening as teeth snag his bottom lip, tug it back, then release, “fuck, I- I-”

“It’s okay,” George says, humming against his lips, stroking his thumb along Sapnap’s chin, “we’ve got you. We just wanna show you how much we love you, yeah? Just say the word and we’ll stop.”

Fuck, he thinks he might *cry* if they do.

“No,” he shakes his head, then rushes to pull Dream’s hand back in place when he starts to retreat, “no, I mean- keep going. Please don’t stop.”

George flashes his teeth in a grin, and that’s all the warming he gets before their hands are suddenly all over him.

“Good boy,” Dream says softly into his ear, kissing the shell of it as he shifts the hand on Sapnap’s stomach, moving to unlace their fingers and chuckling softly when he whines, “just relax.” Almost immediately, Dream’s hand curls back around his, this time with his hand on top so he’s guiding

Sapnap's hand along his own body, making him touch himself.

"We've got you," George whispers, bringing their lips together a few times in soft, lingering kisses, "let us take care of you. Show you how much we want you, how perfect you are."

He whines again, a small, pitiful thing, and clutches George's shirt with the hand pressed into the mattress, Dream guiding the other back to his boxers, pushing further until he's got his fingers loosely curled around himself. The back of his neck is littered in more and more kisses and bites while George focuses his attention on Sapnap's lips like he's trying to kiss the air out of him, smother him in this overwhelming affection.

It definitely feels like he's succeeding.

"Please," Sapnap gasps as Dream's fingers pull and squeeze his own, making Sapnap's hand grab his own cock through his boxers and slowly starting to jerk him off, "god, please, I-"

George doesn't let him beg for very long, capturing his mouth in a searing kiss and refusing to let him retreat this time, licking into his mouth relentlessly as he reaches down, dips his fingers underneath Sapnap's shirt and lets his hand roam along his chest. He can barely breathe, George stealing every gasp, drinking him in greedily with each press of their lips, each slide of his tongue and refusing to even give him time to *think*.

"You're gonna have to try a lot harder than that, Sap," Dream chuckles softly, lathing his tongue over a spot on the back of his neck that makes him squirm, "you know how greedy George can be, he won't let you breathe till we've made you cum at least twice."

At this, George does actually pull from the kiss, tilting his head to place a mean bite at his jaw, fingernails dragging down his chest and making Sapnap whimper and squirm from the touch.

"George-" he gasps, feels fingers trail back up his chest again, exploring, until they catch on one of his nipples, wrap around it and pinch *hard*, "ow! George, don't punish *me*, Dream's the one that said it."

"Well I can't exactly *reach* Dream right now," George growls against his skin, licking over the bite mark he left on his jaw, "and besides, I need to show you you're *ours*, you belong to us and you're not going anywhere. And I'm going to touch you," his fingers glide along Sapnap's chest again, softer now, "bite you," he nips a little below his jaw, "and do *whatever* I want with you, got it? Because you belong to me. To us. And we *want* you, Sapnap."

As he speaks, George draws back a little to stare at him in the eyes, moving the arm he's using to prop himself up on the pillows so he can tangle his fingers in Sapnap's hair. It's a little overwhelming to hear those words while George is watching him like *that*, like he's something worth looking at. Something worth wanting.

He wants to believe it. Desperately, he wants.

"I belong to you," he repeats, gasping as Dream squeezes his fingers around himself, wraps his lips around his shoulder to suck a mark into his skin, "both of you. I'm yours. Only yours, only ever yours, please-"

He feels the rumble of Dream's chest against his back as he growls into Sapnap's skin, watches the way George's pupils go wide in front of him, sees the flash of George's tongue as it darts out to wet his lips.

"Shut up and let us take care of you," he says, voice low and gravelly, then surges forward to kiss

him senseless again, “just let us make you feel good, okay?”

“Let us show you how much we want you, you’re so perfect, Sap.”

“*So* perfect. I’d do anything for you, you know that? I’d give you everything in the world if I could, just want you to be happy. I love you. *We* love you.”

“You need to get better at this whole ‘*we*’ thing, Georgie. I’m starting to think I’m stepping on some toes here. Should I be jealous?”

“Oh shut up, will you?”

Sapnap giggles wetly as they argue, sniffing and making George’s eyes snap back to him from where he’d pushed himself up to glare at Dream over his shoulder. “I’m fine,” he reassures immediately at the panicked look he gets when he realises Sapnap’s crying, “I just love you guys. I missed you. I’d do anything for you too, I just got scared and I’m sorry.”

George’s gaze softens visibly and he takes his hand from underneath Sapnap’s shirt to pull it up to his face, reaching out and brushing away a few stray tears with the backs of his fingers gently. “Don’t be sorry, idiot,” he mutters, leaning forward to bring them together in a gentle kiss, “we’ll talk about it later, yeah? We’re not upset with you, we don’t blame you. We just want to show you how much we love you right now, yeah? But we can stop if this is getting you all worked up.”

Dream hums his agreement into Sapnap’s shoulder, his fingers having moved to rest both of their hands on Sapnap’s thigh instead, giving him the chance to breathe. It’s almost enough to make him cry more than just a few small tears this time, but he holds himself back, deciding to give George a wry smile instead.

“Oh this is *definitely* getting me ‘all worked up.’” He jokes, enjoying the roll of eyes George gives him in return for it.

“Idiot,” he chastises fondly, moving to chase his lips and capturing them in a forceful kiss, stealing Sapnap’s breath away again, “you should learn how to shut that mouth of yours sometime.”

Dream and Sapnap both giggle, the former moving to prop his chin on Sapnap’s shoulder, and he doesn’t need to look to know the amused, mischievous look he’s giving George right now, entirely too familiar with it.

“You,” Sapnap pulls away slightly to give George an impossibly wide grin as he talks, “want to kiss me *so bad* it makes you look stupid.”

Dream snorts against his shoulder, tipping his head to press his forehead against Sapnap’s skin while his own shoulders shake with silent laughter. George stares back at him, jaw ticking, a muscle jumping from him gritting his teeth so hard. A person with a normal level of self preservation might try and run, but since Sapnap’s *not* a normal person that cares if his life hangs in the balance, he simply smiles wider, lets George pull his hair, even moans softly as he does.

“You’re fucking right I do,” he growls, using his new leverage to dip his head under Sapnap’s jaw, pressing his lips to his pulse point briefly, before sinking his teeth into his skin, “I want to kiss *every inch* of you. You gonna stop me? Make fun of me?”

He can’t form enough of a coherent thought to think of an answer to that, whining as George leaves more brutal bites along the stretch of his neck, stopping every once in a while to suck some hickies for good measure as he cradles the other side of his neck and holds him in place. God, he can’t wait to see himself in the mirror now. It’s been *so long* since he’s been marked, he’s almost

forgotten what it feels like to be claimed by them.

He's sure he must look a mess, but it's okay if it's them. If *they* made him look like this.

"N-No," Sapnap whimpers, struggling between the urge to tilt his head back for better access or pull against the grip in his hair, "please do. Please, George."

Dream takes a long, steadying breath behind him and he feels George grin against his skin, a shiver running through him as the hand cradling his neck retreats slightly until just the tips of his fingers brush against his skin. He squeezes his eyes shut and just barely holds back a whine as George licks at his Adam's apple, fingers trailing down his neck, over his collarbone, his touch like a whisper.

"Then," he whispers, bringing his hand down when the neckline of his shirt stops him from reaching more of his skin, "help me get this off, will you darling?"

Sapnap whines and nods, Dream letting his hand go easily so Sapnap can shift and help George pull at the hemline until he gets it over his head. Dream uses the opportunity to dig his thumb into the waistband of Sapnap's boxers as well, dragging it slowly down and making him gasp and squirm with his shirt still at his elbows as it pulls against his sensitive skin.

He only pulls them down enough to wrap his hand around him, and Sapnap whines, hips twitching into the touch as he struggles with the stupid shirt, pouting at George who has let go of the fabric just to watch him suffer. "You look good like that." He says, eyes roaming over Sapnap's chest appraisingly as the large, warm hand around him begins stroking him slowly.

"I really doubt that," Sapnap huffs, wriggling his arms and glaring at his boyfriend when he just gets laughed at, "I *look* like an *idiot*."

George rolls his eyes fondly, leans forward to give him a quick peck on the lips, swallowing a whimper as Dream darts his thumb over the head of his cock, smearing precum down his length just to make him squirm. "You look *good*," George repeats against his lips, "when your hands are all tied up and you can't pretend to push me off when we both know you just want more."

But he gives him some mercy despite his statement, reaching up to help Sapnap shimmy the fabric past his elbows, then pulling it off with him completely, and throwing it somewhere across the room onto the floor. His hand immediately returns to Sapnap's chest as he feels Dream's lips trail down his shoulders and onto his back, and Sapnap can't help but shiver as George swoops down to nip at his collarbones.

His hands hover awkwardly above his head for a moment before he shifts, sliding one hand onto the back of George's neck to pull him closer while he moves his other back down to lay between them, slightly squashed by his own body weight against the mattress, but there's not really anywhere else to put it. Threeways while you're laying on your side don't exactly lend themselves to good angles.

But he's not complaining, not while Dream is sucking a new hickey between his shoulder blades with a hand around his cock and George is kissing his way towards one of his nipples, fingers already toying with the other, leaving Sapnap gasping and writhing underneath the overwhelming touches.

This is the last situation he'd ever complain about, especially after these past three weeks of nothing.

Sapnap's never going to let something like this happen again, if only just so he doesn't have to go without this mind-blowing sex for nearly a whole month again. His hand is nowhere near a good enough substitute.

"God, Dream-" he keens as the other kisses the middle of his back, swipes his thumb over his leaking head again and smears the embarrassing amount of precum over his length, "please, I-"

He shudders when George's mouth finds his nipple, struggling to blink down at him so he can actually see how he looks with his lips on his chest, tongue lathing against his skin. It's mesmerising, overwhelming; he's unable to focus on any one specific touch as they all blend into one, spreading heat across his skin like a raging wildfire until every nerve *burns* with it.

"Please."

Dream groans softly at the word, sinks his teeth into the soft give of his back as he speeds up his hand, stroking Sapnap in fast, small motions, barely needing to move with his large hand covering almost Sapnap's entire length. His hips twitch violently under the rough treatment, forcing his thigh back against Dream and making him wince when it connects between his legs.

"Fucking hell, almost forgot what it was like," Dream sighs, George humming his agreement against Sapnap's chest, "you make the prettiest sounds, Pandas."

He whines, long and broken, thrusting his hips ever so slightly into Dream's ruthless hand and gripping desperately onto George's neck, keeping him pulled in tight. "I can't help it," he gasps as Dream presses back against his thigh, rutting into him and moaning weakly against his back, "it's been *forever*, feel like I'm about to explode or somethin'"

His words start slurring at the end of his sentence, mind starting to go a little fuzzy as the tension inside him builds and builds and his skin starts to get slick with sweat, every single touch setting him off. He feels like a ticking time bomb, with Dream and George slowly cutting through each wire, working their way towards the one that will finally set him off.

"Yeah?" George pulls back from his chest slightly to stare up at him, smirking as he brings his hand down to dig his fingers into the soft flesh of Sapnap's inner thigh, "we've barely even started, baby, want us to help you take the edge off? Get you off quick first?"

It's agonising, having to think about what he wants when George has his fingers gripping his thigh and Dream's hand is jerking him off faster and faster by the minute while his hips rock into the back of Sapnap's leg. A small part of him kind of wants a better first orgasm with his boyfriends again than a simple handjob, but the rest of him knows if he doesn't get off in the next thirty seconds he's definitely going to cry again.

And he doesn't want to do that again *just* yet.

He has *some* dignity.

Not a lot. But still.

"I-" he cuts off into a moan, reaches back to smack Dream's arm when he laughs at him against his back, before returning his hand to George's neck, "yes. *Yes*, please. Please, I need it, can I-?"

He can't even finish his sentence before Dream is jerking him off like it's his mission, using the copious amounts of precum leaking from him now to make his fingers slick. Sapnap shoves his face into the pillow to stop himself from moaning like a whore, grasping onto the front of George's shirt as his other hand shake against his neck.

“Of course, pretty boy,” George whispers, moving his hand from Sapnap’s thigh to cup his cheek and pull him from the pillow to give him a kiss, “of course, cum for us, all over Dream’s hand. I’ll make him lick it up, yeah? You like that.”

Sapnap whines again, blinks back the sting of tears in his eyes while Dream moans softly behind him, grinding into his leg pretty consistently now as he brings Sapnap closer and closer to the edge. It doesn’t take much when George whispers things like *that* against his lips, when he pulls him into a kiss so filthy it should be illegal, when he can hear Dream panting and muttering under his breath behind him while his hand jerks furiously.

“Dream, fuck,” Sapnap gasps, the tension building and building and- “fuck, fuck, fuck.”

He cums all over Dream’s fingers, his palm, his own thighs and probably the bed a little too. There’s just. A *lot*.

Dream doesn’t seem to think it’s as embarrassing as Sapnap does, though, growling and shifting to sink his teeth into the chunk of flesh joining his neck and shoulder as he rolls his hips into him again and again, fingers unrelenting as they stroke him through his orgasm. He seems to enjoy milking every last drop out of him, slowing down when Sapnap starts to squirm and whine in protest, but stroking him until his cum starts to cool on his fingers.

“Oh darling,” George coos as he pulls back, wide eyes looking down between them to inspect the mess on Dream’s hand between his legs, “just *look* at you, fuck I’ve missed this, missed *you*. Always so pretty for us, aren’t you Sap? You should see your face right now.”

He pouts, shoving his face back into the pillow just to prove a point, a whine getting muffled into it as he squirms away from Dream’s insistent fingers. He’s barely moving them anymore, but the force from his hips grinding into Sapnap’s thigh keeps bumping him, making his grip slip and accidentally overstimulating him.

“Dre-Dream-” he gasps as the fingers squeeze, and he feels Dream lay his sweaty forehead against his shoulder blade, shifting for a better angle to press his hips firmer into Sapnap’s thigh. He doesn’t seem to hear him though, too caught up in his own pleasure as he pants against Sapnap’s skin, hot and damp and intoxicating.

Normally he’d just let him go at it until he’s satisfied himself, part of him enjoying the oversensitivity, part of him proud that he can make Dream like this. But luckily George is there to provide a firm hand. Quite literally

The hand that had been curled against Sapnap’s cheek moves, stretches behind him so George can get a grip on Dream’s hair and pull hard. He peeks out from the pillow to see stern disappointment set deep into his eyes, mouth curled in distaste and hovering slightly above them both.

“What do you think you’re doing?” George asks, making Dream gasp and his hips stutter as he tugs his hair even harder, “this isn’t about *you*, slut. Remember what we’re here to do, got it? Remember your *place*. ”

He hears Dream huff, but he makes no protest, instead taking a few deep, steadying breaths. George lets his grip fall from Dream’s hair as the man kisses gently down his shoulder blades, down the curve of his spine, moving his hips out of the way to avoid the temptation of grinding back against him again. George’s hand moves instead to Sapnap’s hip, touch light but grounding as he circles his thumb over the skin, giving him something else to focus on as Dream reaches the small of his back.

“Turn over?” He feels Dream murmur against the skin, and he does, slowly, Dream’s hand shifting up to steady his stomach and both of them guiding him until he ends up on his back.

Now he can finally see Dream again, can drink in the flustered, overwhelmed look on his face and let his eyes trail slowly downwards until they land between Dream’s legs as they shift so he’s got one either side of Sapnap’s calves. He smirks at the small damp spot he can see in his sweats, but doesn’t have much time to tease him as he slowly lowers down and brings his mouth to his abdomen.

He licks a stripe from the V of Sapnap’s hips to where his hand sits on his stomach, and Sapnap can’t hold back the gasp that rips through him at the feeling. His stomach jumps under each tiny movement, and Dream smirks up at him, bats his eyelashes like the prick he is and slowly working his way until he reaches his hand. He pulls away, then, just a little bit, just enough to drag his tongue along his palm, eyes never moving from Sapnap’s.

“Show off.” George scoffs from next to him, though he can hear a slight roughness to his voice that tells Sapnap that it’s affecting him just as much.

Dream smirks wider, glances over at George briefly to wink at him before returning his gaze to Sapnap’s. Green eyes bore into his soul, liquify his insides as Sapnap watches his tongue rake over each individual finger. He pushes them into his mouth slowly, one by one, and Sapnap struggles to breathe as he watches Dream suck, then swallow, listens to his soft panting and humming like he’s *really* fucking enjoying this.

Of course he is, though, Dream loves doing shit like this almost as much as Sapnap does.

He doesn’t *quite* have the oral fixation like Sapnap, but god he sure does love to put his mouth to some good use.

“I think that’s enough teasing,” George huffs after about 30 uninterrupted seconds of Dream sucking on his own fingers like he’s imagining they’re something sweet, “stop being such a slut and do your job.” Long, pale fingers reach to curl in golden, wavy locks, pulling on them roughly and making Dream grunt as his face gets shoved back into Sapnap’s stomach.

“So mean, Georgie,” he whines, but starts dutifully lapping at the splatters of cum on his skin anyway, “you’re no fun at all.”

George rolls his eyes as Sapnap shivers, twitching as Dream’s head dips between his thighs. “You won’t be saying I’m no fun when I let you ride Sap till he cries, now will you?” George smirks, getting two pairs of nearly identical gasps, and then a whimper from Sapnap as Dream splays his fingers across both of his legs, spreading him so he can lick a stripe along the sensitive skin of his inner thigh.

His legs tremble in Dream’s touch, every lick rocking straight to his core and making Sapnap wish he could get hard again despite it being so soon after his orgasm. Still, his cock gives a valiant twitch between his legs even as it goes soft, Dream’s tongue slowly working its way upwards until he’s cleaned the mess off of both his thighs.

“Just look at you,” George coos next to him, letting go of Dream’s hair to run his fingers along Sapnap’s chest as he leans over to speak into his ear, lips brushing ever so slightly against the curve of his jaw, “god I just want to *ruin* you sometimes, you know that? When you make all those pretty noises and twitch like you can’t decide if it’s too much or if you need *more*, I just can’t stop myself.”

The lips press down, gentle and damp against his skin. Sapnap whimpers.

They move a little further up, landing just behind his ear, and Sapnap has to bite his lip to stop himself from making the same noise over and over again under George's teasing.

"I want you so much," he whispers, brings his hand up from Sapnap's chest to rest on the other side of his neck, thumb stroking along the hollow of his throat, "don't you ever think I don't, you got that Sapnap? I don't care what Dream says, you're *mine*. I'm not letting you go. If it ever comes down to me or him... It's *me*."

Sapnap fucking *shudders*, his whole body wracking with it, insides squirming at all the implications of George's words.

You don't get to leave without a fight.

George will fight for him. Dream too, he's sure, though he'd never be so blunt about it like George, too scared of backing him into a corner. It *should* feel like backing him into a corner, like locking him up and throwing away the key; it should *scare* him.

But it doesn't.

They want him enough to fight for him if it comes down to it, even if that means taking on Sapnap himself. Maybe it's selfish of them, but then again he is too, isn't he? He enjoys being the center of attention, being something for them to fight over, desirable enough to be worth burning everything down for.

He's selfish. He wants to be everything to them, like they are to him. Maybe that's why it doesn't scare him when they whisper those words like deadly silk threads, weaving around him in a spider's web. He wants to be trapped by them, cocooned in their affection and intoxicating desire, no matter the risk he takes in letting them do so.

"George," Sapnap whines after a moment, broken and breathless as Dream's tongue reaches the base of his still soft cock, lathes over the pool of cool liquid he finds there, "oh my *god*."

He feels George's lips curl into a smirk against his skin, then feels them pepper a trail of kisses back down to his jaw, thumb pressing a little firmer on his throat. "You like that?" he purrs, pressing the gentlest of kisses to Sapnap's earlobe after he speaks, "you like hearing me *claim* you, pretty boy? I'm sure Dream wouldn't. He wants to keep you all to himself just as much as I do."

It's hard to focus, but he manages to force himself to blink his eyes open, look down at the said man between his legs, surprised to find him staring back with a rare intensity as he slowly licks along Sapnap's length, reaching the tip and then-

Wrapping his mouth around him, making Sapnap keen, toes curling into the sheets and thighs straining as he struggles not to twitch under the attention, still oversensitive and soft in Dream's mouth.

"I guess we're both just too greedy," George murmurs before gently tilting his head with the tips of his fingers, kissing his way along Sapnap's jaw and up his cheek as Dream bobs his head leisurely between his thighs, "you make me want to be selfish, Sapnap."

And then George's lips are on his again, soft and warm and demanding, tongue delving into his mouth the moment he stops to take a breath and making Sapnap whimper at the desire he can feel in the motion. George kisses him like a man starving, like everything he could ever need is in Sapnap's mouth, on his tongue, like he'd live here, if he could, their mouths slotted together and

their limbs entangled.

It's like they're molded to each other perfectly, all three of them; puzzle pieces carved from the same wood, made to never let go. Sapnap wonders how he ever could have let himself doubt that.

"What are you saying to him?" Dream asks after they've barely been kissing for more than ten seconds, pulling off of Sapnap with a soft *pop* and frowning up at them both, "I can't hear from here."

When George pulls away from the kiss, he's smiling, giving Sapnap a conspiratorial look as he drags his thumb across his Adam's apple, thoroughly satisfied. "Nothing *you* need to worry about," he says dismissively, before turning to look down at Dream, "now would you get back to your job already? Poor thing's still soft."

Sapnap whines at the same time Dream huffs in indignation, and he moves to grip at George's shirt, forcing his eyes to snap back to him. "Georgie, it's too much, please, I can't-"

"You can," George says immediately, tilting his head down to capture his lips in a gentle kiss, "I know you can, darling, you want to be good for me, don't you? I bet you can get hard quicker than this. Dream just clearly isn't doing his best."

Dream grunts this time, leaning over to bite down on Sapnap's thigh like *he's* the one that just insulted him, making him cry out before he pouts, glaring down at the man between his legs. "Would you guys stop punishing *me* when one of you is mean? I didn't even do anything."

But Dream doesn't apologise, leaving a small kiss against the spot instead before returning his attention to Sapnap's cock. "Don't act like you don't love it, Pandas." He says, pressing his lips to Sapnap's tip before swiping his tongue out to run gently along his slit.

He twitches violently, the oversensitivity hitting him like a brick wall as Dream kitten licks over his head, making him keen as he curls his toes even harder into the sheets, struggling not to flinch away from his tongue every time it swipes back across him. Maybe he should be fighting this a little harder, but he can't bring himself to push Dream away from his overwhelmed nerves when half of him just wants *more*.

"Please," Sapnap gasps, unsure if he's begging him to stop or keep going, "please, Dream, just-"

He cuts himself off this time, unable to finish his sentence as Dream tilts his head to lick along his length. He can feel himself twitching back to life as Dream takes him back into his mouth, the overstimulation slowly dissolving into building desire again as the blood rushes back south. Dream seems happy about it too, humming around him and smiling in satisfaction.

"There you go," George coos when Dream pulls off for air, watching him mouthing along the side of him and huffing in lungfuls of air, "I knew you could do it, Sap. So good for me, always good, yeah? You're doing so well."

It's almost too much, the sweet praise whispered against his cheek and the lips moving back to wrap around him as Dream takes him to the hilt again; he wants to cry from it all. Of course they love him, of course they want him. They're so perfect, and he knows he doesn't deserve them, but somehow they *want* him.

They want him.

"Georgie," he whines, soft and broken, pressing his nose into George's cheek as he takes a shuddering breath, "kiss me?"

He pulls back at this, staring down at Sapnap for barely a second before his face softens, an adoring smile stretching across his lips as he cups Sapnap's cheek gingerly in his hand. "Of course," he murmurs, leaning down and pecking his lips softly, just once, "whenever you want, Sapnap."

This time, when George pulls him into the kiss, it's not as demanding as before, not as intense. His lips warm him instead of scorch him, tongue like warm honey in his mouth rather than liquid fire, teetering on the edge of burning him but never quite crossing the line. It's soft, loving, gentle in a way that's rare when it comes to George.

"I think," George pulls away after a few moments of kissing, staring down at him with a subtle intensity as he swipes his thumb across Sapnap's bottom lip, dragging it along just to watch it snap back into place, "I want you to cum in Dream's mouth. And then I'm gonna finger you till you cry, and when you're finally begging for me-"

His thumb pulls at his lip again, drags it down until Sapnap opens his mouth, lets it inside and pushes his tongue forward to meet it.

"I'll fuck you till you scream yourself hoarse. Sound good, pretty boy?"

He shudders, lets his eyes slip closed for the briefest of seconds while George lays his thumb flat on his tongue. He closes his lips around it, lathes his tongue over his finger, focuses on sucking it gently before allowing his eyes to flit open again. George is staring down at him with that same hungry look he's so used to, eyes dark and piercing.

Sapnap hums, nods his head, sucks on George's thumb one last time before he whines as it's pulled from his mouth. "Please," he says once his mouth is free, "please George. Please."

George doesn't even hesitate, leaning down to his neck and sinking his teeth into his skin like he wants to distract himself from the situation Sapnap can clearly see between his legs. He feels bad about not helping either of them out, really, it just doesn't seem fair that he gets to cum so many times while his boyfriends are still hard and aching.

"Will you let me suck you off?" Sapnap asks after a few moments of George attacking his neck, "please? I want to help."

He reaches down as he talks, rests his palm against the small wet spot he can see forming on George's pyjama bottoms, rubbing his thumb along his head and gasping softly at how much wetter the material becomes underneath him. He feels George take a steadying breath in the crook of his neck, feels his hand slip from Sapnap's cheek to press against his stomach again, helping to hold himself up.

"God, it's like you don't even realise what you're doing to me," he feels Dream hum around him softly, laughing at how strained George's voice comes out, "seriously, Sapnap, do you even know how much we love you?"

It's impossible to stop the embarrassing whine that rips itself from Sapnap's throat, impossible to stop the burning in his eyes that gradually grows and grows until he feels the tears start to wet his eyelashes. "I- I love you both too," he whispers, moving his hand to hold George's hip as he pulls back a little, tilts his head down to pull him in for a kiss, "I really do. Please don't leave, I don't know what I'd do if you did."

At this, Dream pulls off him, kisses softly along his thigh before leaning to press his cheek against it and staring up at him with those big, green eyes, soft and warm with affection. It makes his

breath catch in his throat when he pulls away from George to see it, and his blinks back more and more tears as they both run their hands along every inch of his body, comforting him.

“We’re not leaving you, Pandas.” Dream’s voice rumbles against his thigh, slightly hoarse, and he presses his lips wherever he can reach, leaving a trail of invisible scorch marks in his wake.

“Never,” George agrees, stroking his hand up and down Sapnap’s stomach and chest, “promise.”

He takes a shaky breath, reaches his hand from George’s hip up to scrub at his eyes quickly, then brings it down to tangle his fingers in Dream’s soft, golden hair, using his other to do the same with George, cradling them both tightly to him. “I’m sorry,” he snuffles, “I don’t know why I-”

“Hey,” Dream cuts him off, moving his hand to curl around Sapnap’s and dragging his thumb softly against his knuckles, “don’t be sorry, Sap, like George said earlier, we’ll say it as many times as you need. We love you. We’re staying.”

“Exactly,” George pipes in, shifting, pulling Sapnap’s hand from his hair and holding it to his mouth instead, letting his lips brush over the backs of his fingers, “*I’m* sorry that we made you feel like you couldn’t talk to us about this. I’m sorry we made you feel like we could ever possibly *not* want you. I’m sorry that you have to feel ashamed about crying like this, I know how overwhelming it must be right now, so don’t apologise Sapnap, we understand.”

It’s like a dam breaks.

He feels it coming, slowly creeping up bit by bit at first, then flooding all at once, crashing through the flimsy walls he’s managed to build back up after his breakdown earlier and completely overwhelming him. The tears start to slide down his face before he knows it, before he can even think about trying to stop it.

“Fuck, I-“ he whimpers, sniffling as he takes his hand from underneath Dream’s to wipe furiously at his face, “I just- I fucking- I love you guys, you know? A lot.”

They both split into grins, George properly kissing the back of his fingers, then flipping his hand to kiss from his wrist, over his palm, to the very tips of his fingers. Dream nuzzles into the soft give of his thigh, plants one small kiss against his skin before pushing himself up onto his elbows and hovering above him.

“We love you too, Pandas,” he says, grins wildly down at him, “and I’m gonna suck your soul out through your dick now if you don’t mind. I think you’ve earned that.”

Chapter End Notes

[Here's the link to the full version!!](#) Please let me know what you guys think! <333

[Also follow me on twitter @ahwuuum!!](#) I don't post much there but I might occasionally tweet about my writing struggles

Day 19 - Car Sex (Georgenap)

Chapter Notes

Hi, hello! Just a quick note to say sorry for the delay again lmao, this chapter is literally 14k so. It took me a bit to do, especially since I was struggling for motivation by this point. Also uhhh the majority of this is the leadup to the actual sex, since the prompt was given to me by my gf, because we'd talked about writing something like this before, so a lot of that just got transferred over, not leaving a lot of room for the actual sex fshdfjg

anyways one final note: I might be putting this on hold again just for a little bit while I try and get my motivation back! I'm starting to feel a little burnt out, so I'd rather take a week or two right now to sort it, rather than get stuck for a month. But like I always say, I'm never going to give up this fic! I'll finish it, even if it takes me months :] I just prefer having quality over quantity at this point, I'm not as proud of my earlier stuff tbh

Thank you all for your support as always!! It means the world to me! Sorry that I haven't responded to everyone tho, my inbox is constantly full and overwhelming, so if I don't get to your comment, it's only bc I haven't had the time! Love you all <33

My Twitter is [Ahwuum](#) btw!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream's lucky he's Sapnap's best friend.

If he wasn't, there's no way he'd subject himself to this torture all night. 'Good cause' and all that be damned; even if it's for charity, Sapnap doesn't think he could sit through the entire night with George's hand on his thigh, around his waist, touching wherever he can reach without going insane. Even now, he's not sure that Dream's disappointment is enough of a deterrent to keep him from grabbing George's hand and pulling him outside, away from the crowd so he can touch him *properly*.

He's really, really considering it.

But, Dream *is* his best friend and this *is* for a good cause, so he has to tough it out, at least until after dinner, after all the excitement. They can slip away when everyone starts mingling again, the auction fresh on their minds and providing an easy distraction for Sapnap to sink away into the shadows, grab George and pull him along with him.

There's also the fact that if he *does* tough it out, George has promised him a very long night ahead of him the minute they get home.

Still, even with such a nice reward being dangled in front of him, Sapnap's finding it a little hard to stay on task when they've been here all of *twenty minutes* and George has already gotten him worked up to the point of losing any ability to form a coherent sentence. He knew it'd be *hard* before they agreed to this, but he hadn't expected him to be quite so ruthless.

"There you are," the man in question sidles up to him while Sapnap is at the snack bar,

immediately plastering himself to his side, leaning one hand casually against the smooth wood of the table and looking at him with a false innocent smile, “I’ve been looking for you for nearly ten minutes, Sap, you just ran off in the middle of a conversation!”

Sapnap shifts uncomfortably, avoiding George’s gaze as best he can as he busies himself with gathering some spring rolls and cocktail frankfurts onto a napkin. He’s probably about to get scolded for filling up before dinner, but oh well. Sapnap needs something to keep him occupied for at least a little bit before the auction starts.

“Sorry, I um-” he stammers, nearly dropping a spring roll when he feels George’s free hand lay gently at the small of his back, “I was- hungry. Didn’t want to disturb you while you were talking to someone, I-”

The hand on his back dips ever so slightly, and Sapnap catches his breath, brain stuttering not at the sensation itself, but the *implications* of the action. George doesn’t even have to really *do* anything to get him all strung out like this. All he needs is the suggestion of things moving further and he has Sapnap wrapped around his little finger.

It’s equal parts frustrating as it is completely enthralling. He can’t help but be drawn back to George like a moth to a flame when he’s like *this*— all encompassing, demanding every inch of Sapnap’s personal space and denying him even just a moment of reprieve when he knows what this is doing to him.

It should be too much, but it’s not.

It’s George.

George who *hates* public events like this, who doesn’t exactly mind the public aspect as much as he hates feeling obligated to start polite conversation with random people around him. George who is loyal to a fault, despite appearances, and will put himself through the ordeal of an awkward, overcrowded charity event full of strangers for a dear friend. The George he loves, who put himself into an uncomfortable situation all for Dream.

So it’s only fair Sapnap gives him a little something back, even if it’s slowly driving him mad to do it. He can’t stop loving George, wanting him.

And he can’t stop falling into every single trap George lays bare right in front of him, even though he knows what will happen from the moment it’s set.

“I suppose that’s fair,” George’s voice is light, but Sapnap can see the glint in his eyes, feel the sharp dig of nails in his back, “just let me know next time, yeah? I wouldn’t want to lose you in the crowd.”

Yeah, so, he’s not going to be sneaking off again anytime soon, he knows that at least. George may not have said it in as many words, but Sapnap’s just been scolded for bending the rules to their game and he doesn’t plan on finding out what happens when he goes against explicit instructions.

“Sure!” he says quickly, forcing a smile as he feels George’s thumb rub appreciative circles into the small of his back, “sorry, Georgie, I won’t leave you all on your own again, I know how nervous you get.”

There’s something genuine to his smile then that makes him think he really is appreciative of the sentiment, and Sapnap realises that outside of their game, it probably *was* a shitty thing to do, leaving his boyfriend all alone in a group of people they *sort* of know, but aren’t exactly close

friends.

It probably didn't feel that great turning around mid conversation just to find Sapnap gone. Had he worried? Worked himself into a panic until he finally laid eyes on him and realised it was all just part of the game?

He doesn't want to think about it.

"Good," is all George says, and then he's shifting his hand, sliding it up along Sapnap's back and guiding him back towards their table, "now come back to your seat and stop filling up on snack food, dinner will be out in like, twenty minutes. Be patient for once."

The words are punctuated with George's hand slipping down to curl around his waist as they walk along, and Sapnap knows exactly what he means. Dinner is still twenty minutes away, which means the auction is a bit under an hour, and god knows when *that* will finish. They've barely just started.

Be patient.

Easy for him to say, he's not the one being practically groped by his insatiable boyfriend in front of a whole crowd of strangers and being forced to act like nothing's happening. Not *yet* he isn't, at least. Maybe Sapnap will find an opportunity to get back at him at some point down the line, give him a taste of his own medicine.

"Here," George says as they get back to the table, removing his hand from Sapnap's waist to pull his chair out for him, "sit and eat what you've got. Maybe we'll still have time to talk to people before they start bringing out the entrees."

So he does. He sets his napkin down on the table and sits, shuffles his chair in almost all the way as George slides into the seat beside him.

Then he almost chokes with a spring roll halfway down his throat as he feels fingers slowly slide along his thigh, creeping slowly higher until there's nowhere left to go.

"George-" he struggles to clear his throat enough to talk, but George simply looks back at him curiously, an amused glint in his eye despite his neutral expression.

And it isn't fair, this *has* to be cheating, doesn't it? Touching him so blatantly, curling his hand around Sapnap's thigh, fingertips ever so slightly brushing against the seam of his pants, a thin piece of fabric being the only thing separating his fingers from-

Well, it just *has* to be cheating. Touching him while everybody watches, in plain view of a hundred pairs of eyes? The table only hides so much, this is *risky*.

But he can't deny finding a certain thrill to it.

"Yeah Sap?" George's voice is smooth like velvet as he props his cheek on his hand, expression almost disinterested to anyone who doesn't know George like he does. The word Sapnap might use to describe it instead would be *hungry*. Not the kind of want that burns to leave unaddressed for even a second, but instead the kind that rests, comfortable and warm within, a constant demand for *more* that can only be delayed for so long before it takes over completely.

He risks a glance across the table, looking around for anyone paying attention to them, anyone watching him slowly flush more and more pink as George traces circles into his inner thigh. If anyone *is* watching them, he can't see them, so he turns his head back to George. "You're such a

bitch,” he groans in a whisper, easily letting George guide him as his fingers tug his thighs apart, “c’mon, you’re already bringing out the big guns?”

Like he should be surprised; George had already brought out the big guns when they first got here. His hand had so easily slipped into Sapnap’s back pocket while they talked and caught up with some acquaintances that he almost hadn’t registered it at first. And then-

Well, he’d ended up at the snack bar for nearly ten minutes, hiding from his own boyfriend.

“I don’t know what you mean,” George replies, voice still just as smooth as he lets his expression fall into open admiration, his eyes trailing down the slope of Sapnap’s neck as if he’s wondering where the best spot would be to give him a hickey later, “care to elaborate, Sapnap?”

The fingers on his thigh squeeze, kneading the soft skin through his pants and making Sapnap twitch underneath him. He’s going to kill him. He’s *definitely* going to kill him. “Yeah?” Sapnap huffs and lowers his voice to a whisper, “you want me to elaborate, Georgie? How about the fact that you know how sensitive my legs are? We haven’t even had *dinner* yet, go easy on me will you?”

Unfortunately for Sapnap it just makes George smile wider, dig his nails into the skin just a little to make him squirm. And oh, he squirms.

He gasps, legs twitching like they’re not sure they want to get away from his touch or push further into it and lips pressing shut tight to stop himself from letting out an embarrassingly loud whine, quickly moving a hand under the table to grab at George’s wrist, desperate for *something*.

He’s not sure if that something is getting him to stop or just having something to hold onto while George slowly drives him mad with those stupidly long and slender fingers poking and prodding him in all the right places. It could go either way at this point.

“Oh Sap,” George chuckles darkly, leaning into his space, breath tickling Sapnap’s neck as he brings his lips right up to his ear, “what was it you said earlier? ‘Do your worst, I can make it all the way home no matter what’ right? Always so cocky right before.”

And this time Sapnap does whine, soft and quiet because he just can’t stop himself. George presses his lips to the space just beneath his ear, just once, and he has to admit, it’s true; he did ask for this. He asked for this and *more*, practically begged George to just take him into one of the bathrooms once they got there and fuck him within half an inch of his life so he could prove just how little he *really* needed him. How good he could be when given a task.

It’s a good thing George wouldn’t have listened even if he *had* begged; he’s not sure he could handle walking around hard as a rock all night and still have to deal with all of George’s teasing. It wouldn’t be good for his health.

“But,” George says softly as he pulls back just enough to stare Sapnap in the eyes, “we always end up right back here, don’t we? The minute I touch you, you just *melt*. It’s cute, you just can’t help wanting to be my little bitch, can you?”

Sapnap shivers, glances briefly around to make sure no one saw him do that, before returning his eyes to George. To his lips. “No fair,” He pouts, surging forward when he sees those stupid lips curl into a smug smile and capturing them in a desperate kiss, “it’s not my fault I’m like this.” He says breathlessly against George’s lips, before the other pulls back enough that he can’t follow without leaning halfway across his chair to do it.

“Aw, Pandas,” he coos mockingly, bringing his free hand to curl around the side of Sapnap’s jaw, “you’re so cute like this. I know it’s not your fault, you were just made like this, weren’t you?”

And he twists his fingers slightly, curls them on Sapnap’s jaw with a grip harsh enough to make him wince as he maneuvers his head to one side and leans in to whisper in his ear again. “Made to be my good little *slut*.” He whispers, laughing when Sapnap shivers and kissing at the very edge of his jaw for just a moment before withdrawing his touch completely.

Even the hand on his thigh goes, and Sapnap has to hold back a petulant whine as both of George’s hands come to rest above the table instead, picking up his phone to start scrolling through Twitter like nothing just happened. He doesn’t exactly want the torture to go on, but that doesn’t mean he doesn’t miss George’s undivided attention and warm touch.

“You’re the *worst*.” Sapnap huffs, right as one of their table members pulls out a chair opposite him and sits down.

“Why’s George the worst?” One of Dream’s many acquaintances says, though Sapnap can’t remember his name right now, a little too distracted and half out of his mind with want as he wills away the stupid semi George just gave him. He wonders if that’s why George pulled away from him completely, if he saw him coming and moved accordingly. Maybe it’s just random timing.

“Oh, um-” Sapnap stammers, trying to find a reasonable excuse to get him out of this, and trying not to punch George in his stupid face when he hears him snicker ever so slightly beside him, “it’s just- well, you know George, he just *is* the worst.”

Nothing comes to mind, so a joke will just have to suffice instead and he hopes the guy doesn’t pry too much more, coasting off the fact that they don’t really know each other that well for him to be too interested in the going ons of their relationship.

“Please,” George scoffs with a roll of his eyes, putting his phone down for a second to look at him, “*he’s* just mad because I told him no more snacks until dinner. He’s being a big baby about it, aren’t you Sappitus?”

The indignant huff he gives back doesn’t even need to be convincing, since it’s real. “I’m not being a *baby*,” he groans, not having to force the pout that comes so naturally, either, “I’m a *grown man*. I can eat whatever I like!”

He hears a snicker from across the table and snaps his eyes over to the man, who quickly covers the snicker by faking a cough and looking away. He can still see the traces of a smile hidden in the gaps between his fingers as he covers his mouth, and Sapnap rolls his eyes, turning his gaze back to George. Only to find him watching with a quirked brow, clearly amused by all of this.

“Tell me that again when you make yourself so full you get sick because you want to prove a point. Don’t even try and say you won’t.”

Okay, that’s fair, but *rude*.

“Like I said,” Sapnap glares at him, crossing his arms over his chest, “you’re the *worst*.”

It doesn’t seem to take as long as it should for the entrees to come out, the time flying by now that

he doesn't have George's hands all over him every second. He lets himself become too comfortable with it, almost forgetting about the game completely before the waiters start coming around and start laying down plates of food in front of them.

He'd almost thought he could get away with staying at the table all night to avoid George's constant teasing, but of course it wouldn't be that easy. The minute the entrees start coming out, everyone starts moving back towards their respective tables, and Sapnap realises the moment all their table mates are sat back down around them that George hadn't been worried about getting caught by the guy in front of them.

He'd been worried about being snuck up on, and now that everyone's seated and that's not a possibility, his fingers start searching out Sapnap's weak spots almost immediately.

They start on his back, surprisingly, George casually holding his fork in his left hand while his right splays along his shoulder blades, resting there for a moment. No one pays them a second glance, caught up in conversations and too distracted by their own meals to notice George just casually touching his boyfriend.

Sapnap can hardly blame them, from the outside it's purely innocent, it just looks like George touching him just to touch him. Which, to be fair, he does do under normal circumstances. If Sapnap wasn't already so wound up from before and on edge from anticipation, he wouldn't have been affected by the touch at all.

As it is, George's fingers rub small circles into tender muscle and Sapnap nearly melts right then, warmth quickly radiating out from George's fingers and curling into every inch of him.

He can't even enjoy the teasing, though, because George gets caught in mindless conversation before Sapnap can trust his voice enough to call him out on it, almost ignoring him completely except for the hand on his back.

It dips, sliding treacherously down the curve of his spine, and Sapnap forces himself not to choke on the mouthful of food he just shoveled into his mouth as it comes to rest on the small of his back again. George can't do much more than rub his fingers back and forth at this angle, hand squished gently between Sapnap's back and the chair, and he considers leaning back just to stop him from doing even that.

But then George would look weird, and Sapnap would look even *weirder*, intentionally crushing his boyfriend's hand when—from the outside looking in—all George is doing is placing a loving hand on his boyfriend's back. To the outside world, it's completely innocent, which means he doesn't get to be vindictive or stubborn. He just has to sit there and take it, which is *exactly* why George is doing it in the first place.

And it drives Sapnap crazy, sitting there while George gets to touch him, gets to brush his fingers against the hem of his blazer, glancing the thin material of his button down underneath. At least the thickness of the blazer protects him from the full force of George's teasing, but the nearly sheer fabric of his shirt under it leaves little room for the imagination.

Sparks dance across his skin every time it happens, every time George's fingers slowly inch downwards, dipping underneath his blazer more and more each time like he's testing to see what he can get away with.

And then George slides his whole hand underneath, lets it rest there.

Sapnap's teeth clang against the metal of his fork as he bites down a little too hard, and the wince

he gives is not just because of the flood of heat rushing to his abdomen.

He forces himself not to look over, already knowing his eyes will be elsewhere, his smooth voice and lilting accent soft in his ear, reminding him he's having a conversation. Not even paying attention to the things he's doing to Sapnap.

If it were anyone else, maybe it could have been considered innocent. Any other situation, maybe it could have been explained away as just wanting to touch him, just feel him, nothing more. But he knows George.

And when George's fingers start tugging at the back of his shirt, too, his suspicion is confirmed.

He only spends moments rubbing circles into his skin through the fabric, letting Sapnap sink into the feeling first, perhaps get a little used to it before he strikes yet again. It's vicious, ruthless, the way George seems intent on making him a stuttering, flustered mess in front of this group of strangers. There's no going easy on him tonight, only pushing him further and further to the brink until Sapnap *has* to break, and George doesn't care if that's in front of people or not.

There is no mercy for him here.

George is unrelenting instead, moving his shirt much faster than he'd done with his blazer, fingers insistent as they pull the fabric untucked, then slowly upwards to expose the tanned skin of his back.

He's sure no one else can see at this angle, as he's pressed ever so slightly backwards to try and shield George's hand from prying eyes and maybe even restrict him just slightly from moving around too much. But that particular aspect doesn't seem to work, George's hand undeterred as it works up the back of his button down, now, the touch nearly curious as it roams the small expanse of exposed skin it can reach without raising suspicion.

And then he presses his nails flat against him, drags them down a few inches and making Sapnap shiver as warmth spills underneath his fingers. He feels goosebumps raise on his arms, heat travelling up his neck, across his cheeks, a sure sign that he's blushing and most likely going to give them away at this point if they keep this up.

He manages to keep himself relatively composed other than that, though, focusing intently on his food and almost glaring at it, like he's angry with the fucking *food* for the warmth rushing between his legs. Like it's somehow anything else's fault that he's getting hard in public right now besides George.

But he has to put his anger *somewhere*, doesn't he?

Sapnap stabs his fork into the food on his plate, grimacing at the sound of scraping metal against porcelain when he misjudges how hard to press. If he doesn't redirect his frustration, he'll just end up whining at George and exposing the whole table to their shenanigans, so he has to try and not make a fool of himself while he practically fights with his food.

And it just gets more difficult. Sapnap nearly drops his fork when George pulls his nails back slightly, leaving the barest tips of his fingers to lightly trail across his skin instead and setting his nerves alight with the slightest brush. It tickles almost as much as it feels unbearably good, leaving Sapnap squirming either way as he struggles to keep his grip on the utensil in his hand, completely forgetting the food in front of him in favour of balling his free hand into a fist on his thigh.

And because George is sadistic, he spends all of thirty seconds teasing him with this new tactic

before he switches on a dime, nails digging into his skin before Sapnap can even react and-

It burns deliciously when George rakes his fingernails down the small of his back, the touch confident, demanding, unyielding as it takes as much of Sapnap's skin it can reach. He whimpers, flames licking at his skin from the tips of George's fingers, catching him alight and spreading more and more until every inch of him burns with the undeniable truth.

He's hard. He's *definitely* hard now, thank you *very* much George.

That's not going to be an awkward conversation at all, trying to explain to the entire dinner table why he suddenly needs to sneak off into the bathroom, trying not to show them the stupid tent in his pants George has caused. He's going to have to do that horrible, awkward shuffle the entire way and hope everyone thinks he's just feeling sick and not...

Because really, he'd *never* live that down.

"Hey, are you okay Sapnap?" It's the guy from before again, the one sitting across from them. He looks genuinely concerned, and Sapnap has to hold himself back from whimpering *again* when George quickly and carefully removes his hand from underneath Sapnap's shirt, pushing up to rest a little higher on his back, over his blazer.

His conversation lulls next to Sapnap, and then suddenly the whole table is going quiet, looking at him.

"I-" he starts, quickly coughing to cover the way his voice strains, "I'm okay I- um, I'm just not feeling- well."

Maybe the silence isn't as awkward to everyone else—and it certainly seems that way, judging by the concern in everyone's eyes as they all stare him down—but Sapnap's overwhelmed with it, smothered in the tense silence.

"Well maybe you should-"

"I'm fine, guys, really!" Sapnap blurts, just wanting to get everyone's eyes off him so he can stand up and *discreetly* run off to the bathroom, instead of having everyone watch him rise with a very clear hard-on between his legs. He can't bear the thought of doing the walk of shame in front of so many acquaintances.

Friends, maybe. A room full of vaguely familiar faces however? No. He doesn't think he wants that kind of judgement tonight.

"Sapnap," George says quietly, all eyes still on him and filled with concern, "you look really red, you sure you aren't bothered?"

The glint in his eyes tells him that it's a very deliberate word choice.

Bothered.

Well yes, George, thanks for asking, he *is* bothered! He's bothered because you just scratched the shit out of his back and gave him a fucking erection in a hall full of hundreds of strangers just here to attend what they think is an innocent, family friendly auction. And all he *really* wants right now is for George to *do* something about it.

"No, I-" he stutters, trying to think a way of conveying his annoyance without tipping the others off, but falling short, "actually, I think I'm gonna go use the bathroom."

And he shuffles awkwardly, trying to angle his crotch away from everyone as he stands. He thinks he succeeds, hearing the chatter resume behind him as he makes a dash for the bathroom.

Let it be empty. Let it be empty.

He practically slams the door open, the doorknob actually hitting the wall as the hinges creak with the force of his shove, and Sapnap winces, makes sure to close it a little more carefully than he opened it. Then he makes a beeline for the closest sink, turning the tap on with slightly shaky fingers, straight onto cold.

The water's like ice on his skin, not exactly soothing the heat underneath, smothering him in a new unpleasant sensation that only distracts him from the other. His problem is going to have to go away on its own. If only he had the time to let that happen naturally. As it is, he's forced to continue splashing freezing water on his face and neck, pushing his sleeves up to get at his wrists as well.

He remembers a teacher telling him once, putting cold water on your feet and wrists is a lot better than dumping a bunch directly on your head. He's not sure why anymore, the memory fuzzy and distant now, only a fragment. Not that the reason *why* even matters right now, he supposes. All that matters is that it's advice that's always served him well.

And just as the haze in his vision starts to fade, the heat in his tummy slowly fizzling into a gentle warmth, retreating-

The door slams open again, and Sapnap jumps bodily, nearly tripping over and having to catch himself on the sink as a man steps inside. George.

"Um, George, I was-"

A long, pale finger slides to press against George's lips, signalling for Sapnap to shut his big mouth as he walks into the room with purpose. He checks the few stalls there are in here, carefully pushing open each door just to be thorough, before finally rounding back on him.

His eyes slide down to the problem between his legs, and an almost cruel smile curls itself on his lips.

"Y'know," he says, voice lilting with unconcealed amusement as he brings his eyes back up to meet Sapnap's, starting his advance on him, "I really thought I'd come in to find you with your hand down your pants in one of the stalls. Didn't think you'd be able to stop yourself."

It only takes George three quick strides before he's got Sapnap pushed back, crowded against the sink and locked into place with a hand either side of his waist grabbing onto the counter behind him. Really, he should be embarrassed at how easily it happens, how he *lets* it happen, but right now all he can concentrate is the reawakening warmth inside him.

"I- I was just-" Sapnap stammers, fingers slipping, wet on the basin he supports himself on, and giving George the opportunity to push him even further back, keep him off balance, "I was trying to make it go *away*."

George chuckles softly at the whine in his voice, pressing forward until Sapnap has nowhere left to go, until he can't escape the lips that chase the slope of his neck, and they catch him. "Oh, pretty boy," George purrs, swiping his tongue out against Sapnap's skin lightly, making him shiver, "I'm not going to let you."

And then there's a thigh pressed between his own, soft and warm and insistent as George rolls it

into him, lips just barely brushing against his neck, driving him crazy with the desire to be bitten, to be *marked*. But he couldn't have that even if George *wasn't* in the mood to tease him, a hickey would be far too conspicuous to bring back to the table. Especially since everyone watched George come after him.

So he has to settle for this instead, whatever George will give him. He can grind against his thigh, reach his arms around to clutch desperately at George's back while he lathes his tongue on Sapnap's pulse point. He can squeeze, tight enough that George hums in response, then dip his hands lower, lower, grab him by the backs of his thighs and rut against his leg like a fucking dog.

And George lets him at least, is merciful enough to grant Sapnap a few moments of unrestrained grinding, using George's thigh to get himself off while continuing to attack Sapnap's neck with teasing kisses. He grows tired of it though, of course, grows impatient, moves his hands from the counter onto Sapnap's waist instead, his hips, his stomach, his chest, roaming freely and exploring Sapnap's torso like it's the very first time.

Sapnap gasps shakily when fingers catch his ribs, press, dig into the sensitive skin there while George shifts, moves his thigh so he can press their hips flush together instead.

"You think," he says, leaving scorching, wet kisses over the length of his throat as he rolls his hips, just once, "I would really let you off so easy? I made you hard on *purpose*, brat, don't go ruining my hard work, will you? I want you to learn your lesson."

He whines, and George presses another hot, open-mouthed kiss to the hollow of his throat, panting harsh against his skin as he rolls their hips once, twice, three more times, never giving Sapnap a moment to breathe. And he can feel it now, George's cock pressing firmly against his own as he ruts into him, his own desire undeniable now and only serving to make Sapnap's head spin at the realisation.

Of course George wants him, he knows that, George is his boyfriend, of course he's getting off to this just as much as he is, otherwise what would be the point? But *still*, every time they do this Sapnap forgets.

George loves him, wants him. Desires him.

Needs him.

It's enough to make him dizzy.

"My-" Sapnap gasps, digging his fingers harshly into George's skin after a particularly rough thrust, struggling to find his voice again when he feels a growl against his skin, "my- fuck, Georgie- my lesson?"

George hums, reaching up to tug at his collar with one hand, slender fingers working a button undone while his other hand holds firm on Sapnap's hip. And then he does another, and another, popping them loose until Sapnap's got three buttons undone, his collarbones exposed to the cool air of the bathroom.

"Don't make a bet if you can't follow through, darling," George purrs, dipping his head to latch his lips hungrily onto the newly exposed skin, unafraid to leave a bruise on an area he knows will be hidden the moment he leaves, "especially," he sinks his teeth into Sapnap's collarbone harshly, pulling away after a few moments to lick along the indents in his skin, "not with *me*."

And Sapnap nearly fucking screams as George starts slamming their hips together, pressing his

forehead to the side of his neck as he starts a new, brutal pace. It's enough that he forgets himself, starts letting out a string of curses and high-pitched, needy moans, clutching onto George like his life depends on it.

"Oh god- I- Georgie-" He tilts his head back as far as it'll go without hurting, rolling his hips back as much as he can but finding it difficult just to hold himself up with his weak, trembling thighs.

At a particularly loud moan, George hisses, moves one hand from Sapnap's hip up to grip his jaw, fingers strong, harsh enough he's sure there'll be bruises. "What," George whispers, pulling back from his neck to look him in the eye and glaring him down as his fingers squeeze on his chin enough to make him whimper, "do you think you're doing, slut? Are you trying to get us caught?"

His hips don't stutter, unrelenting as George presses firm, warm, into him.

"No, no I just- I-"

"You just what? Can't help yourself? Poor baby," George coos at him mockingly, releasing his grip on his chin to move his fingers, press them against Sapnap's lips, "my pretty little slut, I'm sorry. I've been cruel, haven't I? You can't help it darling, always so good for me, making such pretty noises, of course you can't hold yourself back. Here-"

The fingers push until Sapnap obediently parts his lips, flattening his tongue and letting them slide slowly to the hilt.

"I'll help you."

Sapnap whines, curls and flits his tongue around George's fingers as his eyes flutter shut of their own volition, sucking obediently when they press, insistent, further into his mouth.

"There you go," George says breathlessly, leaning over to lay a small kiss to the curve of his jaw, "that's better, isn't it? I'll give you something useful to do with that pretty mouth."

He can't help moaning, struggling to breathe when George's fingers press ruthlessly against his tongue, moving along it until he's thrusting them in at the same time he's rolling his hips. It's overwhelming, the power George holds over him; he doesn't think he could deny him if George asked him to bend over the sink and fuck him right here and now.

They'd almost definitely get caught, but that's the least of Sapnap's concerns right now. All he cares about is George letting him come.

"Geomfge-" He whines around the fingers in his mouth, grip tightening against the backs of George's thighs as he continues rocking against him, still moving his fingers in Sapnap's mouth as he stares him down, eyes dark and piercing.

"Sorry, didn't hear that darling," George chuckles a little breathlessly, "you want something? You want permission, baby? I bet that's it, you're getting a little desperate, aren't you? Getting close."

Sapnap hums, nodding his head as best he can with the fingers in his mouth and squeezing George's thighs again, pulling him as close as possible. It does nothing but the opposite of what he wants, though, as George's movements only become slower, languid, taking his time and-

Fuck, he'd forgotten, hadn't he? The stupid bet. He'd gotten too distracted, too caught up in George's touch, forgot the exact reason he came to the bathroom in the first place.

Idiot.

“Well,” George purrs, smirking dangerously at him while Sapnap struggles to suppress the burning in his stomach, the heat between his legs, “can’t have that, now can we pretty boy? After all, that would mean you’d lose, and I’d hate to have to cut the night short when there’s still so much left to do.”

He rolls his hips one last time, a slow, smooth motion as he slowly pulls his fingers from Sapnap’s mouth, replacing them with his tongue instead.

Sapnap can’t even think, the heat as demanding as ever inside him, the need pulling him, begging him to just grab George tight and rock his hips to his heart’s content. But he can’t do that, not unless he wants to go two whole weeks without getting off.

It’s been known to happen.

“Georgie, please- I-” He tries to speak, but George quickly captures his mouth in another kiss again, sliding their tongues together slowly, lazily, until eventually his hips stop moving altogether, and the kiss finally ends.

He can’t help whining at the loss, chasing George’s lips until the other places a firm hand against his chest. They both watch the chain of saliva that follows George’s lips as he pulls away, Sapnap whimpering when he licks his lips and it breaks.

“Fuck, Sap,” George whispers, punched out and raw with want, “I am... Going to *ruin* you later.”

And it’s horrible, how easily he steps back, leaving Sapnap struggling to stay upright as he leans half his body weight on the sink, knees trembling as he pants, closes his eyes and forces himself to concentrate on willing away the desire. One more second and he could have cum right on George’s leg, could have let the relief wash over him, done something about this stupid, uncomfortable heat that’s settled into his bones.

“Please.” Is all he can say as George looks at the mirror, adjusting his hair, straightening his blazer. He’s not sure what he’s begging for, but it has an effect all the same, George’s fingers stilling for the briefest of moments at his collar before he licks his lips again and glances over at him.

He gets one last kiss for being good, apparently, fingers pushing easily into his hair as George cradles his head, presses their lips together in a much softer, sweeter kiss. It does nothing to soothe the irritation in his skin, the tension in his gut, the throbbing between his legs, flames licking at his heart almost gently as George lingers, longer than he should, dragging out the moment.

Then he pulls away, looking prim and perfect as ever, the only evidence they’d done anything at all being his pink, shiny lips. And then he wipes the back of his hand across them, leaving no trace at all, and he turns on his heel, leaving Sapnap in the bathroom.

Alone. And horny out of his mind.

Sapnap lingers in the bathroom as long as he can without it being suspicious, still half dazed out of his mind the entire time and praying to any god out there that no one enters the bathroom and sees him like this.

Luckily for him, no one does, leaving him alone the entire time while he has a fucking existential

crisis or something. That's what it feels like, anyway, being unable to hold onto a coherent thought for longer than five seconds, unable to catch his breath or still his racing heart and *still* unable to make his legs work.

They don't stop shaking even as he finally turns himself back to face the sink, turning the tap onto cold again and splashing the water quickly onto his face. He doesn't even think about how much of a mess he is as he leaves the room, only having enough wherewithal to do a couple of his buttons back up haphazardly.

He makes no eye contact as he steps out of the bathroom, avoiding the gazes of the hundreds of strangers around him as he makes a beeline directly toward their table, even though he knows most aren't even looking in his direction, don't really care about the fact the back of his shirt is still untucked from his pants. Oops.

Main course has already long been served by the time he gets back, most of their table mates having already finished their meals. George is about halfway through when he makes it to the table.

"There you are," George turns when he hears Sapnap's approaching footsteps, brow furrowing as he looks him over, "only *you* Sapnap-

Sighing, he stands up, takes a step forward and immediately bringing his fingers to Sapnap's collar, undoing the first few buttons of his shirt. "Only *you* would go to the bathroom and come back looking like you've been to hell and back." And it's only once George starts undoing them that he realises he'd gotten them buttoned wrong in the first place.

For a moment, George's fingers linger on the mark left on Sapnap's collarbone, pushing the fabric back just slightly so he can stare at it appreciatively. He moves on without much pause though, quickly redoing all of Sapnap's buttons and fussing over him like an overprotective mother, much to the amusement of everyone at the table.

"Sorry." Sapnap says as fingers brush mussed hair out of his face, apparently not sounding very sincere, judging by the raised brow George gives him.

Oh well. He's not sorry anyway, not really; it was George's fault for leaving him like that, after all. He'd known how dazed and weak he was, and he'd just *left*, left him to deal with his problem all on his own, left him to clean himself up and make up some excuse whenever he eventually did make it back to the table.

It's all *his* fault.

"Don't be sorry," George says lightly, giggling airily as his fingers gently brush down Sapnap's cheek, moving back from his hair once he deems it decent, "I know you aren't feeling well. Not too much longer, yeah? Unless you don't think you can make it."

Sapnap shakes his head, hums no and lets George tug and shift his blazer how he likes, clenching his fingers aimlessly at his sides for lack of anything better to do. "No I-" he covers a gasp with a small cough as he feels George's fingers brush against his nipples through the thick fabric, "No, I-um, I should be fine, I think."

He can tell by the small smirk George is quick to conceal that it was completely intentional.

Still playing their stupid game.

Well *Sapnap* is going to *win*, he's not backing out early, not giving up yet. For once, he *will* win a

bet against George, he'll make it through tonight and it'll be *so* worth his while. George will spend all night spoiling him, maybe even tomorrow, too, if he's good enough.

"If you're sure." His innocent tone is almost believable, the small smile that pairs with it soft and genuine.

"I am." Sapnap says, then takes a long breath, pulling back away from him once George is done fussing and seating himself back at the table.

So they sit. They eat. Once everyone seems to be done with their meals, waiters come back around to start collecting their plates and Sapnap's only eaten about half his food, but he lets them take his anyway. He's not exactly hungry anymore, having spent the last five minutes pushing the food around on his plate while George's fingers traced mindless patterns on the inside of his thigh.

It's weird, the way the chatter around him turns to white noise, the way his mind wanders, unable to linger on a single thought for too long beyond the need to have George's hands all over him. The feeling is only slightly familiar, having happened maybe once or twice before, always during a scene, George giving him orders and Sapnap-

Sapnap just following them, unable to find it in himself to be embarrassed, unable to focus on anything, just like now.

He's not sure what brought it on, only knows that if George takes his hand off Sapnap's thigh right now he might actually die.

"Hey," George turns to him when the chatter starts to die down and Dream steps onto the stage to announce the auction's start, "how are you feeling?" He reaches over with his left hand, squeezing Sapnap's thigh reassuringly with his right as he brushes some loose hair from his face, tilts his head with a gentle press of his fingertips to his cheek.

Everyone's distracted the minute Dream starts talking, so Sapnap—feeling a little braver, a little freer—leans into the touch until George's palm is flat against the side of his face. "Mm," he hums, turns his head slightly to press his lips to George's lips, letting his eyes slip shut for the briefest of moments, "I'm okay, Georgie."

He wishes they were alone, wishes he could relish the dark look in George's eyes, the small gasp he lets out at Sapnap's words. He wishes he could just grab his hand like he would if they were alone, pull it back to lick at his fingers again, like before. He could take them in his mouth, watch the way George licks his lips as he sucks on them, barely containing the hunger that's surely starting to fray him at the edges by now.

"God," George whispers, sliding his hand down just a little, just enough to press his thumb against Sapnap's lips, "you're being very good, aren't you?"

Sapnap hums, letting his lips part easily, eyes focused solely on George as he lathes his tongue over the tip of his thumb. It's all the acknowledgement he can manage by now.

He doesn't protest when George pulls away, taking a quick glance around to make sure none of their tablemates had watched the display. Apparently none had, because he turns back to Sapnap, takes a long breath and pats his cheek one more time before settling properly back into his chair. As if nothing happened.

It would be a bit childish to whine and beg George to kiss him at this point, especially during Dream's big speech, so he just barely manages to hold himself back. Instead he pushes both his

hands under the table, lays them both on George's hand, just needing to touch him, hold onto him somehow. Nobody's paying attention, anyway.

Dream's reminding them all of the minor items on the list before the main event, smaller things, donated by the other YouTubers he'd organised the event with, the ones Dream had ditched them to hang out with all night. Or, that's how Sapnap had seen it when he'd explained to them how he couldn't spend time with them.

He tunes them all out, already having memorised the lot by heart from all of Dream's late night phone calls, his fretting and worrying over the event for the past three months. The only thing he *doesn't* know is the seed they're auctioning off for the main event. Even *he* hadn't been told about it, Dream being only one of three people who actually knows what the mystery seed contains.

Supposedly it's really good, has a bunch of lucky spawns, though Sapnap doesn't know much more than that.

The minor items go by relatively quickly, not that Sapnap's paying much attention by this point, his focus pulled to the hand between his legs, the fingers teasing at the front of his pants every so often and making him squirm. He's lucky at how loud the room goes once the seed goes up for auction; George presses his palm flat against him the moment it begins and Sapnap whimpers softly, grinding his hips into it as subtly as he can while forcing himself to be as silent as possible.

He doesn't know how much it ends up going for in the end, growing more and more impatient the longer it drags out between bids, George's hand not *enough* until finally, finally-

Sold.

He's not exactly free yet, there's still dessert, still mingling, everybody talking about the results of the auction while the winners go to pay for their prizes. And they have to say goodbye to Dream, George had said that earlier, to be *polite*.

Sapnap couldn't give less of a fuck about being polite to Dream right now, the dick that started this whole thing, the dick that caused him to get teased for hours on end with no release. He hadn't *needed* them there, and apparently hadn't even *wanted* them, since he hadn't even come up and spoken to them once tonight, so Sapnap feels completely justified in his annoyance with him.

Still, it's what George has said, so when the time comes, when he's done talking to the auction winners and dessert has been served, Sapnap lets himself be dragged over to their friend, shifting nervously and trying not to look at the front of his pants every two seconds and draw attention to the fact that he's checking to see if the tent in the fabric is noticeable.

"George! Sapnap!" Dream greets them both with a warm smile when he finally spots them coming closer, "how are you guys? How's your night been?"

George does the talking, thankfully, probably because he knows Sapnap is too out of it right now to be useful for much more than maybe getting on his knees on command. "Good, actually," he says, ever the smooth talker when he *wants* to be, "there's not many people here we actually *know*, know, but it's still been pretty fun. A lot of friendly faces."

"Good, I'm glad!" Dream replies, his grin melting into a smile as his gaze flicks over to Sapnap, "and... You, Sap? You seem pretty quiet."

He blinks once, twice, then startles like he hadn't even realised he'd been talked to, shrugging his shoulders and looking back to George for support.

“He’s okay,” the other says, easily covering for him, but taking his reward in the form of a hand slipped into Sapnap’s back pocket, “he’s just not been feeling well. But you had fun, right?”

When George looks at him, Sapnap nods, unable to take his eyes off his soft, pretty pink lips as they curl into a pleased smile, inhaling sharply when the hand in his back pocket squeezes him. “Yeah.” He manages to squeak out, knowing if he doesn’t say a word, Dream will only be more suspicious.

“I’m sorry,” Dream frowns, making guilt twist inside him at the genuine concern in his voice, “that sucks, are you sure you’re okay dude? You’re really pale.”

He gapes like a fish when yet again, Dream’s gaze is on him, giving him undivided attention. “Yes, well,” George cuts in, his savior yet again, “that’s why we came over. I’m thinking we’re going to head off for the night if that’s alright? The auction’s over, so people will be leaving in a bit anyway.”

Dream waves them off, smiling as bright as ever now that he doesn’t have to worry about Sapnap. “Yeah, sure! Don’t even worry about it Georgie,” he says, then reaches over to ruffle Sapnap’s hair a little, “you go home and get some rest, okay Pandas? You look *rough*, no offense.”

It’s all he can do to force a laugh, shaking his head and waving Dream off in return. He’s sure he *does* look rough, George has spent *so long* teasing him, he must really be a mess. And quite frankly, he doesn’t really care about that right now; all he cares about is getting to the car, getting somewhere *alone*.

Maybe he can convince George to let Sapnap blow him on the drive home.

“See ya, Dream.” Is the absolute most he can manage to say before George is leading him away, hand firm on his ass in his back pocket as he drags him along, gentle and careful in a way that tells Sapnap he knows just how out of it he is right now. If it were anyone else except George, that might be scary, might make him nervous, having someone know he’s vulnerable. But he trusts George. He knows he won’t make him do anything he doesn’t want.

The minute they’re outside George’s lips are on him, warm and searching, hungry and everything Sapnap has been waiting for ever since he stepped out of the bathroom. He leads them both, stumbling backwards and laughing against Sapnap’s lips as they walk blindly through the parking lot.

Both of his hands are in Sapnap’s back pocket now, holding their bodies flush together, keeping him secure with a tight grip to let him know that if his knees *do* end up failing him like they feel they are right now, he won’t just fall to the floor like a sack of potatoes. George has got him.

“Y’know, I’ve gotta say, I didn’t think you’d last more than ten minutes in there, but somehow...” He sees a light flash in the corner of his eyes as George speaks, hears the jangle of keys and realises it’s their car unlocking. They’ve made it.

“I thought,” Sapnap gasps as George presses his mouth to his jaw, lays his teeth gently against his skin as he pushes him backwards until his knees hit the bumper of their car, “I thought you were gonna make me wait *all* night. I thought we were gonna be the *last* to leave, why-”

He’s cut off by George’s lips finding his own again, somehow even warmer than before and still just as searching, tongue insistent as it licks into his mouth, looking for something Sapnap doesn’t know. The hands cupping his ass squeeze, kneading slowly and making Sapnap moan into his mouth, and he’s lucky there’s a car behind him to hold some of his weight, otherwise he’s sure he

would have tripped.

“I couldn’t wait,” George explains, barely taking a moment to breath before his lips are on him again, “you looked so-”

Sapnap’s mind whirls as George cuts himself off to kiss him harder, pushing Sapnap back with the force of the kiss as he slides their tongues together, depriving him of the oxygen he desperately needs with a tongue that explores as far back into his mouth as it can reach. One of the hands moves from his pocket, sliding up to rest on the small of Sapnap’s back to hold his weight until he kisses him enough to lay him out against the hood.

They’re lucky this thing is sturdy enough to take the weight.

“You just- you looked so *desperate*,” George whispers against his lips as he takes a moment for air, his breath hot and damp against Sapnap’s skin, “but you were being so good. You looked like if I teased you for one more second you might *cry*, but-”

He cuts himself off yet again to lick across the seam of Sapnap’s lips, snag one between his teeth and pull until it hurts, until warmth spills from where his teeth catch thin skin and pull it apart, until he whines from the pain.

“But I was good.” Sapnap finishes for him when George pulls back to admire his handiwork, wincing when he reaches up the hand still in Sapnap’s pocket to wipe away a drop of blood before it can slide down his lip.

George hums in agreement, swoops back down to lick at the wound, rolling his hips into Sapnap’s thigh in return when he moans against George’s tongue. “*So good for me*,” he coos, ducks his head to kiss along his jaw, up towards his ear, “my pretty little slut, you’ve been so patient, haven’t you? And now you get your reward. I get to take you home and-”

He nips gently at Sapnap’s earlobe, pressing his lips against it briefly in a soft kiss before whispering, “*-take you apart*.”

Sapnap shudders, clutching at the front of George’s blazer as he pulls away, desperate to pull him back to his lips but he just pulls away even further, stepping back completely and pulling Sapnap off the hood with him. “Georgie, I-”

“Hush,” George says, taking Sapnap’s hand and pulling him into a soft, fleeting kiss, “and get in the car. We still have a twenty minute drive ahead of us, I don’t wanna waste another minute.”

The fingers holding onto his hand start to go loose, and Sapnap panics, reaches out to clutch them tight, turning George back to look at him. “Wait! Wait, please I-” he swallows, takes a breath and tries to remember how to talk without stumbling over his words like an idiot, “will you let me blow you? Please?”

George frowns. “Right here? You sure you can wait?”

Sapnap whines, tugs George’s hand so he has to take a step closer, pulling it up to his mouth so he can kiss along his palm, his wrist. He gives George the best damn puppy dog eyes he’s ever seen. “No,” he whines, “I mean in the car. While you drive. I don’t wanna spend the whole ride doing nothing, I *can’t*, Georgie!”

His eyes soften for the briefest of moments, before they roll and George chuckles, brushing Sapnap’s cheek with his fingertips. “No,” he says simply, and then, when Sapnap whines again, “*no*, Sapnap, we can’t. Do you know how many people die from shit like road head? Or even just

injuries, I mean, if I crash, you *will* bite my dick off. You know that, right? I'm not risking my dick just because you're impatient, Sap."

Sapnap slumps his shoulders back a little, holding onto his hand a little tighter when George starts to pull away. "George *please*."

It makes him pause, at least, makes him consider. That's gotta count for something.

"Actually," George eventually says, voice soft and dangerous with an oh so familiar edge to it, "I think I can do something for you, if you want it."

His fingers slide to Sapnap's lips again, pressing into the cut and smearing blood all down his chin while George eyes him hungrily. "Anything." Sapnap whispers, hoarse. He means it; whatever George has in mind for him right now, as long as it ends up with him getting to touch his boyfriend, possibly even get fucked by him? Well, he'll do whatever it takes.

The answer seems to please him, George hums in response, eyes following a droplet of blood as it trails down his chin, before leaning in and swiping his tongue, hot, against his skin.

"You're so pretty," he whispers instead of explaining his idea, pulling him by the hand to come around the side of the car, almost making him protest before he walks right past the driver's seat to the back, opening the door, "and I'm going to offer you something, since you've been *so* good for me today."

Sapnap nods quickly, listening as intently as he can to George despite the distracting hand that curls at his side, fingers that press into all his weak spots.

"Alright pretty boy," he coos, moving the hand from his waist to brush gently along his cheek, "I can take you home, you'll wait the whole ride back, and when we get there I will *spoil* you. I will worship you like royalty and I won't stop until you're too tired to even cry anymore, until you fall asleep in my arms, with my cock inside you."

He pauses, and Sapnap shivers, letting the words sink in as he leans into George's touch. It *does* sound nice. It sounds *lovely*, it sounds perfect, after all he put up with tonight, he wants his reward desperately, wants his hard work acknowledged.

"And-"

"-And the other option?" George finishes for him, reaching his thumb to swipe over the top of his cheekbone, the soft, thin skin of his under eye, "the other option, darling, is I bend you over the back seat and fuck you like the cheap whore you are."

Sapnap *shudders*, his breathing rapidly picking up pace, losing it's rhythm as George dips his thumb down to his lips again. God, what those words do to him, the warmth in him swelling back up once more until it becomes unbearable, undeniable. He can't focus on anything else, can't think of anything else except George pushing his face into the seat and fucking him until he can't walk.

He knows he should probably be a good boy, be patient and wait to get home, but he can't help wanting this. He doesn't need to be spoiled like a priceless treasure, he needs to be fucked, needs George to touch him, hold him, squeeze him and throw him around like he's nothing until he fucking breaks. Until he can't go another second.

"Yeah," George chuckles darkly at the reaction, voice quiet but thick with emotion, "I thought you'd like that, little slut. You just need to be fucked that bad, doesn't even matter *how* as long as you have my cock inside you, yeah?"

He whimpers, but nods his head, reaching to hold onto the door behind him as his knees wobble dangerously.

“Good boy,” George purrs, bringing their lips together in a sweet kiss, and making Sapnap’s heart flutter under the praise, “and I’ll tell you what, I won’t even make you wait two weeks without getting off, I just won’t spoil you when we get home.”

The long, slender fingers he’s so familiar with come back to his collar again while George talks, slowly undoing each button individually, unclasping the blazer as well so he can continue down his shirt, exposing more and more of his skin. Sapnap can’t even watch them work, caught up by the lips barely pressing against his every other moment, so teasing it’s almost like it isn’t there.

“So really,” George continues, moving his lips to Sapnap’s throat before he can protest, his fingers undoing the very last button at the bottom of his shirt “it’s all about whether you want me to treat you like a princess-” and then one of his hands dives under his shirt, the other going straight to the back of Sapnap’s head to tangle dainty fingers into damp locks and *pull*, hard, “or if you want me to fuck you like the dumb, impatient whore you are.”

He doesn’t even hesitate.

“I want-” he gasps, tilting his head back as far as he can to give George easier access to his throat, “I want you to fuck me like the dumb whore I am, Georgie. I can’t wait, *please*, please fuck me, use me, do whatever you want with me.”

There’s a growl, low and loud against his skin as George pushes his hand further up his chest, presses his nails in, then rakes them down in one swift motion. Sapnap’s almost sure he’s bleeding, before he manages a glance down and sees the very red, very raw marks on his skin that he’s sure only just barely don’t break the surface.

“I will, but don’t beg for me like you think it’ll change anything, slut,” George says, laying a mean bite on his Adam’s apple just to watch him wince before pulling away, admiring his handiwork, “I’ll do *whatever* I want with you, you’re *mine* and I’m going to decide what you deserve right now, got it, Sapnap?”

Dizzy and disoriented, Sapnap barely manages a nod, lets himself be maneuvered by George, who takes both his hands from him to reach down for his belt, undoing the clasp with quick, practiced movements. He goes to shuck off his shoes, as well, so they can get the pants off all the way, but George stops him.

“I didn’t tell you to strip, did I?” he asks, raising a cruel eyebrow at him, “my pretty little slut, don’t forget that we’re in public. We’ve gotta make this quick, too, don’t want other guests leaving early like us and stumbling across something obscene, now do we?”

He shakes his head, quickly, forgetting his shoes and yelping as George moves to grip his hair yet again, tight and unyielding as he guides Sapnap’s head under the door, into the car. He follows easily, lets George position him how he likes, swallowing the arousal that comes with the shame of being made to lay in this position; face pressed into the very edge of the last car seat, his ass hanging in the air and his legs dangling out the door.

It shouldn’t turn him on, but it does.

George can clearly tell, too, as he chuckles, lets Sapnap suffer for just a moment as he pulls back the grip in his hair to run his hands up his thighs and over his ass appreciatively instead. He even pauses, presses his thumbs in between his cheeks through the fabric of his pants and *spreads them*,

making Sapnap whine and buck his hips involuntarily.

Sometimes he really, really hates George. Mostly he just hates how easy it is for him to turn Sapnap into a wanton whore, desperate for the slightest touch.

“Such a whore,” George coos at him as he runs a finger over him through his pants, rubbing it back and forth briefly just to laugh at the way Sapnap shivers, before moving on, grabbing his belt buckle and pulling it from its loops, “you were made for this, weren’t you baby? Just look at you.”

He pairs the words with fingers that undo his button, pull at his zipper. Sapnap can only whine and nod in response, pressing his cheek firmly into the scratchy material of the car seat as George shuffles his pants down until they bunch up at his thighs. It’s enough for him, it seems, because George quickly pulls back, and Sapnap tilts his head just slightly to watch him fumble in his pockets for a moment, eventually grasping onto whatever he was looking for.

“You bought *lube*?” Sapnap asks when he sees the small bottle that comes out, his voice a lot quieter, a lot more hoarse than he’d expected it to be, “Georgie, you wanted me to fail? You expected it enough to bring lube?”

At least he has the decency to look a little apologetic, even if it doesn’t last for more than a second before his eyes glaze back over with his usual sadistic amusement. “Yeah,” he shrugs, like there’s nothing wrong with what he just said at all, like he hadn’t just given Sapnap a sheepish grin not thirty seconds ago, “I told you, you surprised me, Pandas. I really thought you would’ve been too much of a slut to last all night.”

Fumbling with the bottle while he talks, George makes quick work of getting his fingers covered, wasting no time since neither of them are particularly into exhibitionism, and certainly aren’t the types of people to try out such a kink at a *charity event*. One hosted by their very best friend, at that.

“Honestly I considered fucking you in the bathroom earlier,” George says, scissoring his fingers together once he’s got them lathered generously in lube, warming it up for him, “but I thought it might be just a *bit* too exposed. And really, I wanted to *break* you. I wanted to completely ruin you, enough that you would have done anything to get me to fuck you.”

Sapnap can only whimper in return, can only lay there, bent over and exposed for George’s pleasure, and desperately grip onto the seat as he tries not to press back on the fingers that glide, slick, over his entrance. “I *would* have, I just-” Sapnap gasps as two fingers push into him instead of one, immediately overwhelming him with the stretch, “I just- I wanted- to be... Good for you. I didn’t- didn’t wanna disappoint you.”

The fingers press insistently as he talks, making him wince and dig his fingers ever harder still into the seat, clawing at it for something to do instead of rocking back onto George’s touch and demanding more. Whatever he’s said pleases him, apparently, as George hums appreciatively, gets his fingers inside him all the way to the hilt before starting to thrust them inside him.

“Good boy,” George praises him again, sending those same, familiar butterflies swirling inside him as he flushes, overwhelmed and warm, “my good little slut, wanting to finish our game, wanting to prove to me you could do it. I’m so proud of you, Pandas.”

And Sapnap, being only one man, *keens*, rocks back on George’s fingers before he can even stop himself and gets only an appreciative hum in return, like George is pleased at how desperate he’s gotten. Like he doesn’t even care about *taking whatever he wants and giving Sapnap nothing in return*.

He supposes this is still meant to be a reward, after all.

“Please, Georgie.” Sapnap pants as the fingers inside him scissor apart, stretching him and picking up pace as they thrust inside him, searching out that sweet spot George knows will send him to the point of tears.

And then they reach it, brush it at the edges, and Sapnap whines, long, stretched out and broken. He ruts into thin air as George starts aiming for the spot again and again, cock throbbing desperately between his legs and looking for *something*, any sort of friction to help him get his release. But there’s nothing; most likely, George will order him not to touch himself, to get off on his cock alone.

He can’t stand the idea, toes curling viciously in his shoes and fingers clawing at the seat hard enough to hurt as he thinks about George teasing him even more, pushing him even further, *breaking* him. A small part of him almost wants it.

“George-” he gasps, rocking his hips back against his fingers harder as he feels a third slowly pushing into him alongside the others, “George fuck, I- please, I- Georgie. I can’t- Georgie, *Georgie!*”

The abuse against his prostate is non-stop, now, George jamming his fingers into it as fast as he can so Sapnap has to bite his arm to hold in his screams. He’s sure if he let himself, all he’d be doing right now is babbling George’s name, letting out a string of curses and a lot more begging. He couldn’t form a coherent thought right now even if he tried, even if George ordered him to.

“There we go,” George grunts softly, voice low and reeking of *want*, “there we go, baby, my good little slut, just look at you. Just how I’ve been wanting to see you *all night*, fuck, Sapnap. I don’t think I can-”

And then he presses against Sapnap’s thigh, his cock feeling almost painfully hard in his pants, as he grinds against him, trying to get some friction to the time of the thrusts of his fingers. “Don’t,” Sapnap gasps, then quickly rushes to elaborate, “don’t hold back, Georgie, please just *fuck me*, I’m ready, I swear.”

Only half a lie, really. It’s not going to *break* him to replace George’s fingers with his dick, it’s just going to be a bit more of a stretch than they usually let it be. But it’s fine, because he can take it. He needs it.

“Sapnap-” George tries to protest, breaking off when Sapnap looks back over his shoulder at him, bites his bloodied lip and rocks his thigh backwards, “fuck it. *Fuck it.*”

He yelps as the fingers pull out of him a little too quickly for his liking, but he’s not going to complain, not as George’s fingers quickly move to fumble with his own belt, a lot less steady than how he’d handled Sapnap’s, leading to him taking just a *little* too long. “Georgie!” Sapnap whines as he watches him struggle, starts to push himself up onto his elbows, going to reach around and help him-

But then he’s back on his face, a ruthless hand ripping into his hair and holding him firmly in place while George’s other hand moves to grab both of Sapnap’s wrists tug them behind his back. His entire weight rests on his face and chest, now, but he doesn’t dare move, even as the hands leave him to return to that stupid belt.

“Don’t *fucking* move, slut,” George hisses at him, his words accompanied by the sound of metal cleaning to the car floor, his belt buckle most likely, “you’re just here for me to *fuck*, you got it? If

you wanted to be spoiled, you should've been a good boy and waited till we got home. But you chose to be a dirty fucking slut, so act like one and take it."

The harsh words make Sapnap shiver, nodding his head quickly as he flexes his fingers behind his back, refusing to move his hands even an inch from where George left them, but desperate to grab onto something. It makes him feel all gooey and weak, hearing George talk to him like that, like he's *worthless*. He can't stand how much he loves it.

How much he eats it right up and begs for more.

"Yes, George." Sapnap says, so George knows he heard, understood. He waits patiently as he hears George pull at his zipper, the familiar click of a bottle cap and then the obscene sounds of him lubing up his cock.

He's impatient.

But it doesn't take much longer for him to get what he wants. George throws the bottle onto the floor somewhere, one hand going to Sapnap's hair to keep his face pressed down while the other guides himself, pressing slowly, slowly into him, only just not enough to hurt. And then it moves, pulling Sapnap's wrists back into place from where they'd started to shift again in impatience.

And he's held down by all accounts, face presses firmly into the seat, his weight resting on his chest as George digs into his wrists, his thighs locked in between two smaller, more slender ones than his own, but no less powerful. It's enough to make Sapnap moan, soft and weak as he shifts his hips uncomfortably, waiting for him to start moving.

Then he does. George pulls his hips back, slow, almost like he's going to tease, then all at once brings them right back down, rocking into him hard enough his face grinds against the seat, hot and uncomfortable.

He doesn't stop there, however, continuing his momentum once he's started moving and keeping a brutal pace as he fucks Sapnap perhaps harder than ever before. It might be the angle though, or the way he's being held down, or the way his face scrapes repeatedly against the rough fabric underneath him, irritating the skin of his cheek more and more with each thrust.

Perhaps it's the desperate way in which George lets go of his hair to tug at the back of his blazer, bunching up his shirt to expose most of his back as he fucks into him. Or maybe the way his hand immediately returns to his hair, no room for mercy as he leans across the length of Sapnap's back, slamming their hips together, and sinks his teeth into the soft skin just below his shoulder blades.

Whatever it is, it's never quite been like this before, never quite so brutal, so unforgiving. It should make him feel indignant, should make him feel like this is a punishment more than a reward.

Instead, he's left feeling like the luckiest man in the world as he moans George's name and begs for more.

"Feel so good," George pants against his back, too tired to sink his teeth back into him again just yet, "you know that? You feel *so*. *Good*. So perfect for me, Sap, so fucking tight and warm."

He flushes, whines, muffled with his cheek still being smushed into the car seat. He can't even think of a reply beyond repeating George's name, hoping he'll get the message that he feels good too. He feels amazing, better than *anything*.

"Perfect little slut, just look at you," George continues to babble, almost as mindless as Sapnap by this point as he grinds their hips together, thrusts erratic and harsh, chasing his release, "look so

good like that, bent over, begging to be fucked by me. Begging me to just take you, do what I want. You'd let me, wouldn't you darling?"

Yes.

Yes, a million times yes. He wishes he could make his tongue work enough to form the words, but all that comes out instead is, "George," all broken and breathless. He's not even sure George could hear that, given the level of noise they're making like this.

The car rocks with each movement, some sort of hinges squeaking with the strain as George pounds into him, more and more forceful with each thrust, taking every inch Sapnap has to offer. George himself is not exactly being as quiet as he normally would, each movement punctuated with a soft groan, a growl as he digs his nails into Sapnap's soft wrists.

Really, it should be the opposite, George should be quieter than usual, silencing all his soft moans, all his babbled praise mixed with delicious degradation, trying to keep quiet so they don't accidentally get themselves caught by wandering pedestrians. Not that there are many people out and about on the street this late at night in *this* part of town, but still. There could be people coming outside, like them, they really *should* be quiet.

But, despite not really having much of an exhibition kink, Sapnap wants more. He wants George to be louder, to moan right into his ear so he can hear each strained breath, each soft gasp, every whispered word. Maybe it's selfish, but he just can't stop himself.

"Sap, I—" George breathes, ragged against his back, presses his forehead into sweaty skin as he mouths at him, wild and desperate, "fuck, Pandas, I'm not gonna last much longer."

"Please," Sapnap keens in response, almost immediate, "please, Georgie- let me? Let me, George? Please—"

He's cut off by the hand in his hair moving to pull at his collar, giving room for George to shuffle up, press his teeth into Sapnap's shoulder before he slides it down, curls around his waist.

"Of course," George whispers, breath damp on his ear as he speaks into it, his hand snaking down and around, fingers seeking out Sapnap's leaking cock, "of course, Sapnap, you've been so good for me, haven't you?"

And his hand starts to pump along him just out of sync with his hips, movements becoming more erratic as George whispers filthily into his ear, fingers squeezing him, pulling him closer and closer to the edge by the millisecond.

"Such a good boy," he coos, and Sapnap feels the heat starting to become uncomfortable again, burning at his insides as the tension builds to breaking point, "always so good for me, aren't you? My perfect little slut, Sapnap, so patient for me. Go ahead and cum, baby, cum all over my fingers, all over your thighs."

It doesn't take long after that, George continuing to whisper his praise as he fucks him through it, fingers slipping only slightly around him, wet and sticky and *perfect*. Gently, he lets go when Sapnap starts whining in oversensitivity, focusing instead on getting his own release. Both his hands move to his hips, now, leaving Sapnap's hands free to push forward and hold onto the seat again.

He's glad for it, sure that if he hadn't been able to hold his head up, the force of George's thrusts would have given him fucking rugburn on his cheek or something. As it is, he holds himself up as

much he's able with his noodle-like arms, weak with post-orgasm high, and George ruts against him, hard and fast as he spills inside of him.

"George." Sapnap moans softly when he feels the roll of his hips start to slow, feels cum slowly starting to leak out and drip down his thighs. It's—a lot.

George spends a moment fucking it back into him, catching his breath against the back of Sapnap's neck, his bruising grip slightly loosening on his hips until he finally, finally slows to a stop, pulls gently out of him.

He feels the cum leak out of him more, feels it drip down his thighs and onto the seat. It's going to be extremely awkward to explain to the detailer when they go get the car cleaned later, but Sapnap can't find it within himself to care right now, his focus split between post orgasm bliss, the feel of George's weight, heavy on his back, and his desperate need to be kissed, like, right now.

"...Georgie?" He calls softly, voice all wobbly and whiny.

The effect is immediate, his boyfriend lifting off him, laying a gentle hand onto his shoulder to help turn him around. And when Sapnap manages to roll onto his back, he leans down, connects their lips in a soft, lingering kiss.

"I love you." George whispers, before Sapnap even gets the chance, surprising him.

"I—" he stammers, then breaks out into a giggle, "me too, Gogy. I love you, too."

And they grin, laugh softly against each other's lips, lingering in the moment as long as they can before they inevitably have to move, clean up, get home again. He's pretty sure he's going to sleep for about 14 hours the minute he gets into bed, so for now he lets himself kiss George, let's himself relish the moment.

"Thank you," Sapnap says after a long moment, still dazed and mostly out of it as he pulls back from the kiss, forcing himself to look into George's eyes instead of falling asleep right there in the back seat, "that felt really good... I'm glad we didn't wait, there's no way it could have been better than that and I think I might have died if you left me with blue balls for another ten seconds, let alone twenty minutes."

George chuckles softly, quirks an eyebrow at him and tilts his head, eyes scanning his face. "No way it could have been better, hm?" He asks, voice light, pretend curious. Sapnap feels his stomach swoop at the secretive look in his eyes, unable to guess what it means when his brain's still a little fuzzy like this.

"Well," George continues, swiping a thumb over Sapnap's barely healed lip, "I guess we'll have to see about that when we get home, hm? I lied."

Sapnap blinks up at him as he grins, shuffles back and starts pulling at his pants again, the sound of doors opening and people talking in the distance.

"I would never make you trade, darling, not when you've been good," George smiles, getting the zip done up on his pants before climbing out the car completely, shutting the door behind him and rounding to the driver's side door, "I just wanted to see what you'd pick." He says as he slips into the seat.

Sapnap barely manages to push himself up with shaking arms, still sitting in a pool of his own mess as he shuffles his pants back on, too. He clicks his seat belt shut right as George starts the engine, then looks into the rearview mirror to meet his eyes.

It's less, but they're still blown wide and dark, piercing. Hungry.

"I wanted to see just how desperate I'd made you."

And then he pulls out of the parking space, marking the start of the longest 20 minutes of his entire life.

Chapter End Notes

Again, Twitter is [Ahwuum](#) if you wanna follow me there for the occasional update, or sometimes a follow back!

Edit: There is now a sfw sequel to this fic which you can find [here!](#)

Day 20 - Against A Wall (Dreamnotfound)

Chapter Notes

Hi ok. SO! Um. It's. Been a while,,, aha. Right I'm not gonna make many excuses here besides the fact I'm literally getting on a plane to move my entire life overseas on MONDAY so needless to say things have been. Busy. Among other things.

I did write two oneshots in the meantime if you haven't seen them already, called [Quid Pro Quo](#) (Georgenap) and [A Little Restraint](#) (Also Georgenap, set in the PWTE universe created by my girlfriend Quinqangularist)

I'm not gonna promise regular uploads for a while bc I don't know how busy I'm gonna get, but you can always follow my twitter [@Ahwuum](#) for updates, since I sometimes stress tweet when I'm getting close to finishing oneshots lmao

Anyways hope u enjoy, onto the fic!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You know what the worst thing about being tall is?” Dream asks him one night, sprawled out sideways across his bed with his feet dangling off the edge far enough they almost touch the floor.

George turns in his chair where he's sitting at his desk, lifts his knee to his chest and tucks his chin onto it, tilting his head curiously. “What?” He asks, half expecting Dream to spout some bullshit like ‘everybody wants to fuck you’ or something stupid and self aggrandizing like that, but willing to listen to it anyway out of sheer boredom.

“You can’t be a bottom,” is the response he gets back instead, making George almost flinch at the unexpected bluntness of his statement, “it’s just- everyone expects you to take charge when you’re bigger. And that’s not- I mean, I’m not even *strong*, even if I was that kind of person. I’m like a fuckin beanpole—here, look!”

Dream tugs at the hem of his shirt, pulling it up until he’s exposing most of his tummy to George, hip bones prominent where they jut against his skin. He tries not to trace his eyes down the line of Dream’s happy tail, really he does. But he can’t help admiring the smooth, milky skin of his stomach, the fine, light hairs that lead somewhere beneath his sweatpants.

Somewhere he’s not supposed to think of. Somewhere he’s not *allowed* to think of.

George has been friends with Dream for—how many years is it now? Three? Four? A long ass time. This is the first time Dream’s brought up something even close to sex before, which is why he has to do a double take to make sure he heard him right.

“What?” He repeats again, dumbly, mind coming to a complete stop as he tries to process this new information. Dream is gay. Dream is a bottom.

Dream is a bottom who’s never been topped before? He isn’t sure on that one, but that’s what it sounds like.

“Oh,” Dream pauses, hesitating just slightly and rolling his tongue in his mouth like he wants to

say something but he's having trouble finding the words, "um. I'm sorry- was that-?"

He breaks off, nervously toying with the hem of his shirt between his fingers before seeming to realise he's still got it pulled up to expose the expanse of his stomach, tugging it down quickly. He covers up his nerves with a cough, and George blinks, slowly. His brain's still trying to catch up.

"Oh! I-" he rushes to say, "sorry, I'm- me too- I mean I- guys. Yep."

Very smart, George, that perfectly explains everything.

Dream arches his brow, lips tugging into a wry smile at the nonsensical stuttering. "Yeah?" he asks, teasingly, while George buries his face in his knee, struggles not to laugh, "guys? Dudes? Men? What about them?"

"You," George lifts his head to glare over at him, "are the *worst*, and *such* a fucking bottom. I don't know how I didn't see it before."

It doesn't have as much venom as he means it to, so instead of reacting by way of an affronted gasp or maybe a pillow chucked at his head, Dream just bursts out into giggles. It only takes him a moment before he breaks and joins him, burying his face back into his knee as he runs a slightly nervous hand through his hair, shoulders shaking with laughter.

"Well I don't know how I didn't see that you were *gay* before. Like. Really George? Just how secretive can one person be?" Dream grins, kicking his feet back and forth at the edge of the bed as he watches George roll his eyes, amused.

"I just," he starts, takes a deep breath and struggles to hold in his giggles as he looks over at Dream, "I just didn't think it was *relevant*. I thought you were straight, you've only ever talked about having girlfriends."

Now it's Dream's turn to roll his eyes, reaching over to grab one of the pillows from the top of George's bed and throwing it at him, the exact reaction he'd expected from him earlier. "People can be bisexual, *George*," he drawls, laughing brightly at the offended noise George makes when the pillow connects directly with his face, "and I just- I don't know, it's only really a recent thing. Experimenting."

"Yeah?" George asks, eyebrows furrowing just slightly as he tries to recall any shift in Dream's behaviour the past few weeks, "how long have you been... 'Experimenting' for?"

Dream's grin slips just a little, smile turning a little shy as he averts his gaze from George, staring at the roof instead.

He can tell from the way his cheeks darken that they're flushing pink.

"Um," Dream laughs softly, slightly nervous, "not really 'experimenting', that's a bad word. I definitely like men, I just- haven't really had the chance to like... Explore that, you know?"

George raises his eyebrow; that's not what he'd asked. He hadn't even implied anything like that, but he assumes it's just because of Dream's over-analysing nature that he's picking apart each of their words carefully, especially in a situation like this.

"But um," he says as he seems to come back to himself, "like. Two months now, I think."

Two months. Two months, really? George hadn't even noticed anything different. Except, well, he *had* been a bit busier as of late, but he'd never have guessed *this* was the reason. Missing

recordings and delaying streams just to sleep around with a bunch of random guys just doesn't seem very in character for Dream.

Right?

"Wow," George eventually says after a few moment's silence, "that's... A while. Have- I mean, these guys you've been seeing—they're clean right? You've been getting tested?"

Dream's cheeks definitely darken now, definitely becoming bright red as he splutters, pushes himself up into a sitting position. There must be a lot of different thoughts running around in Dream's head, since he opens his mouth a bunch of times, small noises coming out each time, but never full words.

"George," he eventually manages, after probably a good minute of trying to find his words, "that's not- you can't just- we haven't even- I mean that's what I was *saying*, I don't want to- but they think because I'm tall-

"Dream," George finally cuts him off, forcing himself not to laugh at his struggle since he doesn't think it'd be very well received right now, "just take a moment. Try and form a proper sentence, I can't understand what you mean when you don't finish your thought."

And he does, huffing a frustrated breath, Dream closes his mouth, thinks for a few long moments, taking his time to piece together what he wants to say.

"I," he says, slow and drawn out, like he's trying to focus on not fucking this up, "haven't... Done anything. Yet. Not for lack of trying, just- well, between my fear of people somehow finding my Grindr and you know, the way I *look*-"

He breaks off, flops back down onto his back and stares aimlessly at the ceiling like there's something interesting up there that George just can't see. His face sours, getting lost in his thoughts, and George decides to take matters into his own hands.

"The way you look'?" he repeats, pushing his knee down so he's sitting normally in his chair, both feet planted firmly on the ground as he watches Dream grimace, clenching his fingers into the sheets out of nerves "what do you mean?"

"Well," Dream says, rolls his eyes like it's obvious, "I mean like. I'm tall so people don't think I should bottom anyway, but even if they *did*, I mean. Just... Well, you've seen me."

Okay, he definitely doesn't like the sound of *that*.

"Yes," George says, squinting over at him, "I have. And?"

And the way Dream huffs, rolls his eyes, annoyed and possibly hurt, makes something squeeze horribly in his chest. "If you're not gonna take this seriously-" he starts to say, before George makes an executive decision and gets up from his chair to cross the room in a few quick strides, stopping just in front of the bed.

"I am," George says sternly, propping himself up on the mattress with a knee beside Dream's hip so he can hover above him, "I'm being serious Dream, I don't know what the fuck you're talking about, but the way you *look*-"

He reaches out, curls his fingers around Dream's chin, going out on a limb and hoping there's enough between them for him to pull this card as he lowers his voice just slightly, squeezes his fingers tight on his skin until he gasps from it. "-is definitely *not* a reason for people to not wanna

fuck you, trust me. That's not even an issue."

For a moment Dream lays there, blinking up at him with those big, green eyes that become dark with blown-out pupils. And then he's pressing his lips into a tight line, pulling his face from George's grip and scowling at a spot on the wall opposite the side of the bed with a deep loathing.

"Whatever the fuck *that* was," he says, only sparing George a moment's glance, "wasn't funny, George."

All at once, it comes crashing down around him: all the repressed urges, the buried feelings, the secret smiles and laughter pushed down, hidden away from his best friend, the one person he wants most but can't have. Couldn't have. He'd thought he was straight this entire time, thought he'd never stand a chance with Dream even if he wasn't, but *now*-

He can't help himself. He really, really can't.

Taking a moment, George lets Dream curl away from him, pressing in on himself like he wants to hide. He needs to choose his next words very, very carefully.

Eventually he decides to reach out, bringing his fingers back to Dream's chin, gentle this time as he pulls his face back in his direction. He keeps his voice soft and calm, but leaves no room for question in his tone. "I don't remember telling you a joke," he says, enjoying the way Dream stares unblinkingly back up at him, "I told you I was being serious, didn't I? You don't believe me?"

Dream takes a quick, short breath, darts his tongue out across his lips and shudders when George's eyes track the movement.

"I- but you- you can't be serious," he says, sounding like he genuinely believes it, "the way you said it, you can't be serious. I mean, unless I'm misreading something-"

"You're not," George interrupts him, gaze softening as he shifts his grip, drags his thumb across Dream's soft cheeks, flushed dark with colour, "you're not misreading things, Dream, but I'm also not joking. I'm being serious. You're gorgeous, that's not the issue—not unless those people are blind, anyway."

And the way Dream looks at him makes him want to go further, push more.

"You-" Dream stutters, inhales a sharp breath and shudders underneath George's gentle touch, "you can't mean that, George. You're just- You're just being nice, I'm not-" He pushes George's hands away from him suddenly, shoving at his chest as he stands from the mattress, "I'm not pretty... Like *you*."

George watches as Dream closes off completely, shutting down, crossing his arms almost protectively across his chest and refusing to meet his eye, like he's afraid if he lets George look at him long enough, he'll be able to look inside him and see into his very soul, know his darkest secrets.

"Like me?" George starts slowly, careful with his tone, "are you *sure* you're not the one with crappy vision Dream? In what world are you anything *other* than pretty? Or gorgeous? I don't know who told you you weren't, but they were a liar, whoever it was. Dream, you're probably one of the most attractive people I've ever met."

He pushes himself from the mattress too, now, crossing the room and following as Dream stumbles backwards to get away from him, crowding him in against one of the walls and determined to get past those walls Dream built up so quickly.

“George-”

“What, you want me to prove it to you or something, Dream? How much I really mean it when I say you’re fucking *gorgeous*, that anyone would be lucky to get the chance to touch you, to kiss you?” George interrupts, quirking an eyebrow as Dream holds his hands out to George’s chest, palms outstretched like he wants to push him away but stopping just millimeters from touching him like he’s not sure he should.

He takes it as a sign, reaches out again to run a light finger along the curve of his cheek. Dream shivers.

“Not pretty like you’,” George repeats with a scoff, curling his fingers around Dream’s chin, pulling down to force him to look George in the eye, “no, you’re not Dream. You are *so much more*.”

He moves slowly, gives Dream every opportunity to pull away as he leans up onto his toes, inching their faces slowly closer and closer until George feels his breath ghost along his cheeks. Still, Dream doesn’t move, hands continuing to hover awkwardly in front of him like he can’t decide whether he actually wants to push George away or pull him the last few inches closer to finally connect their lips.

“I-” Dream murmurs, swallowing slightly when George brings his other hand to rest on his waist, pausing his movement just as their lips barely brush, “I’m- I’m not, George, I don’t- I don’t deserve-”

“You know,” George says, cutting him off with a dangerously quiet voice as he narrows his eyes slightly, lets them drift down to Dream’s mouth, “I’m getting sick and tired of you thinking you get to make the decisions around here, Dreamie. I decide what you deserve, and I say you *do*, you got that? I say you deserve anything you want, so why don’t you just say it already? We both know what it is.”

He moves his hand from Dream’s chin to slide along the back of his neck, pressing his fingers lightly into the muscle that connects to his shoulder and watching the way it makes him shiver. Dream’s eyes are half-lidded, and for a moment, George thinks the slight shaking in his hands might be from pushing him too far, putting him in an awkward position where he doesn’t feel like he can say no.

But then Dream finally, finally pushes his hands forward, lays them gently on the front of his shirt. He grips, just slightly, snags his bottom lips between his teeth and chews nervously on it for a brief moment before taking a breath.

He lets him. George gives him all the time in the world to say the words they both know come next, stilling all movement as he pulls back barely an inch, lowers himself from his toes back to flat footing so he can stare expectantly up at Dream, waiting for him to make his move.

“George,” he starts, then clears his throat and swallows when his voice comes out hoarser than expected, “George, I- um... I want... You. I want you. Please. Whatever you’ll give me, I just- I just want you, even if I don’t deserve it.”

That’s all it takes to break him.

He softens, brings his hand around from Dream’s next to rest upon his cheek, swipes a thumb underneath his eye and takes a steadying breath when he watches how easily he leans into it. “You do,” he says softly, frowning ever so slightly, before pressing up onto his toes again, inching

closer, “you do deserve it, Dream.”

And he kisses him.

George has spent so long thinking about what it would be like to kiss Dream, and even longer trying to avoid it, living with the guilt of having those thoughts in the first place. And now, it all washes away; it's just him and Dream, their lips, soft, moving together like the tides ebbing and flowing against the shoreline.

He's kissed a lot of people before, but Dream still ranks pretty high on the list, easily top five if not top three. Though he'd never tell him that, it would give him too much of an ego boost.

Although, maybe with how he's acting he could use a good ego boost right about now.

“Dream,” George hums, pulling back from the kiss just slightly to speak against his lips and brushing his thumb along the soft skin of his under eye yet again, “can I show you? How wrong you are, how beautiful? Can I help you see what I see when I look at you?”

“Are,” Dream licks his lips, sounding a bit more out of breath than he should be from some simple kissing, “are you going to-”

He cuts off, and George pulls back yet again, raises an eyebrow. “Am I going to fuck you?” he asks, nearly laughing at the way Dream grimaces at his bluntness, and as he reaches out to brush some stray hairs out of his eyes, his smile softens, “not if you don't want me to. I'm not going to do anything that makes you uncomfortable.”

Dream lets out a shaky breath, presses his lips tightly together, then leans his head back against the wall, melting against it just slightly as his knees start to buckle. He falls easily into the grip George has on his waist, shivering just slightly when his grip tightens in response. He's so easy to read it's almost maddening, so easily responsive that it's intoxicating, practically begging George to do more, go further.

It makes him want to take Dream apart, to pull every little noise out of him as he tries to keep it at bay, make him shiver with touches he's never felt before, hands wandering his body like a paintbrush against a fresh canvas.

He has so, so much to explore.

“I think,” Dream murmurs, blinking slowly as he tries to steady his breath, “I think I want that. Wh-whatever you want, I mean. I'm okay with anything you want to do to me, George.”

He makes a punched-out noise in response, tilting his head forward to lean it against Dream's shoulder in response as he feels the rush that comes with those words. “You shouldn't say things like that, Dream,” he says, voice soft and slightly thick as he presses his nose into the thin cotton of his t-shirt, slowly breathes him in, “it makes me want to do things I shouldn't.”

He thinks about all the rules he's learned over the years, doing things like this—all the guidelines that keep him in check when he takes control. Dream's still new at this, he hasn't been fucked before, he knows almost *nothing* about this side of himself, and yet, here George is, fantasising about slipping his fingers past those pretty, pink lips and making Dream choke on them as he calls him a cute little slut and tells him to get on his knees.

“Maybe...” Dream starts to reply almost hesitantly, voice just as soft, talking slowly as he tilts his head, bares his neck to provide George easy access as he brings one of those large, soft hands to thread his fingers through the hair at the back of his head, pulling him towards pale, delicate skin

just begging to be marked and claimed, “I want you to.”

And for a moment it seems impossible to George that Dream has never done something like this before, because for someone who’s apparently a complete stranger to bottoming, he sure seems to know exactly how to get George where he wants him.

He feels like a fucking teenager again, running on pure adrenaline and instinct, moved by his emotions, his wants and desires rather than experience and logic. All these years have taught him not to push too far, not to take things too quick, especially with someone as new as Dream, but he just can’t help himself, drawn in from years of yearning, fantasising.

Now that he knows he can have it, he doesn’t know how he’ll be able to stop.

“You don’t know what you’re getting yourself into here, Dream,” George warns, giving him one last chance to retreat as he hovers his lips above smooth, unmarked flesh, “sometimes, it can be... Intense.”

He places a feather-light kiss to soft skin, feels Dream’s pulse thrumming underneath his lips as he gasps and shivers. “I want it,” Dream says, nearly immediately, thick and heady before he seems to come to himself a bit, embarrassed at how needy he’d sounded, “I... Want you, George. I know you’ll make me feel good. I can take it.”

He sighs, presses his lips a little more firmly against the side of Dream’s neck, digging his fingers into the soft give of his waist and relishing the gasp it produces in turn. “Yeah? You want me to fuck you, Dream?” George whispers, wanting to hear him say it, just once.

Dream thumps his head against the wall, takes a shuddering breath as he pulls George in tight, craning his neck as a temptation, willing George to take what he wants. “Please,” Dream says, hoarse, “I want you to *ruin* me.”

That’s everything George has ever wanted to hear and more. Just seven words and he’s out of his mind with want, heart racing as the possibilities rush through him, endless.

He could do *so much* .

For now, he starts by rewarding Dream for good behaviour, finally planting his lips against warm skin in an undeniable kiss, slowly licking, nipping and sucking at the skin until he’s littered with pretty pink marks along his throat that fade after only a few seconds. His fingers dig into Dream’s waist, the hand on his cheek quickly moving down to hold him by the backs of one of his thighs when Dream starts to slide along the wall a little, his legs giving out on him.

Barely anything, and Dream is already like this, already a puddle at his feet, ready to worship the ground he walks upon for the chance of earning his touch, the glimpse of a kiss or a stroke of George’s fingers through his hair.

It’s cute how pathetic he is.

“If it’s what you want,” George eventually says, reaching to dip his fingers under the hem of Dream’s shirt, holding onto the bare skin of his waist, now, “then I’ll do it, but don’t expect me to go easy on you just because you’re new at this. If you want me to ruin you, I’ll *ruin* you. Unless you want me to stop.”

“I don’t,” Dream says quickly, then clears his throat, clarifies, “I mean, I won’t. There’s nothing you could do to make me want to stop George, I- I don’t even deserve-”

“Dream,” George interrupts, voice sharp and deadly as he pulls back to stare him down, digging into the soft flesh underneath his fingers until he whimpers and writhes, “what did I say to you? You don’t decide what you deserve, I do. You don’t decide *anything* tonight.”

He almost tacks on a quick ‘except when we stop’ because he’s not *quite* sure Dream gets how much control he holds over this scene, but he eventually decides Dream knows enough to know what he can handle. It’s not like he’s a *complete* virgin.

“I’m sorry,” Dream apologises, trying to pull George back with the insistent fingers in his hair, “you’re right, I just- I just don’t think-”

“Stop,” George cuts him off, his tone leaving no room for question as Dream shrinks under his harsh gaze, “you don’t get to think anything, either. All you’re allowed to do tonight is say my name and *beg*.”

Dream shivers, and George descends, leaning back into him to press his lips, warm and demanding, against his soft, still unmarked neck. His first task is fixing that, leaving hickies along every inch of beautiful, pale skin until he becomes a beautiful artwork. George’s magnum opus. They have all night to do it, hours and hours alone, free for George to spend taking Dream apart piece by piece, then slowly putting him back together again.

“George,” Dream sighs, moans quietly as George reaches both hands under his shirt, exploring his chest, “please, I- I need-” and he moans again when George slots his thigh between his leg, lets it rest, warm, against the crotch of his pants.

“You need what, pretty boy?” George practically purrs, giggling softly when Dream’s hips involuntarily roll back against his leg, seeking friction, “c’mon, use your words and beg me *properly* or I won’t touch you at all, Dream.”

It takes him a moment; he has to take a breath, steady himself, focus on what he needs to say rather than the slow, insistent roll of George’s thigh between his legs, but eventually he seems to manage it.

“George, I,” Dream says, voice hoarse and croaky, gasping as George’s fingertips just barely brush along his nipples, “*George*, please- I need- please touch me, please fuck me, and- and... Kiss me?”

The way he says it is almost shy, insecure, and George feels himself melt, always the sucker for pretty boys with soft eyes. He just can’t help himself.

“Of course,” he answers immediately, leaning up to press his lips eagerly to Dream’s and melting into the gentle, lingering kiss, “such a good boy, Dream. You did so well.” Dream shivers in response and George grins, pulls his fingers from underneath Dream’s shirt to reach down and grab him by the backs of his thighs instead, struggling for just a moment before hoisting him up and pressing him back against the wall.

Dream stares, wide eyed and breathless, as George holds him up against the wall, and it’s so cute how surprised he looks that George can’t help kissing him again and again until the shock melts into bliss. Eventually he finds the wherewithal to wrap his legs around George’s waist, crossing his ankles behind his back, and it becomes a lot easier to hold him steady.

The new position provides the perfect angle for George to slot his hips against Dream’s, for him to roll them together, easy and slow, teasing. He can tell it’s driving Dream crazy as he writhes and pants into George’s mouth, clinging to him desperately as his hips shift to meet George’s every time he pushes forward.

“Holy fuck, George,” he eventually manages, slamming his head back against the wall with a groan as George tilts his head to press his lips to his throat, “I didn’t know you could- oh god, please-” Dream cuts off into a whine as George sinks his teeth gently into the tender skin of his neck, just enough to hurt, maybe even to bruise, but nothing he can’t handle.

“Didn’t know I could what?” George prompts, giggling softly when all Dream can do is pant in response and tug aimlessly at his hair, “hold you up like this? I’m stronger than I look, you know. And you’re a lot lighter.”

Dream scoffs and rolls his eyes like he doesn’t believe him, so George arches an eyebrow, questioning.

“If anything I’m heavier than I look,” he explains, lips pulling into a brief scowl before slowly falling into something closer to a pout, “I’ve... Had people try to pick me up before. I’m tall, it’s... Awkward. Like I said, one of the reasons I’m ‘supposed to top’” he pulls his hands from George’s hair to make air quotes with his fingers, barely able to meet his eyes as he speaks, “I’m just... I’m not built for this, George. You’re just freakishly strong for someone so small.”

“You’re not built for this?” George asks, raising his eyebrow even further as Dream gives him a single nod in answer, “come on Dream, that’s bullshit.”

Dream tries to roll his eyes and scoff again, but George doesn’t let him get away with it. He presses their hips together hard, forces him back against the wall tight so he can lift one of his hands from Dream’s thigh to grab his chin, pulling his face back down to stare him straight in the eyes.

“‘Not built for this’,” he repeats, mouth pulled into a sneer from the bitter taste that follows those words, “Dream you were *made* for this. To be held and pulled apart and fucked half out of your mind, all of it. Don’t you dare ever think otherwise.”

He lets Dream’s chin go when his other arm starts to get sore, shifting his weight in his hands easily as he curls one of them back around his thigh. He doesn’t need to hold Dream’s face to get him to look at him now, his words alone enough to make Dream stare at him, wide-eyed and flushed like he didn’t think it was *possible* for someone to say something like that to him.

He wishes he had the names of those guys Dream had talked to, just so he could pay them a visit, have a talk with them. Make them regret letting Dream feel like he was anything less than perfect.

“George-” Dream breathes, gasps when George rolls their hips together again, then clutches desperately at his hair, pulling George up into a hungry, open-mouthed kiss, “George *please*- please, please- keep going, *ah*-”

He’s not sure if he’s talking about the smooth roll of their hips as George starts a slow, gentle rhythm, or if he means to keep praising him, keep telling him how much he wants him, how perfect he is. Either way, he doesn’t stop either; he moans into Dream’s mouth as he grinds into him, sinks his teeth into his bottom lip and tugs, licks along the seam of his mouth when he lets it go and whispers filthy praise that settles like sickly sweet honey on his tongue.

“Can’t believe I ever thought you were straight,” George hums, leaning up for another lingering kiss, gliding his tongue along Dream’s until he keens with want for it, “just look at you, such a pretty little slut, all for me.”

The degradation mixed with praise seems to work better than either would have alone, and George feels a smug sense of satisfaction at the pathetic way Dream whines and shivers, growing more flushed with each second, losing his breath with each gentle roll of their hips. It feels *good* to have

this much power, this much control. George can't remember anyone ever giving in so easily before.

Not to him.

And yet here Dream is, utterly hopeless for him.

"God," the boy in question groans, chasing George's lips every time he pulls back to breathe like he *needs* it, "George, please- please, I'm going out of my mind, you gotta- please, I need you- *George, fuck!*"

The moan he lets out as George presses him hard into the wall again is high-pitched and whiny, and using it to support his weight so he can drag his hand around from the back of his thigh to the front of his sweatpants, George listens intently as he draws out even more strained moans and whimpers.

He grinds the heel of his palm into Dream's cock through the soft material, feeling heat flood his stomach more and more as Dream twitches, so responsive to just the slightest touch. He can't help but grind their hips together again, feeling his own fingers brush against himself as he wraps his fingers around Dream through his sweatpants, stroking him in time with each movement.

"You want me to fuck you, Dream?" He asks quietly, having to tuck his face away into his neck as his arms start to burn with the strain of keeping him up like this, "I can't- I can't do it properly, not like... This, but- *fuck*, but I can get you off. Both of us, if you want." It's a strain to talk, but Dream seems to understand the mumbled words against his neck, and he nods, fingers pulling from George's hair as he moves to dive his hand under the waistband of his sweatpants.

George lets his hand fall from the front of Dream's sweatpants to back around his thigh, giving his other arm a break as he shifts his weight in his hands. Dream doesn't waste any time, moving eagerly to pull his cock free of his pants and stroking it idly a few times before fumbling with the front of George's jeans, grunting in impatience when his sweaty fingers slip over the button.

Eventually he manages it though, and George sighs as he pops the button, unzips his jeans and pushes his hand past the denim to palm him through his boxers. It's nice, almost enough to get George to bite down on his neck hard and fuck his hand until he cums in his boxers from that alone, but he doesn't.

He really, really wants to, but he doesn't.

Instead he takes a shuddering breath, pants hot, damp breaths against Dream's neck as fingers curl loosely around his cock over his boxers, jerking him in small, slow strokes until George loses his patience. He bites down hard on Dream's neck in retaliation, and luckily he takes the warning to stop teasing, and moves his hand back to pull him from his boxers as well.

"Fucking hell, George," Dream gasps raggedly once he can feel his full length in his hand, apparently unable to stop himself from feeling more, stroking him slowly with rapt curiosity, and George can feel the way he's craning his neck just to get a look, "am I just small or something? What the fuck."

He finds himself flushing with embarrassment rather than pride, so he tries to brush off the nervous energy with a breathy chuckle, but can't seem to shake the way goosebumps raise along the backs of his arms and neck when he can *feel* the way Dream's ogling him. "I mean-" he stutters, muttering a small curse and groaning softly when Dream flicks his wrist, runs his thumb along George's slit, "I'm- I'm not *big*. I think maybe you're just below average and I'm- just above?"

Does it matter?"

It's too distracting to think about, whether or not he really is just that big or if Dream is flattering him—or worse, whether he just doesn't *know* if George is big, if he's just never seen someone like this before. He likes that thought a little too much to let himself linger on it: the idea that George will forever be the gold standard even if this doesn't go anywhere after today, simply because he's the *first*.

"No," Dream eventually says, shaking himself from distracting thoughts as well as he guides George up, pressing them against each other, "no, it- it *really* doesn't matter right now, holy fuck."

George has to agree.

With just one experimental thrust forward, he has the immediate realisation that he's not going to last very long like this, pressed warm against Dream's cock, perfectly aligned like they were *made* for this. And then Dream pulls his hand back to lick a stripe along his palm, and George is *definitely* not gonna last long like this.

He brings his slicked fingers to curl back around them both, and George nearly loses his mind at the wet heat encasing him. He can't stop himself from bucking into it, movements frenzied and desperate as he claws at Dream's thighs, moans into his neck and wraps his lips around pretty, pale skin, leaving dark bruises that'll be impossible to hide later in his wake.

Dream doesn't seem to fare much better, his hand fumbling over their cocks as he shudders and twitches, struggling to hold onto some shred of control as George relentlessly rolls into him. It's desperate, hurried and *dirty*, but it's so good George can hardly think.

Maybe another time he'll spend hours taking Dream apart piece by piece, making him cry from how good he feels, how much he needs it—but for now, it feels too good *not* to rut up into his hand like a horny teenager, their panting the only thing filling the silence of the room as they jerk into each other's touches, always desperate for just a bit *more*.

"George," Dream mutters, breathless and sounding half fucked out of his mind after only a minute, "George, fuck, I don't- I'm sorry, I'm not- I'm not gonna last- *fuck*."

It's all George can do to hum back his agreement in response. All his attention is poured into the harsh roll of their hips, the sweat dripping along the side of Dream's neck that he follows with an eager tongue, ignoring the damp on his own back in favour of how good it feels to feel fingers tangled in his hair, a hand around both their cocks.

He wishes he could explore every inch of Dream's body, see if he can't pull out more of those delicious moans and whimpers, figure out all his weak spots and abuse them for hours on end. He's been avoiding thinking about it for so long that now that he's started, he just can't stop.

He can't stop fantasising about it, about *him*, the dam is broken and George doesn't think he's ever gonna be able to stop. Not when he's felt it, not when he's had a *taste*.

"I'm—" George cuts off into a soft gasp as Dream's thumb swipes blindly over the head of their cocks, feeling it throb near painfully under the touch and just barely managing to take his mind from the feeling long enough to form a proper sentence, "I'm not- I can't- fuck, Dream, I'm gonna cum too, I'm so close, *please*."

The 'please' seems to do something for him, as Dream's hand fumbles more than ever, stroking them both frantically with his large, soft fingers, bringing them closer and closer to the brink until-

Dream cums first with a ragged moan and a breathless whine, his fingers stuttering, spreading slick over both their lengths as he coats them with it, lets it help make things a little easier for George, who isn't that far behind. A few more thrusts and he's gone, right as Dream starts whining from oversensitivity, twisting and writhing, trying to get away from the touch, George spills over his fingers as well.

When he manages to pull himself back from Dream's neck, he only pauses briefly to admire the fresh teeth marks in his skin before he dips his head to inspect the mess between them.

Dream's fingers are *covered*, the sticky substance dripping from between them back onto them both, and down along the small expanse of stomach exposed from Dream's shirt riding up. It nearly makes George drool to watch; the way Dream's thighs twitch and tremble, their cum dripping from his fingers onto them, soaking the fabric of his sweatpants.

"God, you're gorgeous." George breathes, finally looking back up to meet half-lidded green eyes and smiling at how dazed and tired they look, how completely out of it Dream becomes post-orgasm.

He really is gorgeous.

"Mm?" He hums after a moment, only just now processing that George even said anything as his eyebrows pull into a frown, and he really can't stop himself from kissing him when he looks so cute.

He presses their lips, soft and warm, together, breaks apart briefly for them to pant against each other's lips, then dives back in again. And so he repeats, until Dream has got his breath back enough to breathe through his nose and let the kiss linger.

They spend a while like that, lips locked, breathing in each other, memorising each other's warmth until George's arms start to buckle and he has to let Dream back down onto shaky legs. He helps him back onto the bed, goes to fetch a warm washcloth to clean them both up, and when he gets back, Dream looks on the verge of passing out, sated and content.

He can't bring himself to bother him with talks about what this makes them, about whether or not Dream even wants to do this again, wants to do *more*— it would break his heart to disturb Dream like this, so peaceful and quiet.

So he runs the washcloth against goosebumped flesh, places one last kiss to Dream's soft, slightly swollen lips as they crawl underneath the covers, and decides to wait until morning before even thinking about bringing up the conversation.

For now, he watches Dream slowly drift off, runs his fingers through damp, wavy locks of light brown hair and enjoys the soft afterglow until eventually he slips under too, dreaming of nothing but soft, green eyes, pretty freckles and large, slender hands that fit so easily underneath his own.

Chapter End Notes

Again, my twitter is [@Ahwuum](#)

Please feel free to leave a comment!! I'm sorry if I don't get around to it though I haven't emptied out my inbox in like a month and I have nearly a hundred comments

just sitting there

Day 21 - Hair Pulling (Georgenap)

Chapter Notes

Hello y'all, a lil bit late again but not quite two weeks!! I'm settling into my new life a bit more now so I might be able to write more regularly! I'm still gonna be real busy tho so we'll see how we go. For now, thank u for reading, your guys' support gets me through the hiatus' 🥺

Go follow my twitter [@Ahwuum](#) if you want writing updates/potentially some art for my fics!! I'm much more likely to interact there since I have over 100 comments in my inbox rn cus I haven't responded to anyone in TWO MONTHS DKFJG sorry. But yeah. My twitter is a much better place to go if you wanna talk about my writing/ask questions :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap's always been a little lazy about grooming. Not in a gross, sweaty white boy at a convention type of way, just in that if nobody else makes the appointment for him, he doesn't get around to getting his hair cut until it falls into his eyes enough that he can hardly see.

It doesn't change when he becomes an adult, nor does it change when he finally moves in with Dream and by the time George ends up being allowed to move overseas with them, his hair has gotten to the point of being an unruly mess yet again. He'd realised maybe two days before George's flight was supposed to get in, panicked for a good twenty minutes about how much of a mess he'd look their first meeting and how George would probably make fun of him, then sucked it up, called his barber and practically begged for the soonest appointment.

He'd managed to get one the same day of George's flight, but the morning of, Dream had asked Sapnap to go pick him up instead, leant over cool porcelain, dripping in sweat and looking like death. Stomach bug, he's pretty sure Dream had said.

And now here he is, digging through Dream's drawer in the bathroom underneath the sink, looking for those stupid hair clip things he uses to push back loose hairs that can't reach the little man bun he's been growing since the start of quarantine.

Of course the only thing he manages to find is some of Dream's ironic hello kitty clips he'd bought for a laugh. Of course. That's just his luck.

Does he say fuck it and put them in anyway because literally anything is better than walking around unable to see a damn thing and running himself off the road before he can even actually meet George? Yes. Does he enjoy it? No.

He looks like a fucking idiot.

He seethes the entire way to the airport, cursing Dream for getting himself sick and forcing Sapnap to go to the airport in his stead, and cursing himself for leaving it to the last minute like he *always* does and getting himself into this situation. He drums his fingers aggressively on the wheel, taps his free foot to the beat of whatever crap they're playing on the radio mindlessly and races down the highway to the airport fast enough that he really should be worried about getting himself a

ticket.

Luckily, he makes it there with no hiccups, early enough that George isn't due in for at least another twenty minutes.

Enough time to stew in his own mistakes.

He spends the entire time looking at himself in the mirror, fiddling with his bangs, pushing and pulling his hair in a desperate attempt to get it to sit right before eventually having to give up when George texts him telling him he's landed. It's wavy as all hell and the ends flip out from where the clip keeps it in place and Sapnap feels like an *idiot*, but there's not really anything he can do. Not for today anyway.

It's already late afternoon so even if his barber could do it, the earliest Sapnap and George would get back home is maybe 6 o'clock, half an hour before they close. So, basically, Dream has fucked him and Sapnap is going to have this stupidly long hair for at least a few more days. And he just knows George is going to love every single second of it.

And then George comes through the doors into Arrivals, the *first fucking thing he says* being, "Nice hair clips Sap," with a stifled giggle, before he's pulled into an unexpectedly soft hug.

He hadn't thought getting a hug from George was an option, but now that it's happening he realises how much he wants it to *keep* happening despite the conflict going on in his mind about how much he also wants to punch him for making that joke. George is warm in his arms, his hands soft where they're pressed against the small of his back, stubble slightly ticklish where he's got his face tucked into the crook of Sapnap's neck.

His hair smells of coconut and vanilla, and Sapnap finds himself burying his nose into it against his own will, finds himself breathing George in, dizzy with the calm warmth that spreads through him as George runs a gentle hand along the curve of his spine.

"Um, thanks," he manages to stutter out after a brief pause, shaking himself as he remembers where they are and pushing George off him with gentle hands at his shoulders, "nice beard."

George frowns in confusion briefly, brings his hand to his jaw and scrubs his fingers over it briefly before giggling, slightly breathy, nervous?

"Guess I should probably shave when I get home." He smiles, and Sapnap struggles not to show just how much his heart leaps at the word 'home'. It hits him again that George is *here*, properly, for real *here*. To stay. He's going to be living with them, with Sapnap.

"Don't worry about it," Sapnap waves him off, feeling heat rush to his cheeks as he tries to get back on track, "you must be tired from the flight, you should just sleep when you get back, I made your bed for you already."

George raises an eyebrow at him as Sapnap makes a grab for the handle of his carry on luggage, tilts his head like Sapnap's just spoken in another language. "*You* made my bed? Sapnap? Willingly?" He asks, lips tugging into a wry smile when Sapnap rolls his eyes and shoves at his shoulder in response.

"Yeah, dickhead," he drawls, taking George's luggage and starting to walk without warning, just to be an asshole, "I'm *nice*."

Although, contrary to his statement, he *has* just left George behind to scramble to sling his backpack back over his shoulders and haul his massively overstuffed suitcase behind him, jogging

just to catch up, so he can't really blame him for the way he scoffs like it's the most absurd thing he's ever heard.

"Nice is probably the *last* word I'd use to describe you, Sap," he laughs dryly, eventually managing to get back to his side, then slowing down from a jog to match Sapnap's paces, "asshole? Yep. Annoying? Yep. Selfish and rude? Definitely! Nice? No."

He feels the urge to shove George again and make him take back those words, but finds himself rolling his eyes and walking just a little bit faster instead, his murderous urges curbed just slightly by the knowledge that they're in public. If he wants to hit George, he'll probably have to wait until they get home where there isn't the potential of him getting himself arrested or something.

He doesn't really want to give George the satisfaction of seeing him in handcuffs; he'd never hear the end of it.

"Alright then," he says once they've crossed the threshold from the terminal back outside, looking back at George with a sickeningly sweet, overly polite smile, "if I'm *such* an asshole, then surely you don't want to share the car ride back with me, huh? You can get back *all* on your own without needing help from a selfish guy like me, right Georgie?"

George, in response, lets out a disbelieving laugh, reaches over and whaps him on the shoulder. "This is why I think you're such an asshole you know, I would never joke about ditching you at an airport, I'm a much better person than that."

"Yeah right," Sapnap says, reaching out to grab George by the scruff of his neck and laughing when he jumps out of his range, "you wouldn't just joke about it, you're the kind of dick to *actually* leave me stranded at the airport just because you think it'd be funny."

George grins unabashedly, shrugs his shoulders and starts walking a little faster, just to get a few steps ahead of him, despite not knowing what direction Sapnap parked the car in.

"It *would* be pretty funny." He says, throwing Sapnap another grin from behind his shoulder.

They make it back to the car with some more bickering, laughing, George dodging him every time Sapnap tries to punch him and call him an idiot, or grab him and pull him into a headlock. He may not be very strong, but he's fast enough that he can avoid Sapnap's grip entirely before he finds himself caught in it.

When Sapnap pops the trunk, George doesn't even bother *trying* to help him lift his luggage into the car, instead skipping around to the passenger side of the car and slipping into the front seat like he belongs there before Sapnap can even think about asking him for a hand. He saves his breath complaining until he gets back into the driver's seat, managing to eventually get all George's luggage stuffed into the trunk with a bit of elbow grease, a lot of swearing and a lot of sweaty grunting.

George laughs at his flushed face when he flops back into the driver's seat, earning himself a good whack on the back of his head in response, and then they're roughhousing in the middle of the airport parking lot where everyone and their mother can see them screaming like children.

It's not as bad as it sounds, he swears.

"I *give* you fucking asshole, let me *go*," George yells after about thirty seconds of Sapnap gripping him in a chokehold, rubbing his neck with an exasperated grin when he's finally let go, "you're such a child, Bratnap."

Sapnap snorts, turns his keys and starts up the engine as George folds down one of the flaps at the front of the car, fiddling with his hair in the little mirror. “Poor Gogy Wogy, did I hurt your neck, *baby?*”

George gives him a thoroughly unimpressed look, and Sapnap sticks his tongue through his teeth at him before throwing the car in reverse. He hooks his arm around the passenger seat, turning his head this way and that as he guides his car out of the parking space, making sure he doesn’t accidentally run over some poor kid just because he’s distracted with George’s obnoxious whining.

And oh, does he *whine*.

The whole way back, all George seems to be capable of is whining. Talking about how he got a crook in his neck from sleeping on it funny on the flight over and *thank you Sapnap* for making it even worse, and how he’d had to change his shirt halfway through because they’d hit some turbulence right as one of the flight attendants was trying to serve the guy next to him and how *oh the middle seat is so annoying, Sapnap, you don’t even get to look out the window and you’re stuck in the same spot for hours! I thought my legs were going to fall off!*

He gets sick of hearing about the guy who snored like a foghorn two rows down from him the entire flight real quick, but he can’t find it in himself to be annoyed enough to tell George to shut up. It’s kind of... Fun, actually. Annoying, but fun.

“So yeah,” George says at the end of another one of his tangents, settling back into his seat from where he’s sat up and started gesturing like crazy, telling the story about how some old lady knocked him over trying to get her purse out of the overhead compartment, “basically, don’t fly. Ever. It’s *the worst*.”

Sapnap raises an eyebrow, glances over at him when they come to a red light, slowing down. “Yeah,” he laughs, “so I’ve heard. For the past like-” he checks the blinking lights on his dashboard, “forty minutes.”

George straightens a bit, clears his throat and rubs a hand over the back of his neck like he’s been doing since they started driving. Sapnap makes a mental note to apologise for being so rough later, and then he realises George is... Pink. Pinker than he had been during his rant earlier, at least.

“Oh,” he says, turning to look out the window at the passing buildings as the light turns green and they start moving again, “right. Sorry, I didn’t realise- I didn’t mean to bore you or annoy you, I just thought-”

“George.” Sapnap cuts him off, reaching over to nudge him jovially, and throwing him a small grin, “stop being an idiot. You can’t start worrying about being annoying *now* when you’ve spent the last however many years being a total bitch- hey!”

He’s cut off with an annoyed smack on his arm, George immediately switching from shy and a little embarrassed to exasperated and much more in control, his arms firmly crossed over his chest and his foot tapping impatiently on the floor.

At least he’s back to normal. It’s weird to see George get shaken up over *him*.

They spend a while more driving through the city, maybe twenty minutes of sitting through peak hour traffic before they start to get out more and more into the suburbs, getting closer to Sapnap and Dream’s—and now George’s, too—house. It’s a lot more quiet now that George has finished with his ranting, the stress of travelling starting to catch up with him.

His yawns break the silence every few minutes, and Sapnap finds himself unintentionally joining along every time, the excitement of the day catching up with him too until his eyes start to droop just a little and the weariness creeps into his bones.

Maybe that's why it happens, maybe he's a little too out of it, lets his guard down.

When George turns to him after about ten minutes of complete silence and says, "So what *is* up with the hair clip thing anyway?" Instead of rolling his eyes and going on the attack immediately, Sapnap reaches up, brushes his fingers through the hair not pinned back, and answers honestly.

"I couldn't find anything else," and then, when they come to one of the rare traffic lights in the area and stop for the red, pulls the clips out to show him how the soft, brown locks fall in his eyes, "and I can't really go around looking like this, can I? I'd be a hazard on the road."

George surprises him as well, perhaps softened up with sleep just like he is, a little more gentle than he'd expect when he lets out a quiet laugh and reaches over to brush some of the strands out the way. "I see," he says, giggling a little more when he tries to simply tuck them behind his ear, finding they just don't quite reach, less than an inch too short, "well that makes a lot more sense than what I had in mind."

Sapnap snorts, raises an eyebrow, lets his foot off the break when the lights turn green and he has to turn his eyes back to the road. "Yeah? What *did* you have in my mind? I just decided *today of all days* I wanted to try out a new look? When I knew I'd have *you* in the car?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" George asks in mock offence, pulling his hand back from Sapnap's face to cross his arms over his chest, "you thought I'd make fun of little Sappy-Nap for being too lazy to go to the hairdressers?"

He groans, reaches over to give George a light shove. "I just didn't think about it, okay? And I was *going* to go today, but Dream got sick so I had to come get you, and now my hair's gonna be a mess for like- a *week*."

There's a moment when he thinks George is gonna fire back with some witty retort and keep the argument going, but when it doesn't come like it should, he flits his eyes over in his direction and finds something a little unexpected.

"Wh- you blew off your appointment to come get me?" George asks, and he looks genuinely stunned, eyes wide, mouth slightly agape before he closes it tight, purses his lips together and frowns, "why'd you do that, idiot? I would have just gotten an Uber if I'd known."

Sapnap shifts uncomfortably in his seat, doesn't really know what to say to that besides the obvious. Of course he'd come and get George, was he just supposed to leave him stranded, all alone in a foreign country? Just to get a stupid haircut? No, that wasn't even an option, it hadn't even crossed his mind.

"Who's the one being an idiot *now*, Georgie? I wasn't just gonna leave you there, you're more important than me having to put up with this mess for a few days." He says, gesturing to his hair, and George goes quiet again, leaving Sapnap to drive them in silence.

They start to pass through the slightly busier parts of the suburbs as they get closer to home. Where the houses line the streets in tight, neat rows, crammed together and nearly identical in their monotony and each with a small, pristine front yard, all another varying shade of beige or light brown, cold and distant in the way almost all modern suburbia is.

But eventually they start to come into the older parts of town, the streetlights become fewer and farther between, weeds starting to grow through the cracks in the concrete where larger and larger front lawns become a little more unruly, a lot more lived in. It feels nice, getting more and more out of the city.

Sapnap's never been one for the concrete jungle, nor the stifling, unspoken rules and rituals that come along with it. And when he looks over at George, peering out the window at a few kids chasing each other down the sidewalk, the last few dregs of sunset catching in his eyelashes and his lips turned ever so slightly up in a soft smile, Sapnap knows they're the same.

"Here we are," Sapnap says softly after a little while longer of driving shaking the sleep from his bones that had settled in the quiet, "home sweet home."

They pull into the long stretch of driveway that leads up to their house, George sitting up a little straighter in his seat now as he looks around them at the surroundings of his new home. Not that he can see much in the dark with the streetlamp outside the front of their house still not fixed three months after some neighborhood kid busted the bulb with a BB gun, but still, he seems to look impressed nonetheless.

Considering neither him or Dream are exactly the gardening types, Sapnap can't blame him for being surprised their front yard isn't an overgrown jungle.

"So," he starts to say, reaching for his door handle as he pulls the car to a halt and puts it into park, "I was thinking we should probably--"

"Sapnap," George cuts in suddenly, putting a hand on his shoulder before he can open his door and pulling him back to face him with an odd look, "I just- were you serious? Before, I mean. About me... Being more important than a haircut. You didn't just- I dunno, do it because you thought I'd be upset if I had to find my own way there?"

Again, he's left in a stunned silence, George waiting patiently for his answer as Sapnap scrambles to decipher what he means. It's a stupid question, really, of *course* George is more important than a haircut, why wouldn't he be? Sapnap can deal with having some hair fall in his eyes for a few days if it means George doesn't feel abandoned the minute he gets to America.

What stumps is the reason why he's even asking in the first place. Does George really believe he cares for him so little?

"Of course not," he says, trying to convey his sincerity in his words as he lets his hand fall from the door handle, frowning, "I mean, I did think you'd be upset, but that's not why I came and got you. If I didn't- well, you would have felt like- like we don't *care* about you, or something stupid like that. And I know we roast each other all the time, but George--"

"Okay." George cuts him off again, like he can't handle hearing another word, pressing his lips into a tight smile then huffing a soft laugh and turning back to face the front of the car, "I just- wanted to know. Thank you, Sapnap, it's- it's the same for me."

He can't really tell in this low light, but as George ducks his head and gives another soft laugh, Sapnap swears he sees his cheeks flush. It's odd, the way George looks back at him, quiet and soft in a way that he's never seen. He wonders if it's always been like this, if George has always looked *so*- or if he's just been too blind to see it. If it's been put into startling clarity now that he can see him in something more than high definition.

He wants to say something, anything, ease the tension that starts suffocating him the moment

George's eyes connect with his, the moment his lips tug into a small, shy smile, the moment he leans back a little in his chair, a little bit closer- but he can't. For once, Sapnap can't find anything to say to the man sitting in front of him, the one person he's *always* had some sort of comeback to.

He's absolutely tongue-tied.

And just when he thinks he might have something, some stupid line about how he must be pretty if George can't stop staring at him like that, George breaks the silence instead.

"You know," he says, voice low and soft as he reaches out a gentle hand, brushes his fingers over the clips in his hair, pulling them free with one, careful swipe, "I don't think it looks *too* bad, actually, I actually kind of like you with long hair. It suits you."

And maybe it's the surprisingly low register of his voice, maybe it's the unexpected cold of his fingers, or the way they catch ever so slightly when George pushes them forward, carding through his hair—Sapnap gasps.

As much as he prays for it to go unheard, for George to ignore the embarrassing noise he'd just made from the slightest touch, unfortunately for him the moment it happens George latches on. His eyes widen, briefly, then blink, slow and intentional; watching him. A small pause, then-

He smiles. Not an unkind thing, something small and reserved, like he just can't help himself. He pushes his hand forward a little more, pushing Sapnap's fringe back until he's got the heel of his palm against his forehead.

And then, he pulls.

Sapnap can't help the small gasp he lets out again, leaning into the touch ever so slightly to alleviate the small amount of pressure George uses. It's nothing harsh, not cruel or even just mean; it's... A test?

Whatever it was George was testing him for, he seems to have pleased him at the very least. He's not exactly sure what reaction George was expecting from him, but Sapnap has to admit it feels pretty good to see the way his smile only grows.

"George," he says, breaching the tense silence when he can't stand the way his eyes bore into Sapnap's soul anymore, "um." And he winces slightly, feeling nervous under George's intense gaze but not really sure what to say, not sure how to break the awkward silence, to ask what he's doing, what he wants.

All his words just seem to leave all at once, and George doesn't let that slip past his notice.

He doesn't say anything either, remaining painfully silent as he slides his hand, slow, careful, through Sapnap's hair, tugging lightly as he goes until he's curled right back around to the hair just above his neck. At the same time, he shifts, angling his body a little more toward Sapnap, shuffling closer.

And then George brings his other hand, gentle and light, to rest on Sapnap's knee.

"Um," Sapnap repeats, feeling his heart almost stop in his chest, his lungs almost give out on him, heat rushing to his face, "what-"

But George doesn't let him finish his sentence, testing his boundaries a little more as he yet again tugs with his fingers, this time a little harder. Maybe it's the added pressure, maybe it's the new patch of hair that's more sensitive, either way Sapnap can't help the way his eyes squeeze shut, a

trembling whine escaping his lips despite how desperately he tries to keep it down.

Electricity dances along his skin as he hears George take a shaky breath, feels his fingers twitch on his thigh. His face must be bright red now, because he can feel it burning as he tries to turn away, hide himself away in embarrassment.

“Don’t-” George says suddenly, reaching the hand from his knee to tap gentle fingers on the side of his jaw, “just- look at me, Sapnap.”

So he does. He can’t deny him.

The way George looks at him makes him want to crawl inside his own skin, bury himself far away from his view where he doesn’t feel so small and breakable. George’s eyes glance down, tracing his thumb’s movement as it drags along his jaw to his lips, and Sapnap feels fragile, frail, ready to shatter at the slightest touch.

And then, more sure of himself this time, George twists his fingers with purpose in Sapnap’s hair, matching his strangled moan with a ragged gasp, his thumb slipping past Sapnap’s lips and coming to rest on the very tip of his tongue as he slowly, slowly releases. Sapnap watches him the entire time, unable to look away, soaking in every micro expression he makes in the hopes of analysing it.

He can’t figure out what George wants here, what he’s trying to *do*. Logically, he knows what makes most sense, but this is *George*, when have things ever made sense with him?

He can’t be looking at him like that because he *wants* Sapnap, that’s just ridiculous, he’d know if George felt the same. Right?

Except when George breathes in, it’s strained, and when he pulls his thumb from Sapnap’s mouth, he lets it rest on his lip, pulls it down just to watch how easily Sapnap opens up for him. Except, when George looks at him, it feels like molten fire.

“Do you,” he says, soft, twisting his fingers just slightly in Sapnap’s hair again and forcing him to gasp, “...like having your hair pulled, Sap?”

He can’t help squeezing his eyes shut involuntarily. Despite how much he wants to know what George looks like right now, craves his eyes on him, desperate for just a sliver of his attention, he can’t bear looking at him for another second as he slowly, barely tilts his head up and down.

Sapnap’s never had someone pull his hair before, and he’s certainly not weird enough to try and do it to himself on the rare occasion the thought has crossed his mind, but it’s something that’s intrigued him ever since he figured out what sex even *was*. And now, feeling George tugging on the soft strands like this, his theory is confirmed.

“Look at me,” George says when Sapnap still refuses to open his eyes, bringing his fingers round to cup his chin a little more forcefully as he squeezes his grip on his hair, “I said *look* at me, Sapnap.”

Because he can’t help himself, he does.

Sapnap blinks his eyes open, slow and hesitant, forces them upwards, drags them along George’s face until their eyes meet. It burns.

George’s eyes are blown out, dark and hungry and the way he stares at Sapnap feels like a wild animal staring down it’s prey, like a man about to have his last meal. He can hardly stand it, can hardly take the way it makes his heart pound in his ears, the way it makes his throat feel tight, like

he's choking, starving for air.

"There we are," George continues, voice dark and soft like velvet as he slides his hand, careful, up along Sapnap's jaw and onto his cheek, "I want you to say it, before I give you what you want. I want you to *ask*, can you do that for me?"

He pauses, swallows his nerves, leans his cheek into George's touch, brushes his lips gently across his palm. "Okay," he murmurs, blinks once slowly, then takes a deep breath, "I want- I want you to, um, please- ...will you pull my hair, George?"

Immediately, George's lips pull into a soft smile, his thumb running along the curve of his cheek as he scrapes his fingers, gentle, at the back of Sapnap's scalp. "Is that all?" He asks and Sapnap frowns for a moment, confused, before realisation dawns on him.

George slowly brings his hand from Sapnap's cheek—and he almost *whines* with the loss—lays it down to rest on his knee again, and he understands.

He wants Sapnap to ask for all of it. Wants to hear him say every last thing he wants George to do to him.

"I—" Sapnap stammers, heat blooming at the nape of his neck where George tugs at the small strands, then pooling low in his stomach as he feels him impatiently drum his fingers against his knee, "George, you- I—"

He wishes he could verbalise that he just *can't*, it's too much, too embarrassing. He knows George knows what he wants, knows that George wants this too, now, so it means that he's doing this for *fun*, to *humiliate* him. It shouldn't excite him as much as it does.

"Come on," George says, leans in a little closer, eyes dipping to Sapnap's mouth as he hesitates just for a moment, waiting, "come on, you can say it baby, I know you can."

Sapnap melts.

He can't help the embarrassing, small whine that escapes him at the pet name; hearing George speak to him like that makes him feel warm all over, makes him feel like something special, something beautiful. All he did was call him baby, and he's a fucking *mess*.

He can't wait to see what else George can do to him.

"Please, George—" Sapnap eventually manages, his voice ragged and so, so small, "kiss me?"

George's curls his lips into another soft smile, pleased, then descends.

Kissing George is better than anything he could have imagined, better than all of the other times he's done things like this combined. Granted, most of his previous experience had been awkward fumbling in the dark when he was a young teenager and still thought he was straight, but still. He can tell that George is just *good* at this.

His lips are soft and warm, moving easily against Sapnap's like they know exactly what they're doing, like they know every single weak spot, exactly how to get him riled up. It shouldn't be surprising really, George is attractive, always has been. He's smart, funny, charismatic—a bit of a dick sometimes, but in Sapnap's opinion, he wouldn't really be worth knowing if he wasn't—so it stands to reason that other people would want him too.

But because he's a bit of a dick, when he pulls back from the kiss and leaves Sapnap a little dazed,

a little confused, he smiles.

“There you go,” he says, smug, “there’s your kiss.”

And it takes him a moment to get it, still high off George’s lips, but when he does, he frowns. It’s *not* a pout.

“But I asked-”

“You asked for a kiss, Sap,” George grins, drags his thumb along the back of Sapnap’s neck and tilts his head almost curiously, “what, was that not what you wanted? Was it not good?”

Sapnap whines involuntarily as he tilts his head forward to try and catch George in another kiss, but he’s quick to avoid, still grinning even as he pulls back *just* enough that he’s out of Sapnap’s reach, holding him firmly in place by his hair. “No, I- it was- *George*,” he huffs, definitely pouting now, “it was good, please don’t stop. Keep going?”

George hums, tilts his head back the other way like he’s considering. It takes everything Sapnap’s got not to whine again.

“Keep going, huh?” He eventually asks, obviously struggling not to smile as he reaches up slightly to rub his thumb along Sapnap’s inner thigh, “you’re going to have to be a bit more specific there, darling. Keep going how?”

He nearly melts again at George using another pet name, warmth blossoming from head to toe at the smooth sound of his voice, the way his mouth curls pleasantly around the word. He’d never thought an English accent could be so attractive before.

Well, he *had*, but he's never experienced it so close before, or directed at *him*.

“Kiss?” Sapnap manages to ask, eyes latched onto George’s pretty, soft mouth, unable to look away now that he knows what it feels like, what it can do. He can barely string a few words together just thinking about it.

“Hm,” George hums, displeased, and Sapnap’s eyes snap back to his eyes, ready to apologise, ask what he’s done wrong, “what do we say, Sapnap?”

And *oh*. Right.

Manners.

“Please-” He begs, his voice ragged, willing to do anything for just one more touch, but gets cut off before he can even finish the word as George’s lips crash into his own.

It’s a much less gentle kiss this time, less hesitant now that he knows the shape of Sapnap’s mouth. He presses closer, fervent, desperate, licks at his lips until Sapnap gets the picture and parts them, letting him inside.

Sapnap’s only kissed with tongue once, so it’s not really a challenge for George to beat, but he still knocks it out of the park anyway. He seems to know exactly what to do, where to press and slide to make Sapnap’s stomach do flips, when to bite his lip and how hard. Then his fingers twist in his hair once more, forcing Sapnap to gasp, and heat lances up his spine as starbursts fill his vision.

George uses the opportunity to catch his tongue between his lips and *suck*.

“Fuck,” Sapnap groans as he pushes at George’s shoulders with careful, trembling fingers until he gives him enough space to *breathe*, “holy shit, George.”

Maybe it’s his word choice, or maybe it’s the way he’s pushing him away, but George almost jumps back in his haste to create distance between them, looking almost alarmed. “Shit, sorry, was that- did you not like it? I thought-”

“No!” Sapnap exclaims, then pulls George back with desperate hands once he realises his mistake, chasing his lips again, “no it was- it was good, George, *please*- I just- needed to breathe, don’t stop, I’m sorry. Don’t-”

He pushes forward and George lets him, remaining still as Sapnap presses their lips together, cutting himself off mid sentence. George seems to get the point, leaning over even more than he had before and letting Sapnap sink back into his seat, kissing him until he melts into the cushions, putty in his hands.

“Y’know,” George mumbles, pulling back just enough to breathe against his lips, their noses bumping as he rests his forehead on Sapnap’s, reaches the hand front his knee to grab onto one of the ones Sapnap’s using to hold onto him, “that’s probably a sign we should talk about this. I mean, I didn’t even know- I thought-”

George cuts himself off, tangling their fingers softly as he stares at Sapnap through long, dark eyelashes, hoping to convey his message. Sapnap’s pretty sure he gets his point, and he tilts his head forward just a fraction, brushes their lips together so lightly he barely feels it.

“It’s okay. I promise it’s okay, as... Long as it is with you?” The question only hangs in the air for a fraction of a second before George nods, “then stop worrying about the details. Because George, I swear to god, if you don’t touch me in the next thirty seconds my cause of death will be loss of blood from the fuckin’ blue balls you’re giving me right now.”

It gets George to laugh, which is the main thing and he tilts his head too, pecks him gently on the lips before detracting once more. Sapnap notices a small, pink circle on his forehead from where they’d been pressed together, wonders if they match. He tries hard not to laugh, but can’t stop himself from smiling in the end.

“Needy, needy,” George eventually chastises, easily slipping back into that cool persona he’d had on before and retightening his grip in Sapnap’s hair, letting their entwined hands fall so he can return his hand back to his knee, “what did I say before?”

With a slightly clearer head, Sapnap has the presence of mind to at least roll his eyes before he begs. It’s the little victories. “Please, George?” He asks, matching his small voice from earlier just to watch the way his eyes go dark, pupils dilating, “I want- I *need* you to touch me, please? Will you touch me Georgie?”

But instead of becoming ravenous at the sound of his soft, whiny voice, George rolls his eyes as well, leaning forward to pull Sapnap into a bruising kiss. He pulls Sapnap by the hair with a harsh grip, making him gasp into his mouth and giving George the perfect opportunity to snag his bottom lip between his lip, biting down and brutally gnawing at it until Sapnap whines and brings his hands back to his shoulders.

When George finally relents and releases Sapnap’s abused lip, his mouth comes away bloody.

He tastes bitter copper seeping into his mouth through the wound George left, heavy as it stains his tongue red, and winces. So that’s how it is, then.

“Don’t think you can just have whatever you want by acting all cute,” George says, voice thick with emotion as he eyes the cut on Sapnap’s lip, “I’m the one who makes decisions here, got that? I decide what you get, what you deserve. So don’t go thinking things will be that easy for you.”

He pouts. “What? All I did was ask you to touch me. I even did it nicely, too!”

George rolls his eyes, pulls his hair so Sapnap has to tilt his head back into it, uses his other hand to grab his jaw in a punishing grip. “You *know* what you did,” he says, gives his jaw just one squeeze before letting him go, “don’t put it on; when you beg, I want it to be *real*. I want to make you *desperate*.”

Sapnap barely reigns in a shudder, pressing his lips together in a thin line, then wincing at the shock to his nerves and the fresh rush of warm, coppery blood as it seeps from the fresh wound. He’s really gotten himself in deep in this mess.

“Okay,” he says eventually, “I won’t... Fake it. But I *am* desperate, George, I was serious about the blue balls thing.”

It just makes him scoff, pulling on Sapnap’s hair with another harsh grip to make him shut up, before he leans in close enough that their lips brush as he talks. “Such a needy little thing, aren’t you?” He asks, then, slowly, *slowly* presses his lips closer, drawing him into a soft kiss, “what am I gonna do with you if you’re so desperate already?”

He wants to tell him everything, whatever he wants, anything. George has him completely at his mercy. Instead, he chases George’s lips, sighs almost like a whine when he manages to steal one last kiss before George pulls abruptly away. “Just- *please, George*.” He begs, just how he likes and clinging to his shoulders the entire time like he can keep him there if he just holds tight enough.

George smiles, not unkindly but something darker to his eyes as he licks the blood from Sapnap’s lips onto his tongue. He runs his hand up Sapnap’s thigh, slow and deliberate, while keeping the one in his hair gripped tight. “Use your words.” Is all he says.

And he stops just as his fingertips brush against the seam of his pants, giving him absolutely nothing until Sapnap tells him exactly wants to hear. He *knows* what he wants, but that doesn’t make it any easier.

“What do you want me to say?” Sapnap huffs after about two seconds, impatient and desperate beyond belief at this point, “please, George, just- touch me, I need it. Please, just *something*, George.”

Something in him seems to finally give, and George softens, gives him a quick peck to his lips before trailing kisses from the corner of his mouth to his jaw, then down. The hand on his thigh slides up just a little bit more and George’s palm comes to rest on him, warm and soft.

It’s almost nothing through the rough fabric of his jeans, but it’s enough to make Sapnap buck his hips up into it, and he whines when the movement pushes his head forward, has George pulling him by the hair back into place. It really does feel good when he does that.

It feels like that compulsive need to poke and prod bruises, knowing it will hurt but still doing it anyway, finding pleasure in the confirmation of pain.

“Alright,” George says, grinds the heel of his palm against him and chuckling when Sapnap struggles to hold his hips down, “I’ll give you something. I don’t think I can fuck you anyway, not with Dream in the house. So let’s do something fun until we can find a way to keep you quiet,

yeah?”

Sapnap hates the implication that *he* would be the reason they’d get caught, but keeps his mouth shut nevertheless, the idea of George taking his hand away for even a second being a strong motivator to obey. Besides, he’d rather keep his virginity just a little longer if it means he makes sure it’s actually going to the right person.

He still doesn’t know what this means, for George. But that’s not going to stop him from having a good time while he figures it out.

“Be a good boy and stay still,” George whispers after a moment, lips brushing just beneath his ear as he talks, “and I’ll take care of you, okay?”

He nods, almost on instinct, agreeing to whatever George wants so he can keep his touch for as long as possible, his soft, pretty mouth and long, skilled fingers. George hums against his skin, pleased, lays a wet, open-mouthed kiss upon his throat as he grinds his palm down again and tugs a little harder on his hair.

Sapnap can’t help moaning, embarrassingly loud and drawn out as he clings to George’s shoulders, forcing himself still and letting George set the pace despite how much he hates how slow it is. He trembles with the effort of it, or perhaps just because that’s what happens when someone touches him; he doesn’t know, doesn’t really have any other experience to compare this to. Either way, George seems pleased.

He’s very good at overwhelming him, touching him everywhere all at once just to make him squirm, pulling his hair the same time he bites a mark into his neck, grinds his hand down, then uses deft fingers to slide the button of Sapnap’s jeans free. He dives his hand inside almost immediately, the base of his palm bumping Sapnap’s stomach as he presses his fingertips into his pants as deep as they’ll go.

Then he gets his fingers wrapped around him through his boxers and Sapnap whines, bucks his hips involuntarily. George doesn’t let it slide without consequence, pulling his hair viciously and sinking his teeth into the crook of his neck punishingly hard, making him see stars as he barely restrains himself from twitching into the touch again.

He can’t help himself, nobody’s ever touched him like this before, he didn’t know it could feel this good, heat building in his stomach, his hips, blooming in his chest, his lungs. Sapnap struggles to breathe through it, panting through the haze while his legs turn to putty underneath him.

While *everything* turns to putty under George’s touch.

“Oh god,” Sapnap groans, ragged and raw as George squeezes his fingers around him, heat lancing up his spine and making him dizzy with need as he presses one of his fingertips forward, rubs it against his head, “please, I- *George*, fuck, I’m not- I can’t last very long like this, I’ve never-”

He cuts himself off to gasp in a lungful of air as George’s lips press against a sweet spot on his neck, sucking a dark bruise into the skin at the same time he pulls his hair again, tilting him back to make more room. George pulls back a bit, panting against his skin like he, too, is just as affected by this.

“You’ve-” he mumbles, slurred and sounding slightly dazed, “you’ve never done this before?”

He pulls back even more, dark eyes frowning curiously at Sapnap from the small distance he’d created between them. Too much distance.

“Yes, but,” Sapnap says, desperate, pulling George back insistently to keep going, “it’s fine, we’re not- we’re not fucking yet, remember? This is okay, this is good, please.”

George takes a moment, chews on his lip and frowns like he’s thinking, before eventually leaning over to press their lips together again. It’s brief, chaste and soft, but it still makes his heart pound just as heavily.

“We’re talking about this after.” George says, his breath fanning over Sapnap’s lips before he ducks his head, sinks his mouth back onto his neck.

Yeah, that’s fair.

All thoughts of their talk later are rushed right out of his head as George starts stroking him again, though, his mind going blissfully blank as George uses expert fingers to squeeze, press and pull until he’s throbbing in his hand and probably leaving a wet spot on the front of his boxers.

He’s relentless, seemingly wanting to get Sapnap off as quickly as possible, wanting to make him fall apart, turn him into a mess. It’s working.

“George,” he gasps as a finger swipes over his tip again, the fingers in his hair curling deliciously painfully until he can hardly breathe, “I’m serious about not lasting long, I- please, I want-”

And then he cuts off into a sigh, feeling the fingers in his hair relent, fingertips flattening to his scalp just to hold his head still and holding him with a surprisingly gentle grip as George kisses, warm and wet and *messy*, up his neck.

“Don’t worry about that, I’ve got you,” he says, whispering into his skin as he pulls his fingers back just slightly, resting his palm on the bottom of Sapnap’s stomach as he pulls at the waistband of his boxers, and finally pushes his fingers inside, “I said I’d take care of you, didn’t I? You’ve been nice and still for me, such a good boy.”

Sapnap keens, warm fingers wrapping around his cock again but so much *different* now that he can feel George’s skin against his own. If he focuses hard enough, he might be able to feel the bumps of his fingerprints as they press into his head. They slide, sticky, through his slit, the pleasure almost painful with how overwhelming it is, despite how gentle he’s being.

“Oh god, I-” Sapnap chokes off, his voice cracking as he reaches further beyond George’s shoulders, grabbing at his back and sinking his nails into the soft cotton of his shirt, “please, s-say that again? Georgie?”

He feels the sharp intake of air just below his jaw, the fingers around him faltering. And then he breathes, shuddering and slow, bumping his forehead against Sapnap’s skin and just resting there for a moment like he’s recovering.

His hands start to shake, just a little.

“Fuck, baby, you don’t know what that- sounds like,” George says, strained, his lips brushing against Sapnap’s flushed skin as he talks, “you don’t know how long I- I mean, I never thought you’d- and now- and *now*, here you are, begging for me like such a good boy, saying wonderful things, *dirty* things, like the slut I always knew you were. Shit. Of course-”

And he presses another messy kiss to his jaw this time, nails dragging down the nape of his neck and making Sapnap *shudder*.

“Of *course* you’re a good boy, Sap. *My* good boy.” George finishes, lays his tongue flat against his

pulse point, licking a stripe up sweaty skin. "If you want."

Sapnap wants. He *definitely* wants.

But his voice leaves him, the only sound able to escape his throat is a few muffled, choked whimpers and a soft gasp. George doesn't care, though, doesn't need a response as he squeezes his fingers round him, milking him for everything he's worth as he speeds up his pace, desperate to get him there.

"My perfect, beautiful boy," George murmurs, babbling now as his hands grip desperately at him, desperate just to *feel*, "so pretty, I always thought so. Always wanted you. I knew I could make you feel good, treat you right. Even if it's just like this, I don't *care*."

Sapnap tries to listen, he does, but with George kissing along his jawline, his fingers digging into his scalp and wrapped around him, so warm and soft and perfect, he can't focus on breathing properly, let alone anything else. "Please." Is all he's able to manage, after a while of swallowing and forcing his tongue to unstick from the roof of his mouth.

George seems to get the message, so he doesn't bother trying anymore, letting himself sink into it, the touch, the heat. He could spend an eternity here, being pulled apart by George's expert touch, being looked after by him. He'd even let him look at him, if he liked, put Sapnap under a microscope and study him like something precious, if he asked.

He hates being watched, but with the way George stares at him, he doesn't think he'd mind so much.

"I'm here, I'm here," George breathes when he starts babbling, leaning up from his neck to press their lips together again, careful around his wound as he licks the blood from his mouth and chin, "I've got you, Sap, it's okay. Cum into my hand, pretty boy, let me see how good you look fucking my fingers like the good little whore you are."

For some reason, that's what does it for him.

George's fingers catch in his hair one last time, his fingers squeeze around him and his tongue delves into his mouth, tasting like copper. And that's *it*.

He throbs and twitches underneath George's warm, sticky fingers, spilling into his hand as he works him over, jerks him through his orgasm until he's a panting, shuddering mess. He can't stop his hips from fucking into it, but that seems to be what George had wanted anyway, so he doesn't get a punishing yank on his hair or a fresh bite to his lips.

In fact, George is rather gentle with him as he pulls him through the aftershocks into the post-sex haze. His kisses are gentle and fleeting, his tongue kitten licking into his mouth just once before he pulls back to let him breathe, then dives right back in to do it all over again.

His touch is much more gentle, his fingers carding through his hair instead of pulling, now, massaging his tender scalp as he hums, whispers soft praise against his lips. Sapnap can hardly stand it all.

And when he finally drags his fingers from around Sapnap's cock and out his boxers, it's not before gathering some of the mess he'd made between his fingers. Sapnap gets to watch, slightly awestruck, as he pulls back, smiles with something a little dark to it as he pushes his own fingers into his mouth, drinking Sapnap down almost greedily.

He doesn't break eye contact once, even as he licks each digit spotless and Sapnap wishes he had a

refractory period short enough that he could do it all over again until his body gave out on him.

But because he's only one man, Sapnap is left to sit with the remaining cum left in his boxers cooling around him, making him feel sticky and gross while he watches George suck on his own fingers, wishing he could have more.

And then, because Sapnap's an absolute genius (if he does say so himself) he has the wonderful idea to say, "Can I suck your dick now?"

Chapter End Notes

Again, my twitter is [@Ahwuum](#) if you wanna chat/follow me for updates!

Day 22 - Aftercare (Dreamnotnap)

Chapter Notes

It's currently 3 am and I've spent a month putting this off, so if it's bad I am SORRY I will do better with the next one. ily guys thank u for the support.

Here's my twitter as always [@Ahwuum](#) and enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Look how much you’re shaking,” a voice whispers in his hair (George, he thinks, though he’s a little too out of it to tell), trailing delicate fingers down his shuddering chest, “it’s kind of pathetic.”

It makes him tremble again, worse than ever, and he hears Sapnap chuckle from between his thighs, feels him rock into him slow and steady as he fucks George’s cum back into him, gathers it up with his fingers and drags it up the backs of his thighs.

They’ve had him like this for what feels like hours, tied up and useless, blind to who’s touching him, unable to focus on any one specific area as they overwhelm him with hands, with kisses, spread over every inch of his skin. He doesn’t know how much longer he can take this, strung out and struggling to breathe, tear tracks cold and sticky on his cheeks.

He’s the one that asked for this, begged for this, but he’s surprised at how well they’ve fallen into their roles, torturing him and teasing every chance they get, relishing every twitch, every stuttered breath, every tear and whimper and cry. It’s like they’re enjoying this more than *he* is, not that he’s complaining.

It’s good. It’s really, really good.

Dream’s always been a bit of a masochist, but it’s never been put to the test quite like tonight. Sex with his boyfriends has never felt so *good*.

“M not,” he says, after a moment for his half-functioning brain to catch up, to form the words, “I’m- I’m not pathetic, I-”

“No?” Sapnap, he thinks, interrupts him, “I mean…” and he rolls his hips again, slow and steady, laughing softly as he watches more and more of Georges cum ooze out of him, “from where I’m sitting, you look pretty pathetic. You’re such a cock hungry whore you’ll let us take turns fucking you without letting you get off even once, right?”

Dream shudders at the degradation, bites his lip and tries to twist underneath the hand that drags blunt nails down the abused flesh of his chest.

“You’re not even trying to deny it, so desperate to be filled, the perfect toy for us, aren’t you Dream?” George continues where Sapnap left off, bringing delicate fingers up to his cheek just to make him shiver as he trails them down along his jaw, his neck, “you’ll do anything just to be used, right? Even if we just left you here, like this, you’d be grateful we fucked you at all and say thank you like a good boy. Wouldn’t you?”

He feels Sapnap moan more than hears it when he tilts his head to press his mouth just above the

fold of his knee where it's slung over his shoulder, muffling his noises of pleasure to let George talk. Clearly, the words are getting to him just as much as Dream, who only arches his back, panting, mindless from the hours of being teased, of being strung out and used for his boyfriends' pleasure.

"Shit, Georgie, hearing you say stuff like that drives me crazy. I used to think you'd sound ridiculous trying to dirty talk someone, but now—" Sapnap cuts himself off with a strained laugh, snapping his hips a little more impatiently as he buries his nose in Dream's knee, breathes deep like he's focusing all his energy on lasting as long as possible.

"Well if *you* think I'm good at flirting—" George says drily, and Dream can picture him rolling his eyes, feels him shift, most likely to pull on Sapnap's hair as he starts laughing cruelly when it just makes him moan, desperate, "why don't you focus on doing your job properly instead of kissing up to me, and maybe later I'll reward you?"

It makes Sapnap shudder, makes his hips twitch, falter, then stop completely as he pants hot, damp breaths into the crease of Dream's knee, steadying himself. He can't help letting out a whine at the pause, so desperate to get off already that he's on the verge of tears, humiliating, filthy words on the tip of his tongue, ready to plead shamelessly to either of them to make Sapnap *move*.

"I'm- *trying*," Sapnap grits his teeth, his words almost coming out like a whine as he takes in long, slightly shaky breaths, "talking—" and he rolls his hips again, slow and unsteady, "it- it helps me focus. I'm about two seconds away from losing my mind right now—sorry Dream, I know, I know, I'm- I'm trying, it's okay."

He hears George tut disapprovingly at Sapnap's placating words, feels harsh fingers come down on his chest again, sinking nails into soft flesh as punishment for whining, for squeezing his legs around Sapnap and whimpering pathetically, for pawing at him, fueled by pure desperation. George doesn't like when Sapnap's soft spot for him shows, when he gives in so easily to Dream's wants as long as he begs nice enough.

He's much too sadistic to let that sort of thing slide.

Normally it'd be enough to make him shudder, to lose himself in the scene, make him all the more desperate. Today it makes him want to cry. He's been here too long, blindfolded, separated. The lack of control is starting to eat away at him, exhaustion fraying him at the edges.

"Don't stop," he faintly hears George say, colder and more ruthless than ever, "what, you waiting for him to cum first? I haven't given him permission. Just cum inside him already, he can lay there like a good boy with our cum dripping down his thighs for *hours*. Until I decide he deserves to get off. Or he falls asleep. Whichever comes first."

Sapnap groans raggedly at the same time Dream makes a confused, horrified noise. "You're *evil*," Sapnap laughs weakly, sounding a little hesitant as he adjusts his grip on Dream's thigh and rocks his hips back into him, "you sure?"

For a moment, Dream lets himself believe George wouldn't be cruel enough to actually do that to him, that he'd just been joking, and *surely* he'd at least let Dream get off. He wouldn't- he *can't* not let him get off. "W-wait—"

"Of course I'm sure," George huffs impatiently, clicking his tongue as he drags his fingers up Dream's chest, presses a nail flat against one of his nipples until it starts to perk up again, "come *on*, Sapnap, you can do better than that, you're so pathetic. Just fuck him already."

The degradation gets to him exactly how George always knows it will, his words chosen carefully, expertly, perfect for getting Sapnap riled up. Dream would be impressed if he wasn't currently panicking about whether or not George actually *means* it. Whether he really will just leave Dream alone like this, desperate and wanting after being so thoroughly taken apart. Broken.

He won't, Dream tells himself as Sapnap starts fucking into him a little faster, sinks his teeth into Dream's thigh like he's punishing him for George's words, *he won't, George wouldn't be that cruel*.

It's the last thread tying him together, keeping him sane.

He can barely focus on anything else as Sapnap slams into him, his hips stuttering and thrusting into him a little more unsteady each time, impatient as he starts to lose his rhythm, chasing his orgasm until his fingers grip down on Dream's thigh so hard he thinks it might bruise. And Dream is *right there*. So close, about to cum completely untouched, uncaring of whether or not George will punish him for it as long as he gets to get off.

And then Sapnap's hips press flush against him, holding for just a moment before pulling back, then repeating again and again, rutting into him as he shudders, moans Dream's name, then George's.

Dream's not sensitive enough to feel the cum pumping inside him, but from the way he feels Sapnap's cock bouncing inside him, teeth clamped down hard on his thigh as he takes harsh, shuddering breaths through his nose, he knows. His own impending orgasm starts to fade, slowly dissolving back into frayed desperation.

Sapnap releases his grip on his thigh, kisses his own teeth marks briefly, then slowly guides Dream's knee off his shoulder, gently lowering it back down onto the bed before slowly, slowly pulling back out of him.

His cum has already started to leak out of him and down his thighs when George hums, pleased, reaching his hand from Dream's chest to presumably pull Sapnap in for a kiss, as he feels the mattress shift beneath them, hears lewd, wet sounds coming from them both.

And Dream waits. And he waits, his chest getting heavier every second it goes on, getting tighter with each breath he takes.

George and Sapnap part, panting, and with horror, Dream feels them shift off the mattress, realises that they really *are* going to leave him like this.

"C'mon Sap, let's-"

The words dissolve before he can process them, white noise trickling in like he's sprung a leak somewhere, like he's taking in water, starting to drown.

All at once it feels like the world's weight is being pressed down on his chest, his thoughts spiraling, then dissolving as his heart picks up and the panic starts to come into startling focus. He'd been good. He'd done everything right, he'd waited patiently, let them use him until he was too tired to properly speak.

He hears George turn the doorknob to their bedroom and the last thread holding him together frays, then snaps.

And he unravels.

“Red.” Dream gasps, ripping his hands from where he’d been holding the mattress to keep himself together, and pulling them up to his eyes, the blindfold “r-red, red, *red*, fuck- *fuck*- red, stop. Please don’t- red, stop, please-”

His fingers tug at the fabric blindly, trying to find purchase so he can rip the damn thing off and *see*, but his hands are shaking and it’s tied too *tightly* and oh god, what if they didn’t hear him, what if he can’t get this stupid blindfold off-

“*Red!*” He repeats, louder than ever, the only noise filling his ears being the frantic, panicked breathing that overcomes him, choking him with each inhale of too much oxygen, “red-” and vaguely he thinks he might hear voices, but there’s not enough in him to focus on it, to hear over the roar in his ears, the static, “red, please, r-red- red, red, red, red-”

He doesn’t know any other word right now, his brain latched onto it as his last resort, the one word supposed to stop everything that hurts, everything that’s too much. But it’s not *working*, and he can’t get this fucking blindfold off and they’ve *left* him, they don’t want him, they don’t care about him anymore and he’s *alone*-

“Dream hold still-”

“Get it *off* him Sapnap!”

“I’m trying, I can’t fucking- here!”

And all of a sudden, Dream is blinded. Not by soft, silken material, but by bright, harsh light as the knot tying the blindfold to his head comes loose and the fabric falls away like water down his face.

“Dream,” George speaks to him, his voice muffled and distant as Dream blinks against the light, disoriented, “Dream, it’s okay, we’re stopping, okay? Just hold still.”

It’s hard to listen when all his body wants to do is squirm and fight to break his hands free from the rope holding them behind his back, panic setting in worse and worse with each passing second. He knows he’s safe, now, knows they’re not going to leave him alone, but he can’t help the way his heart beats wildly in his chest, his lungs tight and cold.

If he could just get his hands free—

And then, after nearly a full minute of struggling, writhing and pulling at his restraints so hard it leaves bright red welts in it’s wake, Sapnap gets the knot and pulls his hands loose.

“There,” he says, helps Dream pull them back to his front again, where he immediately grabs hold of himself, trembling, “I got you Dream, you’re okay, we’ve got you. We’re not leaving.”

George smooths a hand down his bicep the same time Sapnap reaches to glide his fingers gently through his hair, both reassuring him of his safety, and Dream can hardly handle it. He shakes, gasps in air as slow as his tense body can manage as he forces himself to focus on them, their touch, their voices.

“I’m sorry,” George says, looking pretty distraught as he watches Dream slowly piece himself back together, “you told me to- I didn’t want- I thought-”

Dream doesn’t say a single word, but it seems George has lost steam, doesn’t know how to put it into words. But he knows. Dream knows. As irrational as his panicked mind may be, he can at least tell that George is genuinely sorry.

Logically, he knows it's his own fault for begging for it in the first place, then not warning George to stop when the circumstances changed, but that's not exactly helping him relax. His brain doesn't care that he should have done something different, it only cares about the fact that he was almost left, blindfolded and tied up, all alone.

"We love you," Sapnap says a few moments after George fumbles for words, brushing back the hairs that fall in his face with gentle, loving fingers, "we would never- not on *purpose*. Never on purpose, Dream. We're sorry. We shouldn't have tried to leave you like that."

It's ridiculous. It's completely ridiculous. He's the one who asked for it, begged for it, never told them once that he'd changed his mind, but—it's comforting. He feels guilty for even feeling it, like he's giving their apology some weight, putting the blame on them when it should obviously be on himself.

And then he feels stupid for even getting worked up in the first place. He'd known it was a possibility, and yet it'd still taken him by surprise, horrified him. It'd pushed him to the breaking point, something he himself *begged for*.

"N-no," he manages to say over the shuddering, through the struggle to breathe, "*I'm* sorry, I- it's my fault, I *asked*—"

"Don't be an idiot!" George cuts him off, reaches his hand to cup Dream's cheek and pull his face sideways to look at him, "I'm the one that decided to do it. I'm the one that didn't listen when you said wait, when you clearly weren't in the right space for something like that. That's on *me*, Dream, you got that? So don't feel guilty or stupid, or anything, which I can practically *see* you doing already. It was my mistake."

Trust George to always know what to say, to always know what he's thinking like he's some sort of mind reader.

"I—" Dream's voice wobbles, so he cuts himself off, closes his mouth and takes a deep breath through his nose, "I'm still sorry. But- can I just- can you guys like- *hold* me? For a bit?"

They share a look, but don't leave him waiting for more than a moment. He holds his arms out shakily, wraps them around each of their shoulders as Sapnap presses his face into Dream's neck, and George rests his cheek upon his chest.

Hair tickles his chin, his ribs, and Sapnap's stubble scratches against his collarbone, but their warmth is more comforting than it's ever been. Their touch more grounding, their breathing more reassuring as they both press into him like they'd crawl inside his skin if they could.

He wonders what it'd be like, to have them so close, to never have to leave. It'd be nice, Dream thinks.

"Well," Sapnap mumbles into his skin after a few minutes of quiet, apparently ready to break the tension that still refuses to fade, "I would just like to point out that none of this was *my* idea, so I take none of the blame."

George reaches out and smacks him at the same time Dream lets out a shaky laugh, feels himself deflate all at once, like a coiled spring slowly being released.

"Don't be insensitive." George admonishes, sitting up slightly to frown at him, before settling back down after a moment when he realises neither of them are taking him seriously.

"It's fine," Dream says, feels the weight lifting off him more and more, "I think it helps to laugh

about it. Makes me feel a little less guilty about ruining everything.”

George immediately rolls his eyes and gives him a light thwack on his chest too. “Don’t say that, you didn’t ruin anything Dream,” he says, sighing when Dream just giggles softly in response, “I’m serious. Go on and make jokes, but not ones like that, you’ll just make yourself feel guilty later. You didn’t ruin anything. We still had fun, okay?”

“Yeah,” Sapnap pipes up, lifting his head a bit and making Dream wince at the way his stubble scratches his soft skin, “I mean, me and Georgie both got to get off. If anyone should be upset, it’s you! We just gave you the worst case of blue balls.”

Both of them giggle, but George simply watches him, props his chin on Dream’s chest, and tilts his head.

“He’s right, actually,” George says, bringing his hand on Dream’s chest and trailing it down his stomach, then back up again, “we *did* just give you the worst blue balls.”

He says it like it should mean something, but while Sapnap’s eyes light up, a grin quickly spreading across his lips, Dream simply raises an eyebrow. “Yeah?” he asks, slightly unsure, “what, you planning on making it up to me later or something? Because it’s fine, I’m fine. Well, I’m better at least.”

George scoffs and rolls his eyes, continuing to trail his hand up and down Dream’s torso reassuringly. “Oh I’d *like* to make it up to you if you’re okay with it. But not later.”

It takes him a moment for it to click, his brain’s still fried, still reeling from the panic that’s only barely left his system. But then Sapnap giggles, leans back down into his neck and kisses him gently, one of his hands joining George’s on his chest. And Dream gets it.

George tries to keep a straight face, but his lips quirk ever so slightly into an amused smile, clearly enjoying the look of realisation that dawns on Dream as his hand slides back down the length of his stomach.

“Oh, you- you mean-”

“Yes. If you want.”

Dream swallows, pauses to genuinely think about it. He’s not even sure he *could* get it back up right now with all his body just went through, but the way both Sapnap and George look at him, touch him so tentatively, giving him ample opportunity to tell them to stop, to push them off—well, it makes him at least want to try.

And yeah, he’d really, really like to get the pay off for all that work he did earlier.

Sapnap and George wait, both still touching him, reassuring him, and after a few moments of thinking, Dream decides.

“Okay,” he breathes, shuddering when he feels Sapnap smile into his neck, that one action alone enough to make his stomach drop once more, “I don’t- I don’t want the whole- I mean, just- I just wanna get off, you don’t need to make a big deal out of it, please.”

George smiles, genuine and soft, and again, such a small thing that normally wouldn’t affect him at all makes him feel like the ground beneath him has crumbled away. Then he shifts upwards, palm pressed flat onto the space just below Dream’s ribs, taking some of his weight as he holds himself up, hovers his face mere inches away.

His eyes soften in that very rare way they do when George is feeling particularly vulnerable, and Dream's breath catches in his throat at the sight, his lungs squeezing painfully tight as George tilts his head down, brushes their lips together in probably the most gentle kiss Dream can remember having.

And he's free falling.

It feels like that tentative first time again, George's touch gentle, unsure, not wanting to push too far and break him. Sapnap, there, grounding, always so, so grounding, and clinging onto him like he thinks Dream is going to run away, like he's going to do something to break the moment and he'll ruin anything.

And here's Dream, right in the middle again, shaking like a leaf under their soft touches and willing them to touch him more. Love him, want him, desire him.

Please.

George doesn't make him wait.

He breaks their kiss, giving Dream one last soft, longing peck to the lips before he trails down to the other side of his neck not currently occupied by a very eager-to-please and eager-to-posses Sapnap, who's currently leaving hickies on every inch he can reach. George doesn't stop there, though, never lingering very long as he shifts, slides down Dream's body until he's settled between his legs, tongue flat on his sternum.

He holds him down with a soft hand on his chest, not quite restraining him, but pushing just enough that Dream knows not to move.

"We won't do anything you don't want, Dream," Sapnap speaks, his warm breath fanning across Dream's jaw as he places a kiss just below his ear, "you can tell us to stop at any time if you change your mind."

"We just want you to feel good," George continues, smiling against his stomach, then continuing his way downwards, "we want to make it up to you for being so good for us when we never repaid the favour. But it doesn't have to be now if you get uncomfortable, okay?"

Dream's breath catches in his throat as George rubs a hand up his inner thigh, spreading them just a bit more as he kisses the crease of his hip, settling in. Sapnap's fingers splay and explore, occasionally bumping the hand George has holding his chest as he moves seemingly at random, always conveniently missing *all* of the weak spots he knows are there.

"I- yes," Dream says, when they both seem to refuse to go any further until he confirms, desperate for their touch, "I'll tell you, please- please just- *please.*"

He doesn't know what else to say, but it's enough for Sapnap and George. Immediately, George moves from where he'd been mouthing along the v of his hips, traveling downwards as Sapnap's hand glides along his skin, his fingers pressing into the space between his ribs to make Dream shudder.

"Of course," Sapnap giggles, something soft, tender, "anything you want."

Dream shudders again, thighs flexing as he fights the urge to close them, to squeeze tight around George's slim figure and hold him in place when he breathes hot, damp air against his half hard cock.

“Well, maybe not *anything*,” George teases, looking up at him with a raised eyebrow and a crooked smile, “sorry Dreamie, but even having a panic attack doesn’t give you the privilege of fucking me.”

Dream laughs breathily, holds back a moan when George curls his fingers around him, glides them softly along his length until he twitches in his hand. “Aw, really?” he manages to joke, voice already strained as he feels the blood starting to rush back down already, “my clever plan has been foiled. You’re so mean, Georgie.”

It’s a joke, but George still rolls his eyes anyway, uses his fingers to guide Dream’s cock upwards until he’s less than an inch above. “If I thought you really wanted it, you know I’d let you.” Is all he says, before laying a feather-light kiss to his tip.

And Dream squeezes his eyes shut, toes curling into the sheets as both his boyfriends hold him down against the mattress by his chest. He wants to squirm, to break free and force George to stop teasing him, maybe even fuck his mouth and see how he likes it.

But of course, he loves this too much to actually go through with it. He loves giving them the control, letting them take care of him. He trusts them both with his life.

“Yeah, but you don’t.” Sapnap laughs into his collarbone, just to rub a little salt into the wound, “you love being a good boy too much to try and take control, don’t you Dreamie? You like being our little pet.”

Dream takes a shaky inhale of breath, feels himself nodding without even meaning to as his hips raise from the mattress, begging George to move his mouth from kissing him, to taking him inside already.

“Aw, of course he does, just look how much he’s twitching already.” George coos as he presses another kiss to Dream’s sensitive skin. He barely manages to squint his eyes open enough to look down at him, to watch his own cock bounce against his lips, nearly fully hard again.

“I just-” he says, soft, “I just like being *yours*.”

Both of them melt.

Usually it might be a bit embarrassing to say such soppy, mushy stuff to his boyfriends, but right now all he can think about is having the touch him, take care of him. He hasn’t got the brain function to think about how they might tease him for it.

“We know,” George smiles, Sapnap mumbling something about him being cute at the same time, “we like it too. And we both like being *yours*, right Sap?”

He nods into Dream’s neck.

And Dream finds it all too easily to start crying again. He’s fragile, on edge, still frayed and broken, but slowly being put back together again. It almost hurts, but it’s good.

It’s always good.

A hand rests against his cheek, Sapnap’s he thinks, and a thumb wipes away tears as they roll down his cheek. His eyes are closed, the light bright in his eyes, distracting.

All he can focus on is them. Their hands, their lips.

George kisses him one last time, warm and slightly sticky, then finally swipes his tongue out to run along his slit. Dream moans, long and broken, shudders as one of Sapnap's fingers finds a nipple. He's overwhelmed, but it's good.

They touch him until he thinks he can't take it anymore, until he thinks he might break from this alone, and then keep going. They please him, overwhelm him, ground him, show him he's loved.

Sapnap leans up to kiss him, and Dream loses himself in them both, their touches mingling, blurring at the edges as they slowly stitch him back together. He's still frayed, but stronger now.

"Please." Is the only thing Dream can say, whispered into Sapnap's mouth, mumbled against his lips, whined into open air as Sapnap moves to kiss his chest, the soft curves of his stomach. Over and over again, Dream repeats the word like a prayer, losing himself more and more each time George bobs his head, swirls his tongue.

And for all the buildup, for all the dramatics of the night, the end result is over fairly quick.

Sapnap's mouth is on his chest, Dream's hand tangled in his hair as he whispers sweet nothings into his skin, and George' lips are wrapped tight around him, perfectly soft and wet, the prettiest shade of pink as he blearily stares down at them both.

All it takes is one look from the pair of them, adoration and longing in both their eyes, and Dream is gone.

He cums into George's waiting mouth, feels him hum in satisfaction as he drinks him down, and watches Sapnap lean back to enjoy the show. George pulls off him after only a moment, lips red and shiny, and he shares the briefest of kisses with Sapnap before he crawls up to sit on Dream's thighs, and lower himself down to meet in a soft kiss.

With the taste of himself on George's tongue, Dream melts into it, that soft, gooey post-orgasm feeling making him want to pull both of them tight to his chest and never let go.

But George only lets him enjoy the feeling for a few moments.

"We have to get you cleaned up," his voice is unusually gentle against Dream's lips as he steals kisses between each word, "we may have put a towel down, but I think you moved it when you got freaked out."

Dream shifts to look and confirm it for himself, even though he knows from the feel of it that he's lying on something much softer than a towel, now.

"Oh." He says, wincing.

Sapnap giggles, then leans down to press a kiss to his shoulder.

"It's fine, I'll change the sheets while Gogy gives you a bath and gets all that cum out of you." He says, and this time it's George who winces.

Ever the opportunist, Dream smiles as he gets a horrible idea that's *sure* to make George recoil in disgust, and have Sapnap flat on his ass, busting his gut with laughter.

"But I don't want to be cleaned," Dream whines, putting on the most obnoxious, over the top pout he can manage and making his voice annoyingly high and squeaky, "uwu, plug me up with your cummies, daddy."

George is *never* going to speak to him, *ever*, apparently, but Sapnap laughs so hard he falls off the bed, wheezing and choking with the effort to breathe through his giggles.

So Dream considers it a win.

Chapter End Notes

Ok so now we're at the end I wanna explain a lil bit more why I was gone. So basically I think I said in my last update, but I moved overseas to be with my partner recently. And for a couple weeks I was staying at an airbnb, which was fine. But then I had to get a more permanent place, and the move has been VERY hectic. A lot of stuff broke/was already broken and they didn't tell me, so I've had to buy a lot of stuff, and some things I wasn't prepared for. All to say, I have been STRESSED lmao. And I still haven't been able to get a job.

So. Yeah. Writing has been tough for me lately. If I could make real money as a writer maybe things would be easier, but unfortunately :')))

anyways so thats kinda what happened. I'm not gonna make any promises for the future cus things are really really tough rn, but I just want you guys to know I wish I had the energy to focus on writing more often. I genuinely do love writing for dteam, and I love this community so much. I miss being able to post at least weekly, but thats not something I can do rn and I'm sorry :((

If you uhhh want to help out with the whole money thing, I'm currently thinking about doing commissions, so if you want, dm me on my twitter [@Ahwuum](#) or just message me if u wanna chat or something. I dunno. I miss you guys :]

End Notes

Update as of 11/10 - all requests have been taken!! Thank you guys so much for filling up the spots so quickly omg, I can't believe the reception I've gotten ever since I started posting, it's really made me feel a whole lot better than my writing.

Going forward with requests: I won't be taking anymore on this fic, and probably not for a while after kinktober, since I have had a backlog of other fics I've been working on that need to get posted for a while now. Feel free to still make suggestions in the comments of any of my fics/talk to me about the tropes you wanna see, but I doubt I'll be taking proper requests for a long time after this month. Thanks! <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!